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LIBEL AND ITS LEGAL REMEDY.

THE subject of libel and its restraint by legal penalty is one of immense difficulty both in England and the United States, owing to the rôle which has been assigned in both countries to public opinion as represented by, or embodied in, the newspaper press. Restriction on the free expression of opinion through the press and on the criticism in writing of public officers is associated in all the best political traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race with attempts to establish or maintain arbitrary government. As a consequence of this it has been the policy of legislation, ever since the triumph of what may be called liberalism, — that is, in this country ever since the Revolution, and in England ever since 1815, — to encourage the press not to be afraid; to speak its mind freely about persons and things, and indeed, one may almost say, to take great risks in the matter of libeling, both as a sign and guarantee of freedom. An enumeration of the changes made in the law in both countries within the last century, in the direction of protecting and even stimulating newspaper boldness, would make it appear clearly enough that the press is not solely to blame for its own faults in the matter of excess. The tendency to excess has been fostered, and the proper legal treatment of libel made more difficult, in other ways also. As

the influence of authority, whether in the form of religious belief or of high social or official station, has grown weaker, we have come more and more to rely, for the sanction of our social morality, on the strong concentration of public opinion. This concentration of opinion against violators of received social morality is wrought mainly by the newspapers, and in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, consists largely in what is familiarly known as "newspaper attacks." Thousands, if not millions, of good men sleep more comfortably because they think the newspapers are looking after the bad men, or at all events after the men they themselves do not like. Then, too, the newspaper press is placed, in democratic countries which have adopted the system of frequent elections and short terms of office, in a position of great responsibility. It has been charged in these countries with that function of inspection and investigation towards public servants which seems to be called for under all governments at the hands of some person, or body of persons, outside the regular administrative machine. Under the old monarchical régime, the sovereign discharged, or was supposed to discharge, the duty of seeing that "none but good men got into office," to use a now familiar phrase, and that men in office did

their duty. This task, which is probably as important as any that a civilized society is called on to provide for, has in this country and in England been turned over to the newspaper editors, who are, in reality, a body of volunteer inspectors, who have to earn their bread by what we may call outside work, while serving the public. That is to say, they have to live by collecting and selling news, while devoting a large part of their time to watching and reporting on the character and conduct of public officers, from legislators to policemen. The contrivance is undoubtedly a clumsy one, and the work only indifferently done, but it is done under great difficulties, and no other mode of doing it has yet been thought of.

The only really efficient examination of the character of candidates for office is made by the press, and the most powerful check, though not by any means the only one, in official misconduct is the inquisitiveness and railing of the newspapers. This is perhaps not an admirable system of inspection, much less an ideal one, but it is the only one as yet devised, and it may be said that without it popular government by frequent election would hardly be possible in our time. Newspapers, however, could not, or would not, do this work if kept under close legal restraint. As a matter of fact, they are virtually exempt by law or opinion from all check in the matter of criticism of official persons. The public virtually says to them, "Say everything that comes into your head about men in office; some of it, at least, will probably be true, and our interest will be served by having the truth come out in any shape."

So that, for one reason or another, there is probably no legal line more difficult to draw than the line between what we call the freedom and the license of the press. A timid press would be useless as an exposé of abuses; a licentious press, on the other hand, causes

great individual suffering. Three generations of lawyers and statesmen, here and in England, have been trying to make up their minds which of the two they prefer, and in what manner they can best secure the object of their choice, but without much success.

We have talked thus far as if all libeling were done by newspapers. For the purposes of this paper, at all events, we will assume this to be true. Slander, or spoken defamation, contains in the eye of the law the same ingredients as a libel, but to become a libel it has to be written or printed and put in circulation. It once figured prominently in the law reports, but is now very seldom the subject of legal pursuit. People care comparatively little what evil is said of them, as long as "it does not get into the papers," as the phrase is.

So much of whatever libeling is done in our time is done in the newspapers, and it is so necessary, to make a libel effective, that it should appear in the newspapers, that, although, strictly speaking, it may appear in a book, pamphlet, placard, or picture, the word *libel* conveys to most minds the idea of an attack on somebody in a newspaper, and nothing else. Some, indeed, whose antipathy to the press is unusually strong, often think of newspapers as simply instruments for the dissemination of libel, and of editors as persons who make their living by concocting libels. In fact, when we consider the enormous increase in the number of newspapers which has taken place within the last half century, and the extent to which vast communities now rely on them for nearly all they know or wish to know of what goes on in the world outside private houses, one is forced to admit that to no art has the progress of invention and the growth of population made such additions as to the art of holding persons up to public odium or contempt. Down to the beginning of this century, the power of any one person over any other person's reputation

or feelings, through what he might say or write about him, was very trifling. It could be exercised over only a very small area and within hearing of a very small number, and as a matter of fact a man could readily get rid of a damaged reputation by moving away a short distance.

Now what is a libel?

A libel, the books say, is a censorious or ridiculing writing, picture, or sign. It is a malicious writing, printing, or sign, intended to blacken the memory of the dead, or expose the living to hatred, contempt, or ridicule. It is a publication which *has a tendency* to injure a man's reputation, or disgrace or degrade him in society, or lower him in the esteem and opinion of the world; to hold him up to scorn, or make him infamous or odious; to deprive him of the benefits of public confidence and social intercourse, or impeach his honesty, virtue, or integrity, or publish his natural defects. In fact, if we were to infer the amount of protection against libel afforded by the law from the comprehensiveness and liberality of the legal definitions of libel, we should conclude that this protection was complete, and that no one was ever libeled with impunity. In truth, however, there is probably no injury to which man is exposed in civilized society from which the law does so little to protect him. There are two ways known to American and English jurisprudence of punishing a libel: you may either procure the indictment of the libeler on a criminal charge, or you may sue him in a civil action for damages. The theory on which the law grants you your remedy in either of these courses is very instructive. If you resort to the criminal charge, the law punishes the libeler not on the theory that his crime consisted in hurting your feelings and lowering you in the estimation of your neighbors, but on the theory that he provoked you in a manner which might have led you to commit a breach of the peace, that is, to assault him or

challenge him to fight. In other words, the proceeding is *in principle* simply a means of preventing a brawl.

This was undoubtedly an advance on the earlier view, which did not regard slander as a fit subject for judicial cognizance at all, but left the slandered person to punish it by personal chastisement, and which still lingers as a curious survival of barbarism in nearly every civilized country, except England and the Northern States of the Union. At the South there is to-day a strong feeling that there is something unmanly or discreditable in seeking redress for libel in the courts, instead of challenging the offender to single combat. In France a similar sentiment prevails. In fact, failure to punish a libel by combat seems, with a large portion of French society, to do a man more damage than any libel, however malignant. Mr. Hamerton, the well-known author and painter, describes, in a recent number of Macmillan's Magazine, his experience in seeking redress for a libel on him, printed in a French newspaper, in the city near which he was residing. He called on "a wise old lawyer" about bringing an action for libel. Said the lawyer at once, "Nobody expects you to fight the editor; it would be doing him far too much honor; but you might, perhaps, challenge one of the highly respectable gentlemen who keep the paper agoing with their money, and pay the editor to do their dirty work. You might be able to get at one of them, I dare say, if it were agreeable to you." Mr. Hamerton thereupon observed that "dueling was not much in his line," and that "Englishmen did not generally fight duels." "This," he adds, "was frank but imprudent. The lawyer looked at me seriously and sadly. A gentleman who was not strongly disposed to fight a duel could scarcely, I perceived, expect to maintain a very high place in his esteem. . . . After a while he recovered from the shock, and said, 'Well, nobody expects you to

fight with that rascally editor, at all events.' "

That a man of good standing should wish to consult him about *legal* proceedings for libel did not, lawyer though he was, at first occur to him. Of course, the *theory* on which the indictment is formed makes little difference, as long as it is laid before a jury. In practice the jury deals with the offense as a simple injury, without considering, or being called on to consider, whether it was likely to have provoked a breach of the peace or not. But there is nevertheless a strong disinclination to punish libel as a criminal offense. Grand juries are reluctant, except in cases of great gravity and in which manifest and tangible injury has resulted, to find bills for libel. Libelers whom it is considered worth while to prosecute are often, in fact in most cases, persons with greater or less claims to social or political consideration, and the public is therefore somewhat shocked if they are sent to jail; and juries do not like to send them to jail. The punishment seems too great for the crime. In England, during the past year, one of the new class of newspapers called "society journals," which make a specialty of collecting social tittle-tattle and scandal, went so far as to make direct and very revolting attacks on two women of considerable prominence in the fashionable world, and the editor, who was an obscure adventurer, was promptly prosecuted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment with hard labor. The success of this proceeding caused forthwith a large crop of criminal prosecutions for libels of a comparatively trifling character. The consequence was a proposal — though I do not know whether any action has as yet been taken in the matter, or not — to make the approval on the part of the attorney-general necessary to the institution of criminal proceedings for libel. Here, where such proceedings are always in the hands of public prosecutors, and

where grand juries take on themselves more responsibility in the matter of finding bills, this danger of abuse of criminal prosecution is not likely to arise. In fact, the tendency is in the other direction. It may be said, indeed, that criminal treatment of libel is unsuited to our manners. Criminal proceedings must, in every country in which the jury trial exists, owe their efficacy largely to popular sympathy with the victims of a wrong. Now the great difficulty in punishing assaults on reputation in all Anglo-Saxon countries, and more especially in this, is that sympathy with the victims of this particular wrong is very deficient. One would not infer this from the amount of denunciation of slander and the amount of lamentation over the license of the press one hears in every direction, and most people will doubtless, at first blush, be inclined to deny it. But a little close observation of some of the phenomena of libeling will put it beyond question. When a man in good standing — and he is the only man who feels disposed to punish libel — finds his character assailed in a newspaper, his pain and mortification, unless he has been long before the public and has been hardened by it, are apt to be intense. He often suffers more, in many cases vastly more, than if he had been robbed of property. He fancies that everybody who knows him has read the libel, and has been deeply impressed by it. As he walks down the street he thinks that every eye is turned on him as the person who has been shown up by the *Argus* or the *Cerberus*. He hates to have his family see the article. He winces terribly when he meets anybody who refers to it. As a matter of fact, however, his friends care little or nothing about it. If the attack is very vituperative, they are amused by it. Unless it is supported by something in the way of documentary proof, their opinion of him is not affected by it. With the general public, who do not know him, it has sim-

ply had the effect of making the paper in which it appeared seem "spicy." It will very likely lower him in their estimation in some degree, but it makes nobody feel sorry for him. Those whom he consults as to whether he ought to take any notice of it are generally unanimous in advising him not to do so.

Finally, let me say, — and this is a suggestive fact, — some of the most prominent newspapers in the country have laid the foundation of enormous commercial success by wholesale indulgence in libel; they have found, in other words, steady and persistent attacks on the reputation of individuals to be the best mode of gaining the ear of the public and extending their circulation. There could not be a more striking illustration of the feebleness of the support which the judicial machinery for the punishment of libel receives from public opinion. So that libel may be said to be the one wrong to which an individual is exposed in civilized life in which keenness of suffering does not count, either in the eye of the law or of the public, as an aggravation of the offense, and does not diffuse a vivid sense of common danger. Anglo-Saxon law, as well as Anglo-Saxon politics, has never taken much account of sentimental grievances; that is, of injury to the feelings. It cares for property greatly, and attacks on property move an Anglo-Saxon community to any needful extreme of severity in repression. It feels the deepest sympathy with the man who loses it, but it is unwilling to concern itself much about any man's mental suffering, unless he can show that he is out of pocket by it. It requires that if he is hurt, even in the deepest recesses of his nature, he shall appraise his loss in dollars and cents before the law will bestir itself in his behalf. This appears very markedly in the other remedy for libel, the civil action. If a libel attacks a man in his professional or official capacity, the law presumes that he suffers pe-

culniary damage from it. If it accuses a doctor of want of skill, the law assumes that he will lose patients by it. If it imputes ignorance to a lawyer, the law assumes that he will lose clients by it. If it impeaches the integrity or capacity of a public officer, the law assumes that he will suffer in his authority or influence, or in his chance of reelection or reappointment or promotion, and accordingly awards him pecuniary compensation, the amount of which it leaves the jury to fix; though for the reason I have already given public officers very seldom seek redress in this way.

Supposing, however, that the libel does not touch you at all in any professional capacity, or injure you in your business, but simply assails your character as a man or woman, and yet does not charge you with an indictable offense, — that is, if it simply goes to make you ridiculous or odious, or make you "the town talk," in a way which is not likely to have any direct effect on your success in your calling, or on your authority or efficiency in some public station, — the law calls on you for proof of what is called "special damage." It asks you how much, if anything, you have lost in consequence of the libel, and holds that if you cannot show that you have suffered any pecuniary loss, or the equivalent of pecuniary loss, through the libel, you are entitled to no compensation, and the libeler deserves no penalty. The law reports and the text-books on slander and libel are full of the strongest assertions of the doctrine that the law protects property, not reputation. "Special damage," says one of the authorities (Townshend on Slander and Libel, § 198), "consists in the loss of marriage, loss of consortium of husband and wife, loss of emoluments, profits, customers, employment, or gratuitous hospitality, or being subjected to any other inconvenience or annoyance occasioning or involving an actual or constructive pecuniary loss." "All

the cases," said the judges in an action brought by a woman, "proceed on the assumption that the plaintiff has sustained some pecuniary loss in consequence of the slander. It is not sufficient that she has fallen into disgrace, contempt, and infamy, and lost her credit, reputation, and peace of mind, or the society or good opinion of her neighbors [as a consequence of the slander], unless she has been injured in her estate or property." (*Woodbury v. Thompson*, 3 N. H. 194.)

It has been held, too, that where a woman was shunned by her neighbors, and turned out of a moral reform society, she had no remedy, because she could show no "special damage." It has been held in another case, where a woman fell sick under a libel, that "as the law gives no remedy for outraged feelings or sentiments, a sickness induced by mental distress in consequence of the language published, followed by inability to transact business, or expense for medical attendance, does not constitute special damage," and that for such a libel no action would lie. (*Terwilliger v. Wands*, 17 N. Y. 54.) I have said already that editors are in popular estimation the great libelers of the day. There is probably no class of the community so much libeled, — of course by brother editors, — but they seldom or never sue for it. Indeed, an editor would have very little chance before a jury, in an action against a newspaper, so deeply rooted is the popular belief that his proper remedy is to libel back. There is one case on record, however, in which an editor did try to get damages for having his paper called a "low, ignorant, and scurrilous journal." This language, one would think, must surely be actionable, as touching his professional standing, yet the court ruled otherwise. But it held also that to say that the circulation of his paper was small *was* actionable. So that it seems to be law that you do not harm an editor

by saying that he publishes a paper not worth reading, and which ought not to be read; but that if you say that very few people read it you have to pay something by way of compensation. (*Heriot v. Stuart*, 1 Esp. Cas. 457.) As if to make assurance doubly sure, the law also holds that the mere apprehension of special damage shall not entitle you to redress. It is not enough that the libel makes you *fear* that it may cause you damage, or that disinterested persons, like a jury, may consider your fear well founded. The damage must have actually occurred as the direct and *provable* consequence of the defamatory language of the libel.

It is to be said for this special-damage rule that it prevents the bringing of suits for trifling causes, and in the days before libel, when people sometimes brought each other into court for mere street abuse, it may have been very useful in saving the time of judges and juries from being wasted on trumpery quarrels. But the invention of the daily newspaper has introduced an aggravation of libel, or rather a new form of libel, for which the special-damage rule bars all remedy; I mean the aggravation which results from *repetition*. There are a thousand taunts, jeers, imputations, insinuations, and epithets which, if only flung out against a man *once* in the columns of the newspapers, will cause him, if a man of sense, little concern, and will attract but little notice, but which, if repeated day after day, or even very frequently, will occasion him and his family the acutest suffering, and end by making him a conspicuous object of public ridicule or odium. Almost every reader must have known of such cases. I knew of one, a few years ago, in which a citizen of high character and standing was tortured in this way for weeks, and had finally to beg for *mercy* from the editor through the intervention of a common friend. The thing said of him was too trifling for notice, had it been said

once, but when reproduced every second or third day it became persecution of the most intolerable kind; and yet, as the law now stands, it would not have supported a civil suit for damages, and would have seemed absurd if made the basis of an indictment. It would be easy to illustrate much more fully this branch of the power over individual comfort possessed by the press, and which it can and does exercise without bringing itself within the operation of the law of libel; but every reader of the newspapers can do it for himself. In fact, we see every week cases in which private individuals are injured in their reputation, — to recur to the legal definitions of libel which I have already quoted, — or lowered in the esteem and opinion of the world, or made ridiculous by quickly repeated and widely circulated charges, or epithets, or imputations, of which the law, as it now stands, will take no notice, and which inflict no appreciable material damages. In Scotland, and I believe in every country whose jurisprudence is based on the civil law, the special-damage rule does not exist. There, to borrow Lord Kames's words, "scandal, or any imputation on a man's good name, may be prosecuted even when the scandal is of such a nature that it cannot be the occasion of any pecuniary loss. It is sufficient to say, 'I am hurt in my character.'" Another authority says that whatever causes "uneasiness of mind" is actionable in Scotland, and I think this is the rule all over the Continent; but on the Continent libel is almost exclusively dealt with as a public wrong, like an assault. On the Continent, the legal immunity believed to be enjoyed by the newspapers in this country excites surprise so great that a distinguished French publicist¹ has described the American press as "despotism tempered by assassination;" his belief being that the only real remedy against libel enjoyed by

¹ Maurice Black.

the American citizen lies in the murder of editors. He relates, in illustration of this, that it is not uncommon for American newspaper offices to have a memorial marble plate over the door, inscribed with the names of the editors who have fallen in fight under the weapons of persons whom they have slandered, together with the date of each tragedy. The state of things in France is not much better than he imagines it to be here; that is, the sword is still relied on there as the main defense, not only against attacks on character, but against persistent ridicule, or personal depreciation. That it is very effective in keeping down a mode of attack to which our newspapers resort much there is no question. A newspaper in France rarely ventures pertinaciously to plague or tease a man. Nevertheless, the law does afford powerful protection to those who are not disposed for single combat, and it contains some provisions which have a certain value for us in the way of suggestion. As a general rule, Continental European legislation concerning the press is not of much value to Americans or Englishmen, by way either of suggestion or comparison, for the simple reason that it is all based on, or has grown out of, the theory that the press is a necessary evil, and in practice has to be treated as a nuisance, which must be mitigated, but cannot be wholly abated. The American and English legal view of the press, on the contrary, is now based on, if it has not grown out of, the theory that the press is performing a useful public function, in which, however, it is apt to commit excesses and make slips, which have to be treated with a certain indulgence. But there is one feature of Continental jurisprudence which does supply matter for serious reflection, if it does not suggest a possible reform in our own law of libel. In our legal and political development, — if we may treat them as two different things, — we have displayed a con-

stantly increasing respect for the person; that is, for the human body. We forbid, or try to avoid, even in inflicting punishment, everything which may bring shame or dishonor to it. When punishment is corporal, as most punishment has to be, we make it as little corporal — if we may use the expression — as possible.

There is probably no country in the world in which so much tenderness is shown towards physical peculiarities as in this; in which, in short, the person is so sacred. But it must also be said that respect has not increased for all that portion of the personality which is not physical or tangible, the tastes, habits, prejudices, sensitiveness, manners, relations with friends and family, and the like, about which the civilized man ordinarily dislikes to talk to strangers or have strangers talk, which are roughly described by the term "private life," and which, to every man who is worth much, make up by far the better part of his whole life. Nay, there are many reasons for thinking that it has within the last half century greatly diminished, and that the press is now in a fair way to make it a thing of which the coming generation will know but little. On this point something is undoubtedly to be learned from French jurisprudence, which puts it in every man's power to prevent utterly those explorations of his private life which have lately become the fashion with a certain portion of our press, and which, especially in cases of bereavement or misfortune, give so much pain, — often as exquisite pain as mortals know. The French law forbids in any periodical the publication of anything relating to a man's private life which is not actually before the courts in a criminal proceeding; but the law is set in motion only at the instance of the person interested, and no proof of the truth of the statement made is permitted, or any discussion of the facts. All the complainant has to show is that the

newspaper spoke of matters in his private life. This has been so strictly construed by the courts that an editor was found guilty for announcing the names of certain persons who had gone on a religious pilgrimage. The penalty is a fine, and also damages to the party aggrieved, in the discretion of the court.

We have got so far away, in our newspaper ethics, from the point of view on which this legislation rests that there are but few newspapers which do not, on the slightest pretext, publish everything that they can learn of all that portion of a man's sphere to which he least likes to admit the world outside; and the practice grows. It ministers to a popular taste which is as old as civil society. There never was a time when people did not enjoy hearing about their neighbor the things which they knew he would not like to tell them. But as long as our law has a policy, as long as legislation aims to favor particular manners or customs from a regard to the general good, we must admit that nothing is better worthy of legal protection than private life, or, in other words, the right of every man to keep his affairs to himself, and to decide for himself to what extent they shall be the subject of public observation and discussion.

There is another and probably removable defect in the existing legal remedy for libel, which is perhaps the most serious of any, and that is the slowness of the procedure. It may be said, in fact, that for libel no remedy is of any value at all which is not prompt. The law's delays are of course always partially destructive of the redress which the law offers for *any* kind of injury. But in the case of libel it may be said, in the larger number of cases, to be wholly destructive. This is certainly true of all those cases in which special damage cannot be shown. The injury of libel lies in the publicity. It is the publicity which causes all the pain. If a person libeled can bring the case speed-

ily before the court, while the matter is fresh in the public mind, the pain of the publication and the pain of the trial are merged; that is to say, the suffering of having to go over the subject in a trial in court, and thus make it still more public, will be no aggravation, or a comparatively slight aggravation, of the original suffering caused by the libel itself. The libel and the remedy, then, form one and the same transaction. Moreover, a prompt trial, and a prompt trial only, makes the remedy complete as regards the vindication of character. The public which reads the attack keeps it distinctly in its mind only a short time, and is disposed to watch its consequences only a short time. In a month, even, it will have ceased to remember much about it; but, unfortunately, it does remember *something* about it. It retains a vague impression that something unfavorable was said of So-and-So, and that it never saw any answer from So-and-So. It goes about its business with a dim, hazy conviction that there is something wrong about So-and-So. In other words, his reputation is slightly damaged, and remains damaged with thousands who know little about him beyond his name and calling. Supposing that So-and-So has done the only thing in his power to set himself right, by bringing an action against the libeler, and as is usual the case cannot be tried for many months, he is met with two cruel disadvantages. One is that, the public interest in him and his troubles having died out, the trial excites little attention, and the report of it does not catch the notice of one tenth of those who read the libel. The other is that, in seeking his remedy, after this long interval, he actually renews his wrong. He finds himself very much in the position of a man who, having brought an action for assault and battery, is compelled to submit to another assault and battery of the same nature before his case can go to the jury. He has to ex-

pose himself once more to that publicity in which the sting of the original libel lay, and may find it aggravated by additional ransacking of his affairs at the hands of the defendant's counsel. Thousands are deterred from ever seeking legal redress for attacks on character by this slowness of justice. A man can wait patiently for the recovery of property. It is hard to wait; if he wins his case, however, his remedy is as nearly complete as human justice can make it. But if he has to wait long for the legal rehabilitation of his character, the remedy assumes, to a certain extent, the nature of an aggravation of his injury. It has been suggested, as a mode of meeting this defect in the law, that libel cases should have precedence of all others on the court calendars. That this would in some degree meet it is undoubtedly true, but everybody who has had any experience of legal proceedings knows that some of the longest and worst of the law's delays occur before a case gets on the calendar at all. How these might be prevented, or whether they could be prevented, especially in cases in which the defendant undertakes to prove the truth of the allegations complained of, is something which could be discussed adequately by a professional man only, and on this point we shall not attempt to dwell.

They have in England a process for punishing libel which is what may be called the "swell" mode of doing it, and the one usually resorted to by persons who think they would be demeaned by going into a police court in quest of an indictment, or by bringing a civil action for damages, supposing the language complained of to be actionable. It consists in applying to the court of Queen's Bench for what is called a criminal information. This has to be done on affidavits, and into the affidavits the complainant can put what he pleases; in fact, his complete answer to the libel. The defendant either resists the appli-

cation, or withdraws his libel, by affidavit also. In this way the whole case gets before the court and the public at once, as far as it can be produced without hearing testimony, and while the matter is fresh in the public mind. This has undoubted advantages in the matter of speed, such as are not afforded by any other process either in this country or that.

It is open to any one to say that he thinks the present procedure is good enough, and that the evils of libel are not great enough to call for any change. With those who are of this way of thinking I do not argue. I am addressing those who think that the private character and individual peace of mind are things for which a civilized community is bound to provide, if need be, by extraordinary precautions, and that no adequate adaptation of the law to the greatly increased power over private character and individual peace of mind which has been lodged in the hands of newspaper editors and proprietors, by the growth of newspaper circulation, has as yet been made amongst us. Though such *adequate* adaptation may be very difficult, or indeed impossible, yet *something* in that direction *is* possible, and deserves far more attention, both from lawyers and legislators and from editors, than it has yet received. The press has no longer anything to fear from legal restriction of any kind, as regards its influence or material prosperity; while the community has a good deal to fear from what may be called excessive publicity, or rather from the loss by individuals of the right of privacy.

But it would be unfair to close without venturing to assert that the power over the individual peace of mind and private character, lodged now in the hands of editors, is not on the whole abused to anything like the extent to which it might be abused, considering how little the law does to prevent its abuse, and how much the public curiosity in its lowest form tends to stimulate its abuse. On the contrary, I think no class of the community makes as remarkable a display of successful resistance to temptation as the editors of the daily papers, considering how much they hold in their hands and dispense of what their fellow-men both ardently desire and greatly fear, and considering the lack of sympathy, of which I have already spoken, which is usually felt by his friends or neighbors for the victim of newspaper attacks or explorations. I may add that deliberate assaults on character which have little or no foundation, and for which all redress in the shape of editorial correction is refused, are rare. No accurate estimate of them can be formed from the number of libel suits brought, because a very large number of these suits are brought by persons who have not the least intention of pushing them to trial; and this, not because they shrink from publicity, but because they know that judicial inquiry would leave them worse off than ever. The commencement of the suit is intended to produce the impression that there exists a complete answer to the charge, which the indignant plaintiff will lay before the public at the proper time, but he really does not anticipate that this proper time will ever arrive.

E. L. Godkin.

ALL SAINTS' EVE.

TO-NIGHT, if true the legend tells,
All parted souls return :
When softly toll the midnight bells
And red the hearth-fires burn,
The wistful sprites come back again
From grassy grave and urn.

O legend sweet, come true to-night,
If never true before !
Bring back to me the eyes of light,
The lips that smiled of yore ;
Bring back the fair and pallid face
I thought to see no more !

Thou liest in thy lonely grave
Among the silent hills ;
The long gray grass thy woeful weed,
Thy requiem dropping rills.
My heart alone in all the earth
Thy tender memory thrills.

Without one parting look or word,
Not even by death distressed,
With tears unshed and cries unheard,
I saw thee seek thy rest ;
Careless of all the love and grief
That round thy pillow pressed.

Behold ! I light my sparkling fire,
The feast with flowers is spread ;
Come, yield my heart its one desire,
Too long its depths have bled.
Come back for one forgiving kiss, —
Come back, my precious dead !

Still, still and sad the dark shuts down,
No fierce winds rock the tree ;
Yet welcome night, and wind, and storm,
So I thy face might see.
What spell of power in earth or air
Shall bring it back to me ?

By all the strength of kindred blood,
By vanished peace and pain,
By all we shared of ill or good,
I call thee back again !

Alas! thy sleep is still and deep,
My agony is vain.

In vain I watch, in vain I wait.
O God! what mortal spells
Can open that relentless gate
Where death's dread silence dwells?
Go out, my fire; be still, my heart;
Toll on, ye midnight bells!

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

VI.

ISABEL ARCHER was a young person of many theories; her imagination was remarkably active. It had been her fortune to possess a finer mind than most of the persons among whom her lot was cast; to have a larger perception of surrounding facts, and to care for knowledge that was tinged with the unfamiliar. It is true that among her contemporaries she passed for a young woman of extraordinary profundity; for these excellent people never withheld their admiration from a reach of intellect of which they themselves were not conscious, and spoke of Isabel as a prodigy of learning, a young lady reputed to have read the classic authors — in translations. Her paternal aunt, Mrs. Varian, once spread the rumor that Isabel was writing a book, Mrs. Varian having a reverence for books, and averring that Isabel would distinguish herself in print. Mrs. Varian thought highly of literature, for which she entertained that esteem that is connected with a sense of privation. Her own large house, remarkable for its assortment of mosaic tables and decorated ceilings, was unfurnished with a library, and in the way of printed volumes contained nothing but half a dozen novels in paper, on a shelf in the apartment of one of the Miss Varians. Prac-

tically, Mrs. Varian's acquaintance with literature was confined to the New York Interviewer; as she very justly said, after you had read the Interviewer, you had no time for anything else. Her tendency, however, was rather to keep the Interviewer out of the way of her daughters; she was determined to bring them up seriously, and they read nothing at all. Her impression with regard to Isabel's labors was quite illusory; the girl never attempted to write a book, and had no desire to do so. She had no talent for expression, and had none of the consciousness of genius; she only had a general idea that people were right when they treated her as if she were rather superior. Whether or no she were superior, people were right in admiring her if they thought her so; for it seemed to her often that her mind moved more quickly than theirs, and this encouraged an impatience that might easily be confounded with superiority. It may be affirmed without delay that Isabel was probably very liable to the sin of self-esteem; she often surveyed with complacency the field of her own nature; she was in the habit of taking for granted, on scanty evidence, that she was right; impulsively, she often admired herself. Meanwhile her errors and delusions were frequently such as a biographer interested in preserving the

dignity of his heroine must shrink from specifying. Her head was full of premature convictions and unproportioned images, which had never been corrected by the judgment of people who seemed to her to speak with authority. Intellectually, morally, she had had her own way, and it had led her into a thousand ridiculous zigzags. Every now and then she found out she was wrong, and then she treated herself to a week of passionate humility. After this she held her head higher than ever again; for it was of no use, — she had an unquenchable desire to think well of herself. She had a theory that it was only on this condition that life was worth living; that one should be one of the best, should be conscious of a fine organization (she could not help knowing her organization was fine), should move in a realm of light, of natural wisdom, of happy impulse, of inspiration gracefully chronic. It was almost as unnecessary to cultivate doubt of one's self as to cultivate doubt of one's best friend; one should try to be one's own best friend, and to give one's self, in this manner, distinguished company. The girl had a certain nobleness of imagination which rendered her a good many services and played her a great many tricks. She spent half her time in thinking of beauty, and bravery, and magnanimity; she had a fixed determination to regard the world as a place of brightness, of free expansion, of irresistible action; she thought it would be detestable to be afraid or ashamed. She had an infinite hope that she should never do anything wrong. She had resented so strongly, after discovering them, her mere errors of feeling (the discovery always made her tremble, as if she had escaped from a trap which might have caught her and smothered her) that the chance of inflicting a sensible injury upon another person, presented only as a contingency, caused her at moments to hold her breath. That always seemed to her the

worst thing that could happen to one. On the whole, reflectively, she was in no uncertainty about the things that were wrong. She had no taste for thinking of them, but whenever she looked at them fixedly she recognized them. It was wrong to be mean, to be jealous, to be false, to be cruel; she had seen very little of the evil of the world, but she had seen women who lied and who tried to hurt each other. Seeing such things had quickened her high spirit; it seemed right to scorn them. Of course the danger of a high spirit is the danger of inconsistency, — the danger of keeping up the flag after the place has surrendered; a sort of behavior so anomalous as to be almost a dishonor to the flag. But Isabel, who knew nothing of the forces that life might bring against her, flattered herself that such contradictions would never be observed in her own conduct. Her life should always be in harmony with the most pleasing impression she should produce. She would be what she appeared, and she would appear what she was. Sometimes she went so far as to wish that she should find herself some day in a difficult position, so that she might have the pleasure of being as largely heroic as the occasion demanded. Altogether, with her meagre knowledge, her inflated ideals, her confidence at once innocent and dogmatic, her temper at once exacting and indulgent, her mixture of curiosity and fastidiousness, of vivacity and indifference, her desire to look very well and to be, if possible, even better; her determination to see, to try, to know; her combination of the delicate, desultory, flame-like spirit and the eager and personal young girl, she would be an easy victim of scientific criticism, if she were not intended to awaken on the reader's part an impulse more tender and more purely expectant.

It was one of her theories that Isabel Archer was very fortunate in being independent, and that she ought to make

some very enlightened use of her independence. She never called it loneliness; she thought that weak; besides, her sister Lily constantly urged her to come and stay with her. She had a friend whose acquaintance she had made shortly before her father's death, who offered so laudable an example of useful activity that Isabel always thought of her as a model. Henrietta Stackpole had the advantage of a remarkable talent; she was thoroughly launched in journalism, and her letters to the *Interviewer*, from Washington, Newport, the White Mountains, and other places, were universally admired. Isabel did not accept them unrestrictedly, but she esteemed the courage, energy, and good-humor of her friend, who, without parents and without property, had adopted three of the children of an infirm and widowed sister, and was paying their school-bills out of the proceeds of her literary labor. Henrietta was a great radical, and had clear-cut views on most subjects; her cherished desire had long been to go to Europe and write a series of letters to the *Interviewer* from the radical point of view, an enterprise the less difficult as she knew perfectly in advance what her opinions would be, and to how many objections most European institutions lay open. When she heard that Isabel was going, she wished to start at once, thinking, naturally, that it would be delightful that they should travel together. She had been obliged, however, to postpone this undertaking. She thought Isabel a glorious creature, and had spoken of her, covertly, in some of her letters, though she never mentioned the fact to her friend, who would not have taken pleasure in it, and was not a regular reader of the *Interviewer*. Henrietta, for Isabel, was chiefly a proof that a woman might suffice to herself and be happy. Her resources were of the obvious kind; but even if one had not the journalistic talent and a genius for guessing, as

Henrietta said, what the public was going to want, one was not therefore to conclude that one had no vocation, no beneficent aptitude of any sort, and resign one's self to being trivial and superficial. Isabel was resolutely determined not to be superficial. If one should wait expectantly and trustfully, one would find some happy work to his hand. Of course, among her theories, this young lady was not without a collection of opinions on the question of marriage. The first on the list was a conviction that it was very vulgar to think too much about it. From lapsing into a state of eagerness on this point, she earnestly prayed that she might be delivered; she held that a woman ought to be able to make up her life in singleness, and that it was perfectly possible to be happy without the society of a more or less coarse-minded person of another sex. The girl's prayer was very sufficiently answered; something pure and proud that there was in her — something cold and stiff, an unappreciated suitor with a taste for analysis might have called it — had hitherto kept her from any great vanity of conjecture on the subject of possible husbands. Few of the men she saw seemed worth an expenditure of imagination, and it made her smile to think that one of them should present himself as an incentive to hope and a reward of patience. Deep in her soul — it was the deepest thing there — lay a belief that if a certain impulse were stirred she could give herself completely; but this image, on the whole, was too formidable to be attractive. Isabel's thoughts hovered about it, but they seldom rested on it long; after a little it ended by frightening her. It often seemed to her that she thought too much about it herself; you could have made her blush, any day in the year, by telling her that she was selfish. She was always planning out her own development, desiring her own perfection, observing

her own progress. Her nature had for her own imagination a certain garden-like quality, a suggestion of perfume and murmuring boughs, of shady bowers and lengthening vistas, which made her feel that introspection was after all an exercise in the open air, and that a visit to the recesses of one's mind was harmless when one returned from it with a lapful of roses. But she was often reminded that there were other gardens in the world than those of her virginal soul, and that there were moreover a great many places that were not gardens at all, only dusky, pestiferous tracts, planted thick with ugliness and misery. In the current of that easy eagerness on which she had lately been floating, which had conveyed her to this beautiful old England and might carry her much further still, she often checked herself with the thought of the thousands of people who were less happy than herself, — a thought which for the moment made her absorbing happiness appear to her a kind of immodesty. What should one do with the misery of the world in a scheme of the agreeable for one's self? It must be confessed that this question never held her long. She was too young, too impatient to live, too unacquainted with pain. She always returned to her theory that a young woman whom, after all, every one thought clever should begin by getting a general impression of life. This was necessary to prevent mistakes, and after it should be secured, she might make the unfortunate condition of others an object of special attention.

England was a revelation to her, and she found herself as entertained as a child at a pantomime. In her infantine excursions to Europe she had seen only the Continent, and seen it from the nursery window; Paris, not London, was her father's Mecca. The impressions of that time, moreover, had become faint and remote, and the old-world quality in everything that she now saw had all the

charm of strangeness. Her uncle's house seemed a picture made real; no refinement of the agreeable was lost upon Isabel; the rich perfection of Garden-court appealed to her as a spectacle, and gratified her as a sensation. The large, low rooms, with brown ceilings and dusky corners, the deep embrasures and curious casements, the quiet light on dark, polished panels, the deep greenness outside, that seemed always peeping in, the sense of well-ordered privacy, in the centre of a "property," — a place where sounds were felicitously accidental, where the tread was muffled by the earth itself, and in the thick mild air all shrillness dropped out of conversation, — these things were much to the taste of our young lady, whose taste played a considerable part in her emotions. She formed a fast friendship with her uncle, and often sat by his chair when he had had it moved out to the lawn. He passed hours in the open air, sitting placidly with folded hands, like a good old man who had done his work and received his wages, and was trying to grow used to weeks and months made up only of off-days. Isabel amused him more than she suspected, — the effect she produced upon people was often different from what she supposed, — and he frequently gave himself the pleasure of making her chatter. It was by this term that he qualified her conversation, which had much of the vivacity observable in that of the young ladies of her country, to whom the ear of the world is more directly presented than to their sisters in other lands. Like the majority of American girls, Isabel had been encouraged to express herself; her remarks had been attended to; she had been expected to have emotions and opinions. Many of her opinions had doubtless but a slender value, many of her emotions passed away in the utterance; but they had left a trace in giving her the habit of seeming at least to feel and think, and in imparting moreover to her words,

when she was really moved, that maidenly eloquence which so many people had regarded as a sign of superiority. Mr. Touchett used to think that she reminded him of his wife when his wife was in her teens. It was because she was fresh and natural and quick to understand, to speak, — so many characteristics of her niece, — that he had fallen in love with Mrs. Touchett. He never expressed this analogy to the girl herself, however; for if Mrs. Touchett had once been like Isabel, Isabel was not at all like Mrs. Touchett. The old man was full of kindness for her; it was a long time, as he said, since they had had any young life in the house; and our rustling, quickly-moving, clear-voiced heroine was as agreeable to his sense as the sound of flowing water. He wished to do something for her, he wished she would ask something of him. But Isabel asked nothing but questions; it is true that of these she asked a great many. Her uncle had a great fund of answers, though interrogation sometimes came in forms that puzzled him. She questioned him immensely about England, about the British constitution, the English character, the state of politics, the manners and customs of the royal family, the peculiarities of the aristocracy, the way of living and thinking of his neighbors; and in asking to be enlightened on these points she usually inquired whether they corresponded with the descriptions in all the books. The old man always looked at her a little, with his fine dry smile, while he smoothed down the shawl that was spread across his legs.

"The books?" he once said; "well, I don't know much about the books. You must ask Ralph about that. I have always ascertained for myself — got my information in the natural form. I never asked many questions even; I just kept quiet and took notice. Of course, I have had very good opportunities, — better than what a young lady would naturally

have. I am of an inquisitive disposition, though you might n't think it if you were to watch me; however much you might watch me, I should be watching you more. I have been watching these people for upwards of thirty-five years, and I don't hesitate to say that I have acquired considerable information. It's a very fine country on the whole, — finer perhaps than what we give it credit for on the other side. There are several improvements that I should like to see introduced; but the necessity of them does n't seem to be generally felt as yet. When the necessity of a thing is generally felt, they usually manage to accomplish it; but they seem to feel pretty comfortable about waiting till then. I certainly feel more at home among them than I expected to when I first came over; I suppose it's because I have had a considerable degree of success. When you are successful, you naturally feel more at home."

"Do you suppose that, if I am successful, I shall feel at home?" Isabel asked.

"I should think it very probable, and you certainly will be successful. They like American young ladies very much over here; they show them a great deal of kindness. But you must n't feel too much at home, you know."

"Oh, I am by no means sure I shall like it," said Isabel, somewhat judicially. "I like the place very much, but I am not sure I shall like the people."

"The people are very good people; especially if you like them."

"I have no doubt they are good," Isabel rejoined; "but are they pleasant in society? They won't rob me nor beat me; but will they make themselves agreeable to me? That's what I like people to do. I don't hesitate to say so, because I always appreciate it. I don't believe they are very nice to girls; they are not nice to them in the novels."

"I don't know about the novels," said Mr. Touchett. "I believe the novels

have a great deal of ability, but I don't suppose they are very accurate. We once had a lady who wrote novels staying here; she was a friend of Ralph's, and he asked her down. She was very positive, very positive; but she was not the sort of person that you could depend on her testimony. Too much imagination,—I suppose that was it. She afterwards published a work of fiction in which she was understood to have given a representation—something in the nature of a caricature, as you might say—of my unworthy self. I did n't read it, but Ralph just handed me the book, with the principal passages marked. It was understood to be a description of my conversation; American peculiarities, nasal twang, Yankee notions, stars and stripes. Well, it was not at all accurate; she could n't have listened very attentively. I had no objection to her giving a report of my conversation, if she liked; but I did n't like the idea that she had n't taken the trouble to listen to it. Of course I talk like an American,—I can't talk like a Hottentot. However I talk, I have made them understand me pretty well over here. But I don't talk like the old gentleman in that lady's novel. He was n't an American; we would n't have him over there! I just mention that fact to show you that they are not always accurate. Of course, as I have no daughters, and as Mrs. Touchett resides in Florence, I have n't had much chance to notice about the young ladies. It sometimes appears as if the young women in the lower class were not very well treated; but I guess their position is better in the upper class."

"Dear me!" Isabel exclaimed; "how many classes have they? About fifty, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know as I ever counted them. I never took much notice of the classes. That's the advantage of being an American here; you don't belong to any class."

"I hope so," said Isabel. "Imagine one's belonging to an English class!"

"Well, I guess some of them are pretty comfortable, especially towards the top. But for me there are only two classes: the people I trust, and the people I don't. Of those two, my dear Isabel, you belong to the first."

"I am much obliged to you," said the young girl, quickly. Her way of taking compliments seemed sometimes rather dry; she got rid of them as rapidly as possible. But as regards this, she was sometimes misjudged; she was thought insensible to them, whereas in fact she was simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her. To show that was to show too much. "I am sure the English are very conventional," she added.

"They have got everything pretty well fixed," Mr. Touchett admitted. "It's all settled beforehand; they don't leave it to the last moment."

"I don't like to have everything settled beforehand," said the girl. "I like more unexpectedness."

Her uncle seemed amused at her distinctness of preference. "Well, it's settled beforehand that you will have great success," he rejoined. "I suppose you will like that."

"I shall not have success if they are conventional. I am not in the least conventional. I am just the contrary. That's what they won't like."

"No, no, you are all wrong," said the old man. "You can't tell what they will like. They are very inconsistent; that's their principal interest."

"Ah, well," said Isabel, standing before her uncle with her hands clasping the belt of her black dress, and looking up and down the lawn, "that will suit me perfectly!"

VII.

The two amused themselves time and again with talking of the attitude of the

British public, as if the young lady had been in a position to appeal to it; but in fact the British public remained for the present profoundly indifferent to Miss Isabel Archer, whose fortune had dropped her, as her cousin said, into the dulllest house in England. Her gouty uncle received very little company, and Mrs. Touchett, not having cultivated relations with her husband's neighbors, was not warranted in expecting visits from them. She had, however, a peculiar taste; she liked to receive cards. For what is usually called social intercourse she had very little relish; but nothing pleased her more than to find her hall-table whitened with oblong morsels of symbolic pasteboard. She flattered herself that she was a very just woman and had mastered the sovereign truth that nothing in this world is got for nothing. She had played no social part as mistress of Gardencourt, and it was not to be supposed that, in the surrounding country, a minute account should be kept of her comings and goings. But it is by no means certain that she did not feel it to be wrong that so little notice was taken of them, and that her failure (really very gratuitous) to make herself important in the neighborhood had not much to do with the acrimony of her allusions to her husband's adopted country. Isabel presently found herself in the singular situation of defending the British constitution against her aunt; Mrs. Touchett having formed the habit of sticking pins into this venerable instrument. Isabel always felt an impulse to remove the pins; not that she imagined they inflicted any damage on the tough old parchment, but because it seemed to her that her aunt might make better use of her sharpness. She was very critical herself,—it was incidental to her age, her sex, and her nationality; but she was very sentimental as well, and there was something in Mrs. Touchett's dryness that set her own moral fountains flowing.

"Now what is your point of view?" she asked of her aunt. "When you criticise everything here, you should have a point of view. Yours does n't seem to be American,—you thought everything over there so disagreeable. When I criticise, I have mine; it's thoroughly American!"

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Touchett, "there are as many points of view in the world as there are people of sense. You may say that does n't make them very numerous! American? Never in the world; that's shockingly narrow. My point of view, thank God, is personal!"

Isabel thought this a better answer than she admitted; it was a tolerable description of her own manner of judging, and it would not have sounded well for her to say it; on the lips of a person less advanced in life and less enlightened by experience than Mrs. Touchett, such a declaration would savor of immodesty, even of arrogance. She risked it, nevertheless, in talking with Ralph, with whom she talked a great deal, and with whom her conversation was of a sort that gave a large license to violent statements. Her cousin used, as the phrase is, to chaff her; he very soon established with her a reputation for treating everything as a joke, and he was not a man to neglect the privileges such a reputation conferred. She accused him of an odious want of seriousness, of laughing at all things, beginning with herself. Such slender faculty of reverence as he possessed centred wholly upon his father; for the rest, he exercised his wit indiscriminately upon himself, his weak lungs, his useless life, his anomalous mother, his friends (Lord Warburton in especial), his adopted and his native country, his charming new-found cousin. "I keep a band of music in my ante-room," he said once to her. "It has orders to play without stopping; it renders me two excellent services. It keeps the sounds of the world from reaching the

private apartments, and it makes the world think that dancing is going on within." It was dance-music indeed that you usually heard when you came within ear-shot of Ralph's band; the liveliest waltzes seemed to float upon the air. Isabel often found herself irritated by this barrier of sound; she would have liked to pass through the ante-room, as her cousin called it, and enter the private apartments. It mattered little that he had assured her that they were a very dismal place; she would have been glad to undertake to sweep them and set them in order. It was but half-hospitality to let her remain outside; to punish him for which, Isabel administered innumerable taps with the ferule of her straight young wit. It must be said that her wit was exercised to a large extent in self-defense, for her cousin amused himself with calling her "Columbia," and accusing her of a patriotism so fervid that it scorched. He drew a caricature of her, in which she was represented as a very pretty young woman, dressed, in the height of the prevailing fashion, in the folds of the national banner. Isabel's chief dread in life, at this period of her development, was that she should appear narrow-minded; what she feared next afterwards was that she should be so. But she nevertheless made no scruple of abounding in her cousin's sense, and pretending to sigh for the charms of her native land. She would be as American as it pleased him to regard her, and if he chose to laugh at her, she would give him plenty of occupation. She defended England against his mother, but when Ralph sang its praises, on purpose, as she said, to torment her, she found herself able to differ from him on a variety of points. In reality the quality of this small ripe country seemed as sweet to her as the taste of an October pear; and her satisfaction was at the root of the good spirits which enabled her to take her cousin's chaff and return it in kind.

If her good humor flagged at moments, it was not because she thought herself ill-used, but because she suddenly felt sorry for Ralph. It seemed to her that he was talking as a blind, and had little heart in what he said.

"I don't know what is the matter with you," she said to him once, "but I suspect you are a great humbug."

"That's your privilege," Ralph answered, who had not been used to being so crudely addressed.

"I don't know what you care for; I don't think you care for anything. You don't really care for England when you praise it; you don't care for America even when you pretend to abuse it."

"I care for nothing but you, dear cousin," said Ralph.

"If I could believe even that, I should be very glad."

"Ah, well, I should hope so!" the young man exclaimed.

Isabel might have believed it, and not have been far from the truth. He thought a great deal about her; she was constantly present to his mind. At a time when his thoughts had been a good deal of a burden to him, her sudden arrival, which had promised nothing and was an open-handed gift of fate, had refreshed and quickened them, given them wings and something to fly for. Poor Ralph for many weeks had been steeped in melancholy; his outlook, habitually sombre, lay under the shadow of a deeper cloud. He had grown anxious about his father, whose gout, hitherto confined to his legs, had begun to ascend into regions more perilous. The old man had been gravely ill in the spring, and the doctors had whispered to Ralph that another attack would be less easy to deal with. Just now he appeared tolerably comfortable, but Ralph could not rid himself of a suspicion that this was a subterfuge of the enemy, who was waiting to take him off his guard. If this manœuvre should succeed, there would be little hope of any great resist-

ance. Ralph had always taken for granted that his father would survive him,—that his own name would be the first called. The father and son had been close companions, and the idea of being left alone with the remnant of an alienated life on his hands was not gratifying to the young man, who had always and tacitly counted upon his elder's help in making the best of a poor business. At the prospect of losing his great motive, Ralph was indeed mightily disgusted. If they might die at the same time, it would be all very well; but without the encouragement of his father's society, he should barely have patience to await his own turn. He had not the incentive of feeling that he was absolutely indispensable to his mother; it was a rule with his mother to have no regrets. He bethought himself, of course, that it had been a small kindness to his father to wish that, of the two, the active, rather than the passive, party should know the pain of loss; he remembered that the old man had always treated his own forecast of an uncompleted career as a clever fallacy, which he should be delighted to discredit, so far as he might, by dying first. But of the two triumphs, that of refuting a sophistical son and that of holding on a while longer to a state of being which, with all abatements, he enjoyed, Ralph deemed it no sin to hope that the latter might be vouchsafed to Mr. Touchett.

These were nice questions, but Isabel's arrival put a stop to his puzzling over them. It even suggested that there might be a compensation for the intolerable *ennui* of surviving his genial sire. He wondered whether he were falling in love with this spontaneous young woman from Albany; but he decided that on the whole he was not. After he had known her for a week, he quite made up his mind to this, and every day he felt a little more sure. Lord Warburton had been right about her; she was a thoroughly interesting wom-

an. Ralph wondered how Lord Warburton had found it out so soon; and then he said it was only another proof of his friend's high abilities, which he had always greatly admired. If his cousin were to be nothing more than an entertainment to him, Ralph was conscious that she was an entertainment of a high order. "A character like that," he said to himself, "is the finest thing in nature. It is finer than the finest work of art,—than a Greek bas-relief, than a great Titian, than a Gothic cathedral. It is very pleasant to be so well-treated where one least looked for it. I had never been more blue, more bored, than for a week before she came; I had never expected less that something agreeable would happen. Suddenly I receive a Titian, by the post, to hang on my wall,—a Greek bas-relief to stick over my chimney-piece. The key of a beautiful edifice is thrust into my hand, and I am told to walk in and admire. My poor boy, you have been sadly ungrateful, and now you had better keep very quiet, and never grumble again." The sentiment of these reflections was very just; but it was not exactly true that Ralph Touchett had had a key put into his hand. His cousin was a very brilliant girl, who would take, as he said, a good deal of knowing; but she needed the knowing, and his attitude with regard to her, though it was contemplative and critical, was not judicial. He surveyed the edifice from the outside, and admired it greatly; he looked in at the windows, and received an impression of proportions equally fair. But he felt that he saw it only by glimpses, and that he had not yet stood under the roof; the door was fastened, and though he had keys in his pocket, he had a conviction that none of them would fit. She was intelligent and generous; it was a fine free nature; but what was she going to do with herself? This question was irregular, for with most women one had no occasion to ask

it. Most women did with themselves nothing at all; they waited, in attitudes more or less gracefully passive, for a man to come along and furnish them with a destiny. Isabel's originality was that she gave one an impression of having intuitions of her own. "Whenever she executes them," said Ralph, "may I be there to see!"

It naturally devolved upon him to do the honors of the place. Mr. Touchett was confined to his chair, and his wife's position was that of a rather grim visitor; so that in the line of conduct that opened itself to Ralph, duty and inclination were harmoniously mingled. He was not a great walker, but he strolled about the grounds with his cousin, — a pastime for which the weather remained favorable with a persistency not allowed for in Isabel's somewhat lugubrious prevision of the climate; and in the long afternoons, of which the length was but the measure of her gratified eagerness, they took a boat on the river, the dear little river, as Isabel called it, when the opposite shore seemed still a part of the foreground of the landscape; or drove over the country in a phaeton, — a low, capacious, thick-wheeled phaeton, formerly much used by Mr. Touchett, but which he had now ceased to enjoy. Isabel enjoyed it largely, and, handling the reins in a manner which approved itself to the groom as "knowing," was never weary of driving her uncle's capital horses through winding lanes and byways full of the rural incidents she had confidently expected to find: past cottages thatched and timbered, past ale-houses latticed and sanded, past patches of ancient common and glimpses of empty parks, between hedgerows made thick by midsummer. When they reached home, they usually found that tea had been served upon the lawn, and that Mrs. Touchett had not absolved herself from the obligation of handing her husband his cup. But the two for the most part sat silent; the old man with his

head back and his eyes closed, his wife occupied with her knitting, and wearing that appearance of extraordinary meditation with which some ladies contemplate the movement of their needles.

One day, however, a visitor had arrived. The two young people, after spending an hour upon the river, strolled back to the house and perceived Lord Warburton sitting under the trees and engaged in conversation, of which even at a distance the desultory character was appreciable, with Mrs. Touchett. He had driven over from his own place with a portmanteau, and had asked, as the father and son had often invited him to do, for a dinner and a lodging. Isabel, seeing him for half an hour on the day of her arrival, had discovered in this brief space that she liked him; he had made indeed a tolerably vivid impression on her mind, and she had thought of him several times. She had hoped that she should see him again, — hoped too that she should see a few others. Garden-court was not dull; the place itself was so delightful, her uncle was such a perfection of an uncle, and Ralph was so unlike any cousin she had ever encountered, — her view of cousins being rather monotonous. Then her impressions were still so fresh and so quickly renewed that there was as yet hardly a sense of vacancy in the prospect. But Isabel had need to remind herself that she was interested in human nature and that her foremost hope in coming abroad had been that she should see a great many people. When Ralph said to her, as he had done several times, "I wonder you find this endurable; you ought to see some of the neighbors and some of our friends, because we have really got a few, though you would never suppose it;" when he offered to invite what he called a "lot of people," and make the young girl acquainted with English society, she encouraged the hospitable impulse, and promised in advance to be delighted. Little, however, for

the present, had come of Ralph's offers, and it may be confided to the reader that, if the young man delayed to carry them out, it was because he found the labor of entertaining his cousin by no means so severe as to require extraneous help. Isabel had spoken to him very often about "specimens;" it was a word that played a considerable part in her vocabulary; she had given him to understand that she wished to see as many specimens as possible, and specimens of everything.

"Well, now, there's a specimen," he said to her, as they walked up from the river-side, and he recognized Lord Warburton.

"A specimen of what?" asked the girl.

"A specimen of an English gentleman."

"Do you mean they are all like him?"

"Oh, no, they are not all like him."

"He's a favorable specimen, then," said Isabel; "because I am sure he is good."

"Yes, he is very good. And he is very fortunate."

The fortunate Lord Warburton exchanged a hand-shake with our heroine, and hoped she was very well. "But I need n't ask that," he said, "since you have been handling the oars."

"I have been rowing a little," Isabel answered; "but how should you know it?"

"Oh, I know *he* does n't row; he's too lazy," said his lordship, indicating Ralph Touchett, with a laugh.

"He has a good excuse for his laziness," Isabel rejoined, lowering her voice a little.

"Ah, he has a good excuse for everything!" cried Lord Warburton, still with his deep, agreeable laugh.

"My excuse for not rowing is that my cousin rows so well," said Ralph. "She does everything well. She touches nothing that she does n't adorn!"

"It makes one want to be touched, Miss Archer," Lord Warburton declared.

"Be touched in the right sense, and you will never look the worse for it," said Isabel, who, if it pleased her to hear it said that her accomplishments were numerous, was happily able to reflect that such complacency was not the indication of a feeble mind, inasmuch as there were several things in which she excelled. Her desire to think well of herself always needed to be supported by proof; though it is possible that this fact is not the sign of a milder egotism.

Lord Warburton not only spent the night at Gardencourt, but he was persuaded to remain over the second day; and when the second day was ended, he determined to postpone his departure till the morrow. During this period he addressed much of his conversation to Isabel, who accepted this evidence of his esteem with a very good grace. She found herself liking him extremely; the first impression he had made upon her was pleasant, but at the end of an evening spent in his society she thought him quite one of the most laudable persons she had met. She retired to rest with a sense of good fortune, with a quickened consciousness of the pleasantness of life. "It's very nice to know two such charming people as those," she said, meaning by "those" her cousin and her cousin's friend. It must be added, moreover, that an incident had occurred which might have seemed to put her good humor to the test. Mr. Touchett went to bed at half past nine o'clock, but his wife remained in the drawing-room with the other members of the party. She prolonged her vigil for something less than an hour, and then, rising, she said to Isabel that it was time they should bid the gentlemen good-night. Isabel had as yet no desire to go to bed; the occasion wore, to her sense, a festive character, and feasts were not in the habit of terminating so early. So with-

out further thought she replied very simply, —

"Need I go, dear aunt? I will come up in half an hour."

"It's impossible I should wait for you," Mrs. Touchett answered.

"Ah, you need n't wait! Ralph will light my candle," said Isabel, smiling.

"I will light your candle; do let me light your candle, Miss Archer!" Lord Warburton exclaimed. "Only, I beg it shall not be before midnight!"

Mrs. Touchett fixed her bright little eyes upon him for a moment, and then transferred them to her niece.

"You can't stay alone with the gentlemen. You are not — you are not at Albany, my dear!"

Isabel rose, blushing.

"I wish I were!" she said.

"Oh, I say, mother!" Ralph broke out.

"My dear Mrs. Touchett!" Lord Warburton murmured.

"I did n't make your country, my lord," Mrs. Touchett said majestically. "I must take it as I find it!"

"Can't I stay with my own cousin?" Isabel inquired.

"I am not aware that Lord Warburton is your cousin!"

"Perhaps I had better go to bed," this nobleman exclaimed. "That will arrange it."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little look of despair, and sat down again.

"Oh, if it's necessary, I will stay up till midnight," she said.

Ralph meanwhile handed Isabel her candlestick. He had been watching her; it had seemed to him that her temper was stirred, an accident that might be interesting. But if he had expected an exhibition of temper, he was disappointed, for the girl simply laughed a little, nodded good-night, and withdrew, accompanied by her aunt. For himself he was annoyed at his mother, though he thought she was right. Above stairs, the two ladies separated at Mrs. Touch-

ett's door. Isabel had said nothing on her way up.

"Of course you are displeased at my interfering with you," said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel reflected a moment.

"I am not displeased, but I am surprised, and a good deal puzzled. Was it not proper I should remain in the drawing-room?"

"Not in the least. Young girls here don't sit alone with the gentlemen late at night."

"You were very right to tell me, then," said Isabel. "I don't understand it, but I am very glad to know it."

"I shall always tell you," her aunt answered, "whenever I see you taking what seems to be too much liberty."

"Pray do; but I don't say I shall always think your remonstrance just."

"Very likely not. You are too fond of your liberty."

"Yes, I think I am very fond of it. But I always want to know the things one should n't do."

"So as to do them?" asked her aunt.

"So as to choose," said Isabel.

VIII.

As she was much interested in the picturesque, Lord Warburton ventured to express a hope that she would come some day and see his house, which was a very curious old place. He extracted from Mrs. Touchett a promise that she would bring her niece to Lockleigh, and Ralph signified his willingness to attend upon the ladies if his father should be able to spare him. Lord Warburton assured our heroine that in the mean time his sisters would come and see her. She knew something about his sisters, having interrogated him, during the hours they spent together while he was at Gardencourt, on many points connected with his family. When Isabel was in-

terested, she asked a great many questions, and as her companion was a copious talker, she asked him on this occasion by no means in vain. He told her that he had four sisters and two brothers, and had lost both his parents. The brothers and sisters were very good people, — “not particularly clever, you know,” he said, “but simple and respectable and trustworthy,” and he was so good as to hope that Miss Archer should know them well. One of the brothers was in the church, settled in the parsonage at Lockleigh, which was rather a largeish parish, and was an excellent fellow in spite of his thinking differently from himself on every conceivable topic. And then Lord Warburton mentioned some of the opinions held by his brother, which were opinions that Isabel had often heard expressed, and that she supposed to be entertained by a considerable portion of the human family. Many of them, indeed, she supposed she had held herself, till he assured her that she was quite mistaken, and that it was really impossible; that she had doubtless imagined she entertained them, but that she might depend that, if she thought them over a little, she would find they were awful rubbish. When she answered that she had already thought several of them over very attentively, he declared that she was only another example of what he had often been struck with, — the fact that, of all the people in the world, the Americans were most plagued with misty superstitions. They were rank Tories and inquisitors, every one of them. There were no conservatives like American conservatives. Her uncle, there, and her cousin were both proof; nothing could be more mediæval than many of their views; they had ideas that people in England nowadays were ashamed to confess to; and they had the impudence, moreover, said his lordship, laughing, to pretend they know more about the needs and dangers of this poor, dear, stupid old

England than he who was born in it, and owned a considerable part of it, — the more shame to him! From all of which Isabel gathered that Lord Warburton was a nobleman of the newest pattern, a reformer, a radical, a contemner of ancient ways. His other brother, who was in the army in India, was rather wild and pig-headed, and had not been of much use as yet but to make debts for Warburton to pay, — one of the most precious privileges of an elder brother. “I don’t think I will pay any more,” said Warburton; “he lives a monstrous deal better than I do, enjoys unheard-of luxuries, and thinks himself a much finer gentleman than I. As I am a consistent radical, I go in only for equality; I don’t go in for the superiority of the younger brothers.” Two of his four sisters, the second and fourth, were married, one of them having done very well, as they said, the other only so-so. The husband of the elder, Lord Haycock, was a very good fellow, but unfortunately a horrid Tory; and his wife, like all good English wives, was worse than her husband. The other had espoused a smallish squire in Norfolk, and, though she was married only the other day, had already five children. This information and much more Lord Warburton imparted to his young American listener, taking pains to make many things clear, and to lay bare to her apprehension the peculiarities of English life. Isabel was often amused at his explicitness and at the small allowance he seemed to make either for her own experience or for her imagination. “He thinks I am a barbarian,” she said, “and that I have never seen forks and spoons;” and she used to ask him artless questions for the pleasure of hearing him answer seriously. Then, when he had fallen into the trap, “It’s a pity you can’t see me in my war-paint and feathers,” she remarked; “if I had known how kind you are to the poor savages, I would have brought over my national costume!”

Lord Warburton had traveled through the United States, and knew much more about them than Isabel; he was so good as to say that America was the most charming country in the world, but his recollections of it appeared to encourage the idea that Americans in England would need to have a great many things explained to them. "If I had only had you to explain things to me in America!" he said. "I was rather puzzled in your country; in fact I was quite bewildered, and the trouble was that the explanations only puzzled me more. You know I think they often gave me the wrong ones on purpose; they are rather clever about that over there. But when I explain, you can trust me; about what I tell you there is no mistake." There was no mistake at least about his being very intelligent and cultivated, and knowing almost everything in the world. Although he said the most interesting and entertaining things, Isabel perceived that he never said them to exhibit himself, and though he had a great good fortune, he was as far as possible from making a merit of it. He had enjoyed the best things of life, but they had not spoiled his sense of proportion. His composition was a mixture of good-humored manly force and a modesty that at times was almost boyish; the sweet and wholesome savor of which—it was as agreeable as something tasted—lost nothing from the addition of a tone of kindness which was not boyish, inasmuch as there was a good deal of reflection and of conscience in it.

"I like your specimen English gentleman very much," Isabel said to Ralph, after Lord Warburton had gone.

"I like him too,—I love him well," said Ralph. "But I pity him more."

Isabel stared.

"Why, that seems to me his only fault,—that one could n't pity him a little. He appears to have everything, to know everything, to be everything!"

"Oh, he's in a bad way," Ralph insisted.

"I suppose you don't mean in health?"

"No, as to that, he is detestably robust. What I mean is that he is a man with a great position, who is playing all sorts of tricks with it. He does n't take himself seriously."

"Does he regard himself as a joke?"

"Much worse; he regards himself as an imposition—as an abuse."

"Well, perhaps he is," said Isabel.

"Perhaps he is,—though on the whole I don't think so. But in that case, what is more pitiable than a sentiment, self-conscious abuse, planted by other hands, deeply rooted, but aching with a sense of its injustice? For me, I could take Lord Warburton very seriously; he occupies a position that appeals to my imagination. Great responsibilities, great opportunities, great consideration, great wealth, great power, a natural share in the public affairs of a great country. But he is all in a muddle about himself, his position, his power, and everything else. He is the victim of a critical age; he has ceased to believe in himself, and he does n't know what to believe in. When I attempt to tell him (because if I were he, I know very well what I should believe in), he calls me an old-fashioned and narrow-minded person. I believe he seriously thinks me an awful Philistine; he says I don't understand my time. I understand it certainly better than he, who can neither abolish himself as a nuisance nor maintain himself as an institution."

"He does n't look very wretched," Isabel observed.

"Possibly not; though, being a man of imagination, I think he often has uncomfortable hours. But what is it to say of a man of his opportunities that he is not miserable? I believe he is."

"I don't," said Isabel.

"Well," her cousin rejoined, "if he is not, he ought to be!"

In the afternoon she spent an hour with her uncle on the lawn, where the old man sat, as usual, with his shawl over his legs and his large cup of diluted tea in his hands. In the course of conversation he asked her what she thought of their late visitor.

"I think he is charming," Isabel answered.

"He's a fine fellow," said Mr. Touchett, "but I don't recommend you to fall in love with him."

"I shall not do it then; I shall never fall in love but on your recommendation. Moreover," Isabel added, "my cousin gives me a rather sad account of Lord Warburton."

"Oh, indeed? I don't know what there may be to say, but you must remember that Ralph is rather fanciful."

"He thinks Lord Warburton is too radical,—or not radical enough! I don't quite understand which," said Isabel.

The old man shook his head slowly, smiled, and put down his cup.

"I don't know which, either. He goes very far, but it is quite possible he does n't go far enough. He seems to want to do away with a good many things, but he seems to want to remain himself. I suppose that is natural; but it is rather inconsistent."

"Oh, I hope he will remain himself," said Isabel. "If he were to be done away with, his friends would miss him sadly."

"Well," said the old man, "I guess he'll stay and amuse his friends. I should certainly miss him very much, here at Gardencourt. He always amuses me when he comes over, and I think he amuses himself as well. There is a considerable number like him, round in society; they are very fashionable just now. I don't know what they are trying to do—whether they are trying to get up a revolution; I hope at any rate they will put it off till after I am gone. You see they want to disestablish every-

thing; but I'm a pretty big landowner here, and I don't want to be disestablished. I would n't have come over if I had thought they were going to behave like that," Mr. Touchett went on, with expanding hilarity. "I came over because I thought England was a safe country. I call it a regular fraud if they are going to introduce any considerable changes; there'll be a large number disappointed in that case."

"Oh, I do hope they will make a revolution!" Isabel exclaimed. "I should delight in seeing a revolution!"

"Let me see," said her uncle, with a humorous intention; "I forget whether you are a liberal or a conservative. I have heard you take such opposite views."

"I am both. I think I am a little of everything. In a revolution—after it was well begun—I think I should be a conservative. One sympathizes more with them, and they have a chance to behave so picturesquely."

"I don't know that I understand what you mean by behaving picturesquely, but it seems to me that you do that always, my dear."

"Oh, you lovely man, if I could believe that!" the girl interrupted.

"I am afraid, after all, you won't have the pleasure of seeing a revolution here just now," Mr. Touchett went on. "If you want to see one, you must pay us a long visit. You see, when you come to the point, it would n't suit them to be taken at their word."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Well, I mean Lord Warburton and his friends,—the radicals of the upper class. Of course I only know the way it strikes me. They talk about changes, but I don't think they quite realize. You and I, you know, we know what it is to have lived under democratic institutions; I always thought them very comfortable, but I was used to them from the first. But then, I ain't a lord; you're a lady, my dear, but I ain't a

lord. Now, over here, I don't think it quite comes home to them. It's a matter of every day and every hour, and I don't think many of them would find it as pleasant as what they've got. Of course if they want to try, it's their own business; but I expect they won't try very hard!"

"Don't you think they are sincere?" Isabel asked.

"Well, they are very conscientious," Mr. Touchett allowed; "but it seems as if they took it out in theories, mostly. Their radical views are a kind of amusement. They have got to have some amusement, and they might have coarser tastes than that. You see, they are very luxurious, and these progressive ideas are about their biggest luxury. They make them feel moral, and yet they don't affect their position. They think a great deal of their position; don't let one of them ever persuade you he does n't, for if you were to proceed on that basis, you would find that you had made a great mistake."

Isabel followed her uncle's argument, which he unfolded with his mild, reflective, optimistic accent, most attentively, and though she was unacquainted with the British aristocracy, she found it in harmony with her general impressions of human nature. But she felt moved to put in a protest on Lord Warburton's behalf.

"I don't believe Lord Warburton's a humbug," she said. "I don't care what the others are. I should like to see Lord Warburton put to the test."

"Heaven deliver me from my friends!" Mr. Touchett answered. "Lord Warburton is a very amiable young man, — a very fine young man. He has a hundred thousand a year. He owns fifty thousand acres of the soil of this little island. He has half a dozen houses to live in. He has a seat in Parliament as I have one at my own dinner-table. He has very cultivated tastes; cares for literature, for art, for

science, for charming young ladies. The most cultivated is his taste for the new views. It affords him a great deal of entertainment, more perhaps than anything else, except the young ladies. His old house over there — what does he call it, Lockleigh? — is very attractive; but I don't think it is as pleasant as this. That does n't matter, however, — he has got so many others. His views don't hurt any one, so far as I can see; they certainly don't hurt himself. And if there were to be a revolution, he would come off very easily; they would n't touch him, they would leave him as he is; he is too much liked."

"Ah, he could n't be a martyr even if he wished!" Isabel exclaimed. "That's a very poor position!"

"He will never be a martyr unless you make him one," said the old man.

Isabel shook her head; there might have been something laughable in the fact that she did it with a touch of sadness.

"I shall never make a martyr!"

"You will never be one, I hope."

"I hope not. But you don't pity Lord Warburton, then, as Ralph does?"

Her uncle looked at her awhile, with genial acuteness.

"Yes, I do, after all."

IX.

The two Misses Molyneux, this nobleman's sisters, came presently to call upon her, and Isabel took a fancy to the young ladies, who appeared to her to have a very original stamp. It is true that, when she spoke of them to her cousin as original, he declared that no epithet could be less applicable than this to the two Misses Molyneux, for that there were fifty thousand young women in England who exactly resembled them. Deprived of this advantage, however, Isabel's visitors retained

that of an extreme sweetness and shyness of demeanor, and of having, as she thought, the kindest eyes in the world.

"They are not morbid, at any rate, whatever they are," our heroine said to herself; and she deemed this a great charm, for two or three of the friends of her girlhood had been regrettably open to the charge (they would have been so nice without it), to say nothing of Isabel's having occasionally suspected that it might become a fault of her own. The Misses Molyneux were not in their first youth, but they had bright, fresh complexions, and something of the smile of childhood. Their eyes, which Isabel admired so much, were quiet and contented, and their figures, of a generous roundness, were incased in sealskin jackets. Their friendliness was great, so great that they were almost embarrassed to show it; they seemed somewhat afraid of the young lady from the other side of the world, and rather looked than spoke their good wishes. But they made it clear to her that they hoped she would come to lunch at Lockleigh, where they lived with their brother, and then they might see her very, very often. They wondered whether she would n't come over some day and sleep; they were expecting some people on the 29th, and perhaps she would come while the people were there.

"I'm afraid it is n't any one very remarkable," said the elder sister, "but I dare say you will take us as you find us."

"I shall find you delightful; I think you are enchanting just as you are," replied Isabel, who was often very liberal in her expressions of esteem.

Her visitors blushed, and her cousin told her, after they were gone, that, if she said such things to those poor girls, they would think she was quizzing them; he was sure it was the first time they had been called enchanting."

"I can't help it," Isabel answered. "I think it's lovely to be so quiet, and

reasonable, and satisfied. I should like to be like that."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Ralph, with ardor.

"I mean to try and imitate them," said Isabel. "I want very much to see them at home."

She had this pleasure a few days later, when, with Ralph and his mother, she drove over to Lockleigh. She found the Misses Molyneux sitting in a vast drawing-room (she perceived afterwards it was one of several), in a wilderness of faded chintz; they were dressed on this occasion in black velveteen. Isabel liked them even better at home than she had done at Gardencourt, and was more than ever struck with the fact that they were not morbid. It had seemed to her before that, if they had a fault, it was a want of vivacity; but she presently saw that they were capable of deep emotion. Before lunch she was alone with them, for some time, on one side of the room, while Lord Warburton, at a distance, talked to Mrs. Touchett.

"Is it true that your brother is such a great radical?" Isabel asked. She knew it was true, but we have seen that her interest in human nature was keen, and she had a desire to draw the Misses Molyneux out.

"Oh, dear, yes; he's immensely advanced," said Mildred, the younger sister.

"At the same time, Warburton is very reasonable," Miss Molyneux observed.

Isabel watched him a moment, at the other side of the room; he was evidently trying hard to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Touchett. Ralph was playing with one of the dogs before the fire, which the temperature of an English August, in the ancient, spacious room, had not made an impertinence. "Do you suppose your brother is sincere?" Isabel inquired with a smile.

"Oh, he must be, you know!" Mil-

dred exclaimed, quickly; while the elder sister gazed at our heroine in silence.

"Do you think he would stand the test?"

"The test?"

"I mean, for instance, having to give up all this!"

"Having to give up Lockleigh?" said Miss Molyneux, finding her voice.

"Yes, and the other places; what are they called?"

The two sisters exchanged an almost frightened glance. "Do you mean — do you mean on account of the expense?" the younger one asked.

"I dare say he might let one or two of his houses," said the other.

"Let them for nothing?" Isabel inquired.

"I can't fancy his giving up his property!" said Miss Molyneux.

"Ah, I am afraid he is an impostor!" Isabel exclaimed. "Don't you think it's a false position?"

Her companions, evidently, were rapidly getting bewildered. "My brother's position?" Miss Molyneux inquired.

"It's thought a very good position," said the younger sister. "It's the first position in the county."

"I am afraid you think me very irreverent," Isabel took occasion to observe. "I suppose you revere your brother, and are rather afraid of him."

"Of course one looks up to one's brother," said Miss Molyneux, simply.

"If you do that, he must be very good; because you, evidently, are very good."

"He is most kind. It will never be known, the good he does."

"His ability is known," Mildred added; "every one thinks it's immense."

"Oh, I can see that," said Isabel. "But if I were he, I should wish to be a conservative. I should wish to keep everything."

"I think one ought to be liberal," Mildred argued, gently. "We have al-

ways been so, even from the earliest times."

"Ah, well," said Isabel, "you have made a great success of it; I don't wonder you like it. I see you are very fond of crewels."

When Lord Warburton showed her the house, after lunch, it seemed to her a matter of course that it should be a noble picture. Within, it had been a good deal modernized; some of its best points had lost their purity; but as they saw it from the gardens, a stout, gray pile, of the softest, deepest, most weather-fretted hue, rising from a broad, still moat, it seemed to Isabel a castle in a fairy tale. The day was cool and rather lustreless; the first note of autumn had been struck; and the watery sunshine rested on the walls in blurred and desultory gleams, washing them, as it were, in places tenderly chosen, where the ache of antiquity was keenest. Her host's brother, the vicar, had come to lunch, and Isabel had had five minutes' talk with him, — time enough to institute a search for theological characteristics and give it up as vain. The characteristics of the vicar of Lockleigh were a big, athletic figure, a candid, natural countenance, a capacious appetite, and a tendency to abundant laughter. Isabel learned afterwards from her cousin that, before taking orders, he had been a mighty wrestler, and that he was still, on occasion, — in the privacy of the family circle as it were, — quite capable of flooring his man. Isabel liked him; she was in the mood for liking everything; but her imagination was a good deal taxed to think of him as a source of spiritual aid. The whole party, on leaving lunch, went to walk in the grounds; but Lord Warburton exercised some ingenuity in engaging his youngest visitor in a stroll somewhat apart from the others.

"I wish you to see the place properly, seriously," he said. "You can't do so if your attention is distracted by irrel-

evant gossip." His own conversation (though he told Isabel a good deal about the house, which had a very curious history) was not purely archaeological; he reverted at intervals to matters more personal, matters personal to the young lady as well as to himself. But at last, after a pause of some duration, returning for a moment to their ostensible theme, "Ah, well," he said, "I am very glad indeed you like the old house. I wish you could see more of it, — that you could stay here a while. My sisters have taken an immense fancy to you, — if that would be any inducement."

"There is no want of inducements," Isabel answered; "but I am afraid I can't make engagements. I am quite in my aunt's hands."

"Ah, excuse me if I say I don't exactly believe that. I am pretty sure you can do whatever you want."

"I am sorry if I make that impression on you; I don't think it's a nice impression to make."

"It has the merit of permitting me to hope." And Lord Warburton paused a moment.

"To hope what?"

"That in future I may see you often."

"Ah," said Isabel, "to enjoy that pleasure, I need n't be so terribly emancipated!"

"Doubtless not; and yet at the same time I don't think your uncle likes me."

"You are very much mistaken. I have heard him speak very highly of you."

"I am glad you have talked about me," said Lord Warburton. "But all the same, I don't think he would like me to keep coming to Gardencourt."

"I can't answer for my uncle's tastes," the girl rejoined, "though I ought, as far as possible, to take them into account. But, for myself, I shall be very glad to see you."

"Now that's what I like to hear you say! I am charmed when you say that."

"You are easily charmed, my lord," said Isabel.

"No, I am not easily charmed!" And then he stopped a moment. "But you have charmed me, Miss Archer," he added.

These words were uttered with an indefinable sound which startled the girl; it struck her as the prelude to something grave; she had heard the sound before, and she recognized it. She had no wish, however, that for the moment such a prelude should have a sequel, and she said, as gayly as possible and as quickly as an appreciable degree of agitation would allow her, "I am afraid there is no prospect of my being able to come here again."

"Never?" said Lord Warburton.

"I won't say 'never'; I should feel very melodramatic."

"May I come and see you, then, some day next week?"

"Most assuredly. What is there to prevent it?"

"Nothing tangible. But with you I never feel safe. I have a sort of sense that you are always judging people."

"You don't of necessity lose by that."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but even if I gain, stern justice is not what I most love. Is Mrs. Touchett going to take you abroad?"

"I hope so."

"Is England not good enough for you?"

"That's a very Machiavellian speech; it does n't deserve an answer. I want very much to see foreign lands as well."

"Then you will go on judging, I suppose."

"Enjoying, I hope, too."

"Yes, that's what you enjoy most; I can't make out what you are up to," said Lord Warburton. "You strike me as having mysterious purposes — vast designs!"

"You are so good as to have a theory about me which I don't at all fill out. Is there anything mysterious in a pur-

pose entertained and executed every year, in the most public manner, by fifty thousand of my fellow-countrymen, — the purpose of improving one's mind by foreign travel?"

"You can't improve your mind, Miss Archer," her companion declared. "It's already a most formidable instrument. It looks down on us all; it despises us."

"Despises you? You are making fun of me," said Isabel, seriously.

"Well, you think us picturesque, — that's the same thing. I won't be thought picturesque, to begin with; I am not so in the least. I protest."

"That protest is one of the most picturesque things I have ever heard," Isabel answered, with a smile.

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "You judge only from the outside, — you don't care!" he said presently. "You only care to amuse yourself!" The note she had heard in his voice a moment before reappeared, and mixed with it now was an audible strain of bitterness, — a bitterness so abrupt and inconsequent that the girl felt a painful alarm. She had often heard that the English were a highly eccentric people; and she had even read in some ingenious author that they were, at bottom, the most romantic of races. Was Lord Warburton suddenly turning romantic, — was he going to make a scene, in his own house, only the third time they had met? She was reassured, quickly enough, by her sense of his great good manners, which was not impaired by the fact that he had already touched the furthest limit of good taste in expressing his admiration of a young lady who had confided in his hospitality. She was right in trusting to his good manners, for he presently went on, laughing a little, and without a trace of the accent that had discomposed her: "I don't mean, of course, that you amuse yourself with trifles. You select great materials; the foibles, the afflictions of

human nature, the peculiarities of nations!"

"As regards that," said Isabel, "I should find in my own nation entertainment for a lifetime. But we have a long drive, and my aunt will soon wish to start." She turned back toward the others, and Lord Warburton walked beside her in silence. But before they reached the others, "I shall come and see you next week," he said.

She had received an appreciable shock, but as it died away, she felt that she could not pretend to herself that it was altogether a painful one. Nevertheless, she made answer to this declaration, coldly enough, "Just as you please." And her coldness was not coquetry, — a quality which she possessed in a much smaller degree than would have seemed probable to many critics; it came from a certain fear.

X.

The day after her visit to Lockleigh she received a note from her friend, Miss Stackpole, — a note of which the envelope, exhibiting in conjunction the postmark of Liverpool and the neat calligraphy of the quick-fingered Henrietta, caused her some liveliness of emotion. "Here I am, my lovely friend," Miss Stackpole wrote; "I managed to get off at last. I decided only the night before I left New York, — the Interviewer having come round to my figure. I put a few things into a bag, like a veteran journalist, and came down to the steamer in a street-car. Where are you, and where can we meet? I suppose you are visiting at some castle or other, and have already acquired the correct accent. Perhaps, even, you have married a lord; I almost hope you have, for I want some introductions to the first people, and shall count on you for a few. The Interviewer wants some light on the nobility. My first impressions (of the people at large) are not

rose-colored; but I wish to talk them over with you, and you know that whatever I am, at least I am not superficial. I have also something very particular to tell you. Do appoint a meeting as quickly as you can; come to London (I should like so much to visit the sights with you), or else let me come to you, *wherever you are*. I will do so with pleasure; for you know everything interests me, and I wish to see as much as possible of the inner life."

Isabel did not show this letter to her uncle; but she acquainted him with its purport, and, as she expected, he begged her instantly to assure Miss Stackpole, in his name, that he should be delighted to receive her at Gardencourt. "Though she is a literary lady," he said, "I suppose that, being an American, she won't reproduce me, as that other one did. She has seen others like me."

"She has seen no other so delightful!" Isabel answered; but she was not altogether at ease about Henrietta's reproductive instincts, which belonged to that side of her friend's character which she viewed with least complacency. She wrote to Miss Stackpole, however, that she would be very welcome under Mr. Touchett's roof; and this enterprising young woman lost no time in signifying her intention of arriving. She had gone up to London, and it was from the metropolis that she took the train for the station nearest to Gardencourt, where Isabel and Ralph were in waiting to receive the visitor.

"Shall I love her, or shall I hate her?" asked Ralph, while they stood on the platform, before the advent of the train.

"Whichever you do will matter very little to her," said Isabel. "She does n't care a straw what men think of her."

"As a man I am bound to dislike her, then. She must be a kind of monster. Is she very ugly?"

"No, she is decidedly pretty."

"A female interviewer, — a reporter

in petticoats? I am very curious to see her," Ralph declared.

"It is very easy to laugh at her, but it is not easy to be as brave as she."

"I should think not; interviewing requires bravery. Do you suppose she will interview me?"

"Never in the world. She will not think you of enough importance."

"You will see," said Ralph. "She will send a description of us all, including Bunchie, to her newspaper."

"I shall ask her not to," Isabel answered.

"You think she is capable of it, then."

"Perfectly."

"And yet you have made her your bosom friend!"

"I have not made her my bosom friend; but I like her, in spite of her faults."

"Ah, well," said Ralph, "I am afraid I shall dislike her, in spite of her merits."

"You will probably fall in love with her at the end of three days."

"And have my love-letters published in the Interviewer? Never!" cried the young man.

The train presently arrived, and Miss Stackpole, promptly descending, proved to be, as Isabel had said, decidedly pretty. She was a fair, plump person, of medium stature, with a round face, a small mouth, a delicate complexion, a bunch of light brown ringlets at the back of her head, and a peculiarly open, surprised-looking eye. The most striking point in her appearance was the remarkable fixedness of this organ, which rested without impudence or defiance, but as if in conscientious exercise of a natural right, upon every object it happened to encounter. It rested in this manner upon Ralph himself, who was somewhat disconcerted by Miss Stackpole's gracious and comfortable aspect, which seemed to indicate that it would not be so easy as he had assumed to

disapprove of her. She was very well dressed, in fresh, dove-colored draperies, and Ralph saw at a glance that she was scrupulously, fastidiously neat. From top to toe she carried not an ink-stain. She spoke in a clear, high voice, — a voice not rich, but loud, though after she had taken her place, with her companions, in Mr. Touchett's carriage, she struck him, rather to his surprise, as not an abundant talker. She answered the inquiries made of her by Isabel, however, and in which the young man ventured to join, with a great deal of precision and distinctness; and later, in the library at Gardencourt, when she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Touchett (his wife not having thought it necessary to appear), did more to give the measure of her conversational powers.

"Well, I should like to know whether you consider yourselves American or English," she said. "If once I knew, I could talk to you accordingly."

"Talk to us anyhow, and we shall be thankful," Ralph answered, liberally.

She fixed her eyes upon him, and there was something in their character that reminded him of large, polished buttons; he seemed to see the reflection of surrounding objects upon the pupil. The expression of a button is not usually deemed human, but there was something in Miss Stackpole's gaze that made him, as he was a very modest man, feel vaguely embarrassed and uncomfortable. This sensation, it must be added, after he had spent a day or two in her company, sensibly diminished, though it never wholly disappeared. "I don't suppose that you are going to undertake to persuade me that *you* are an American," she said.

"To please you, I will be an Englishman, — I will be a Turk!"

"Well, if you can change about that way, you are very welcome," Miss Stackpole rejoined.

"I am sure you understand everything,"

and that differences of nationality are no barrier to you," Ralph went on.

Miss Stackpole gazed at him still. "Do you mean the foreign languages?"

"The languages are nothing. I mean the spirit — the genius."

"I am not sure that I understand *you*," said the correspondent of the Interviewer; "but I expect I shall before I leave."

"He is what is called a cosmopolitan," Isabel suggested.

"That means he's a little of everything and not much of any! I must say I think patriotism is like charity, — it begins at home."

"Ah, but where does home begin, Miss Stackpole?" Ralph inquired.

"I don't know where it begins, but I know where it ends. It ended a long time before I got here."

"Don't you like it over here?" asked Mr. Touchett, with his mild, wise, aged, innocent voice.

"Well, sir, I have n't quite made up my mind what ground I shall take. I feel a good deal cramped. I felt it on the journey from Liverpool to London."

"Perhaps you were in a crowded carriage," Ralph suggested.

"Yes, but it was crowded with friends — a party of Americans whose acquaintance I had made upon the steamer; a most lovely group from Little Rock, Arkansas. In spite of that I felt cramped, — I felt something pressing upon me; I could n't tell what it was. I felt at the very commencement as if I were not going to sympathize with the atmosphere. But I suppose I shall make my own atmosphere. Your surroundings seem very attractive."

"Ah, we too are a lovely group!" said Ralph. "Wait a little and you will see."

Miss Stackpole showed every disposition to wait, and evidently was prepared to make a considerable stay at Gardencourt. She occupied herself in the

mornings with literary labor; but in spite of this Isabel spent many hours with her friend, who, once her daily task performed, was of an eminently social tendency. Isabel speedily found occasion to request her to desist from celebrating the charms of their common sojourn in print, having discovered on the second morning of Miss Stackpole's visit that she was engaged upon a letter to the Interviewer, of which the title, in her exquisitely neat and legible hand (exactly that of the copy-books which our heroine remembered at school), was "Americans and Tudors: Glimpses of Gardencourt." Miss Stackpole, with the best conscience in the world, offered to read her letter to Isabel, who immediately put in her protest.

"I don't think you ought to do that, — I don't think you ought to describe the place."

Henrietta gazed at her, as usual. "Why, it's just what the people want, and it's a lovely place."

"It's too lovely to be put in the newspapers, and it's not what my uncle wants."

"Don't you believe that!" cried Henrietta. "They are always delighted afterwards."

"My uncle won't be delighted — nor my cousin, either. They will consider it a breach of hospitality."

Miss Stackpole showed no sense of confusion; she simply wiped her pen, very neatly, upon an elegant little implement which she kept for the purpose, and put away her manuscript. "Of course if you don't approve, I won't do it; but I sacrifice a beautiful subject."

"There are plenty of other subjects, there are subjects all round you. We will take some drives, and I will show you some charming scenery."

"Scenery is not my department: I always need a human interest. You know I am deeply human, Isabel; I always was," Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I was going to bring in your cousin, —

the alienated American. There is a great demand just now for the alienated American, and your cousin is a beautiful specimen. I should have handled him severely."

"He would have died of it!" Isabel exclaimed. "Not of the severity, but of the publicity."

"Well, I should have liked to kill him a little. And I should have delighted to do your uncle, who seems to me a much nobler type — the American faithful still. He is a grand old man; I don't see how he can object to my paying him honor."

Isabel looked at her companion in much wonderment; it appeared to her so strange that a nature in which she found so much to esteem should exhibit such extraordinary disparities. "My poor Henrietta," she said, "you have no sense of privacy."

Henrietta colored deeply, and for a moment her brilliant eyes were suffused; while Isabel marveled more than ever at her inconsistency. "You do me great injustice," said Miss Stackpole, with dignity. "I have never written a word about myself!"

"I am very sure of that; but it seems to me one should be modest for others also!"

"Ah, that is very good!" cried Henrietta, seizing her pen again. "Just let me make a note of it, and I will put it in a letter!" She was a thoroughly good-natured woman, and half an hour later she was in as cheerful a mood as should have been looked for in a newspaper correspondent in want of material. "I have promised to do the social side," she said to Isabel; "and how can I do it unless I get ideas? If I can't describe this place, don't you know some place I can describe?" Isabel promised she would bethink herself, and the next day, in conversation with her friend, she happened to mention her visit to Lord Warburton's ancient house. "Ah, you must take me there, — that is just the place

for me!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed. "I must get a glimpse of the nobility."

"I can't take you," said Isabel; "but Lord Warburton is coming here, and you will have a chance to see him and observe him. Only if you intend to repeat his conversation, I shall certainly give him warning."

"Don't do that!" her companion begged; "I want him to be natural."

"An Englishman is never so natural as when he is holding his tongue!" Isabel rejoined.

It was not apparent, at the end of three days, that her cousin had fallen in love with their visitor, though he had spent a good deal of time in her society. They strolled about the park together, and sat under the trees, and in the afternoon, when it was delightful to float along the Thames, Miss Stackpole occupied a place in the boat in which hitherto Ralph had had but a single companion. Her society had a less insoluble quality than Ralph had expected in the natural perturbation of his sense of the perfect adequacy of that of his cousin; for the correspondent of the Interviewer made him laugh a good deal, and he had long since decided that abundant laughter should be the embellishment of the remainder of his days. Henrietta, on her side, did not quite justify Isabel's declaration with regard to her indifference to masculine opinion; for poor Ralph appeared to have presented himself to her as an irritating problem, which it would be superficial on her part not to solve.

"What does he do for a living?" she asked of Isabel, the evening of her arrival. "Does he go round all day with his hands in his pockets?"

"He does nothing," said Isabel, smiling; "he's a gentleman of leisure."

"Well, I call that a shame — when I have to work like a cotton-mill," Miss Stackpole replied. "I should like to show him up."

"He is in wretched health; he is quite unfit for work," Isabel urged.

"Pshaw! don't you believe it. I work when I am sick," cried her friend. Later, when she stepped into the boat, on joining the water-party, she remarked to Ralph that she supposed he hated her, — he would like to drown her.

"Ah, no," said Ralph, "I keep my victims for a slower torture. And you would be such an interesting one!"

"Well, you do torture me, I may say that. But I shock all your prejudices; that's one comfort."

"My prejudices? I have n't a prejudice to bless myself with. There's intellectual poverty for you."

"The more shame to you! I have some delicious prejudices. Of course I spoil your flirtation, or whatever it is you call it, with your cousin; but I don't care for that, for I render your cousin the service of drawing you out. She will see how thin you are!"

"Ah, do draw me out!" Ralph exclaimed. "So few people will take the trouble."

Miss Stackpole, in this undertaking, appeared to shrink from no trouble, resorting largely, whenever the opportunity offered, to the natural expedient of interrogation. On the following day the weather was bad, and in the afternoon the young man, by way of providing indoor amusement, offered to show her the pictures. Henrietta strolled through the long gallery in his society, while he pointed out its principal ornaments and mentioned the painters and subjects. Miss Stackpole looked at the pictures in perfect silence, committing herself to no opinion, and Ralph was gratified by the fact that she delivered herself of none of the little ready-made ejaculations of delight of which the visitors to Gardencourt were so frequently lavish. This young lady indeed, to do her justice, was but little addicted to the use of conventional phrases; there was something earnest and inventive in her tone, which at

times, in its brilliant deliberation, suggested a person of high culture speaking a foreign language. Ralph Touchett subsequently learned that she had at one time officiated as art-critic to a transatlantic journal; but she appeared in spite of this fact to carry in her pocket none of the small change of admiration. Suddenly, just after he had called her attention to a charming Constable, she turned and looked at him as if he himself had been a picture.

"Do you always spend your time like this?" she demanded.

"I seldom spend it so agreeably," said Ralph.

"Well, you know what I mean, — without any regular occupation."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am the idlest man living."

Miss Stackpole turned her gaze to the Constable again, and Ralph bespoke her attention for a small Watteau hanging near it, which represented a gentleman in a pink doublet and hose and a ruff, leaning against the pedestal of the statue of a nymph in a garden, and playing the guitar to two ladies seated on the grass.

"That's my ideal of a regular occupation," he said.

Miss Stackpole turned to him again, and though her eyes had rested upon the picture, he saw that she had not apprehended the subject. She was thinking of something much more serious.

"I don't see how you can reconcile it to your conscience," she said.

"My dear lady, I have no conscience!"

"Well, I advise you to cultivate one. You will need it the next time you go to America."

"I shall probably never go again."

"Are you ashamed to show yourself?"

Ralph meditated, with a gentle smile.

"I suppose that, if one has no conscience, one has no shame."

"Well, you have got plenty of assur-

ance," Henrietta declared. "Do you consider it right to give up your country?"

"Ah, one does n't give up one's country, any more than one gives up one's grandmother. It's antecedent to choice."

"I suppose that means that you would give it up if you could. What do they think of you over here?"

"They delight in me."

"That's because you truckle to them."

"Ah, set it down a little to my natural charm!" Ralph urged.

"I don't know anything about your natural charm. If you have got any charm, it's quite unnatural; it's wholly acquired, — or at least you have tried hard to acquire it, living over here. I don't say you have succeeded! It's a charm that I don't appreciate, any way. Make yourself useful in some way, and then we will talk about it."

"Well, now, tell me what I shall do," said Ralph.

"Go right home, to begin with."

"Yes, I see. And then?"

"Take right hold of something."

"Well, now, what sort of thing?"

"Anything you please, so long as you take hold. Some new idea, some big work."

"Is it very difficult to take hold?" Ralph inquired.

"Not if you put your heart into it."

"Ah, my heart," said Ralph. "If it depends upon my heart" —

"Have n't you got any?"

"I had one a few days ago, but I have lost it since."

"You are not serious," Miss Stackpole remarked. "That's what's the matter with you." But for all this, in a day or two she again permitted him to occupy her mind, and on this occasion assigned a different cause to his mysterious perversity. "I know what's the matter with you, Mr. Touchett," she said. "You think you are too good to get married."

"I thought so till I knew you, Miss

Stackpole," Ralph answered; "and then I suddenly changed my mind."

"Oh, pshaw!" Henrietta exclaimed impatiently.

"Then it seemed to me," said Ralph, "that I was not good enough."

"It would improve you. Besides, it's your duty."

"Ah," cried the young man, "one has so many duties! Is that a duty too?"

"Of course it is. Did you never know that before? It's every one's duty to get married."

Ralph meditated a moment; he was disappointed. There was something in Miss Stackpole he had begun to like; it seemed to him that, if she was not a charming woman, she was at least a very good fellow. She was wanting in distinction, but, as Isabel had said, she was brave, and there is always something fine about that. He had not supposed her to be capable of vulgar arts; but these last words struck him as a false note. When a marriageable young woman urges matrimony upon an unencumbered young man, the most obvious explanation of her conduct is not the altruistic impulse.

"Ah, well, now, there is a good deal to be said about that," Ralph rejoined.

"There may be, but that is the principal thing. I must say I think it looks very exclusive, going round all alone, as if you thought no woman was good enough for you. Do you think you are better than any one else in the world? In America it's usual for people to marry."

"If it's my duty," Ralph asked, "is it not, by analogy, yours as well?"

Miss Stackpole's brilliant eyes expanded still further.

"Have you the fond hope of finding a flaw in my reasoning? Of course I have got as good a right to marry as any one else."

"Well, then," said Ralph, "I won't say it vexes me to see you single. It delights me, rather."

"You are not serious yet. You never will be."

"Shall you not believe me to be so on the day that I tell you I desire to give up the practice of going round alone?"

Miss Stackpole looked at him for a moment in a manner which seemed to announce a reply that might technically be called encouraging. But to his great surprise this expression suddenly resolved itself into an appearance of alarm, and even of resentment.

"No, not even then," she answered, dryly. After which she walked away.

"I have not fallen in love with your friend," Ralph said that evening to Isabel, "though we talked some time this morning about it."

"And you said something she didn't like," the girl replied.

Ralph stared. "Has she complained of me?"

"She told me she thinks there is something very low in the tone of Europeans towards women."

"Does she call me a European?"

"One of the worst. She told me you had said to her something that an American never would have said. But she did n't repeat it."

Ralph treated himself to a burst of resounding laughter.

"She is an extraordinary combination. Did she think I was making love to her?"

"No; I believe Americans do that. But she apparently thought you mistook the intention of something she had said, and put an unkind construction on it."

"I thought she was proposing marriage to me, and I accepted her. Was that unkind?"

Isabel smiled. "It was unkind to me. I don't want you to marry."

"My dear cousin, what is one to do among you all?" Ralph demanded.

"Miss Stackpole tells me it's my bounden duty, and that it's hers to see I do mine!"

"She has a great sense of duty," said Isabel, gravely. "She has, indeed, and it's the motive of everything she says. That's what I like her for. She thinks it's very frivolous for you to be single; that's what she meant to express to you. If you thought she was trying to—to attract you, you were very wrong."

"It is true it was an odd way; but I did think she was trying to attract me. Excuse my superficiality."

"You are very conceited. She had no interested views, and never supposed you would think she had."

"One must be very modest, then, to talk with such women," Ralph said, humbly. "But it's a very strange type. She is too personal,—considering that she expects other people not to be. She walks in without knocking at the door."

"Yes," Isabel admitted, "she does n't sufficiently recognize the existence of knockers; and indeed I am not sure that she does n't think them a rather pretentious ornament. She thinks one's door should stand ajar. But I persist in liking her."

"I persist in thinking her too familiar," Ralph rejoined, naturally somewhat uncomfortable under the sense of having been doubly deceived in Miss Stackpole.

"Well," said Isabel, smiling, "I am afraid it is because she is rather vulgar that I like her."

"She would be flattered by your reason!"

"If I should tell her, I would not express it in that way. I should say it is because there is something of the 'people' in her."

"What do you know about the people? and what does she, for that matter?"

"She knows a great deal, and I know

enough to feel that she is a kind of emanation of the great democracy — of the continent, the country, the nation. I don't say that she sums it all up; that would be too much to ask of her. But she suggests it; she reminds me of it."

"You like her then for patriotic reasons. I am afraid it is on those very grounds that I object to her."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a kind of joyous sigh, "I like so many things! If a thing strikes me in a certain way, I like it. I don't want to boast, but I suppose I am rather versatile. I like people to be totally different from Henrietta,—in the style of Lord Warburton's sisters, for instance. So long as I look at the Misses Molyneux, they seem to me to answer a kind of ideal. Then Henrietta presents herself, and I am immensely struck with her; not so much for herself as what stands behind her."

"Ah, you mean the back view of her," Ralph suggested.

"What she says is true," his cousin answered; "you will never be serious. I like the great country stretching away beyond the rivers and across the prairies, blooming and smiling and spreading till it stops at the blue Pacific! A strong, sweet, fresh odor seems to rise from it, and Henrietta—excuse my simile—has something of that odor in her garments."

Isabel blushed a little as she concluded this speech, and the blush, together with the momentary ardor she had thrown into it, was so becoming to her that Ralph stood smiling at her for a moment after she had ceased speaking.

"I am not sure the Pacific is blue," he said; "but you are a woman of imagination. Henrietta, however, is fragrant—Henrietta is decidedly fragrant!"

Henry James, Jr.

THE LATER WRITINGS OF MR. MALLOCK.

THERE is no one of the more noteworthy authors of our day whose spiritual physiognomy it is so hard to make out from the sum of his writings as Mr. Mallock's. There was really some reason for the doubt occasionally expressed, even by astute readers of the New Republic, whether that extremely clever volume was intended for a satire, or merely a picture of a certain phase of high life in the emancipated portion of the English upper class. That it was a malicious picture was evident enough; that it was the picture of a would-be moralist seemed equally clear; but the dispassionate reader could hardly rid himself of the impression that the new censor appreciated with a zest somewhat too keen, for a reformer, the fascination of certain disguised immoralities at which he was perpetually and rather broadly hinting; and that some of his sharpest strictures savored of that specific bitterness which is due to a revulsion of personal feeling. The song of Dante's lost lovers, for example, — "*Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse*," — though put into the mouth of a character for whom Mr. Mallock had not only shown no respect himself, but had shown superfluous reason why the reader should have none, was unfortunately good poetry. It was alive with feeling and skillfully versified. Either the vanity of the rhymers or the emotions of the man must have got the better of him when he was writing it to a degree which strangely nullified its presumed didactic purpose.

The impression produced by Positivism on an Island, if less incongruous, was hardly more satisfactory. There was no longer room for doubt that Mr. Mallock meant to express, in the fiercest manner of which he was capable, his hatred and fear of modern free-think-

ing, in all its phases, and to set in the most repulsive light possible its application to practical life. The trouble in this case was that his animosity seemed overdone. The one indispensable requisite for a satirist is self-command. If he have not this, even wit is useless to him. His nerves must be in such a condition that he can hold his subject at arm's-length, and that steadfastly. But Mr. Mallock is so beside himself with anger that he falls into unpardonable coarseness. The outraged child, who can no longer express his emotions save by kicking and howling upon the floor, we may regard with a certain amused tolerance, especially if we feel that he has just cause for indignation, but his behavior cannot be considered edifying. In the more frantic transports of Mr. Mallock's righteous wrath against "positivism" he is hardly quotable; but take a few specimens of his milder and more decent mode of mockery.

"Let us prepare ourselves," said Paul solemnly, as they sat down to dinner, "for realizing to the full the essential dignity of humanity, — that *grand être* which has come, in the course of progress, to consist of you and me. Every condition of happiness that modern thinkers have dreamed of is now fulfilled. We have but to seek each the happiness of the other, and we shall both be in a solemn, a significant, and unspeakable state of rapture. See, — here is an exquisite leg of mutton. I," said Paul, "who like the fat best, will give up all the fat to you."

"And I," said Virginia resignedly, "will give up all the lean to you."

"A few mouthfuls made Virginia feel sick. 'I confess,' said she, 'I can't get on with this fat.'"

"'I confess,' the professor answered, 'I don't exactly like this lean.'"

" 'Then let us,' said Virginia, 'be like Jack Spratt and his wife!'

" 'No,' said the professor meditatively, 'that is quite inadmissible. For in that case, we should be egotistic hedonists. However, for to-day it shall be as you say. I will think of something better to-morrow.'

"Next day he and Virginia had a chicken apiece, only Virginia's was put before Paul, and Paul's before Virginia, and they each walked round the table to supply each other with the slightest necessities.

" 'Ah,' said Paul, 'this is altruism indeed! I think already I can feel the sublimity beginning.'

... "The two went out together. They stood on the smooth sands which glittered white and silvery in the dazzling moonlight. All was hushed. The gentle murmur of the trees and the soft splash of the sea seemed only to make silence audible. The professor paused close beside Virginia and took her hand. Virginia liked that, and thought that religion without theology was not, perhaps, so bad after all. Meanwhile Paul had fixed his eyes on the moon. Then, in a voice almost broken with emotion, he whispered, 'The prayer of the man of science, it has been said, must be, for the most part, of the silent sort. He who said that was wrong. It need not be silent; it need only be inarticulate. I have discovered an audible and a reasonable liturgy, which will give utterance, to the full, to the religion of exact thought. Let us join our voices and let us croon to the moon!'

"The professor at once began a low howling. Virginia joined him until she was out of breath.

" 'Oh, Paul,' she said at last, 'is this more rational than the Lord's Prayer?'

" 'Yes,' said the professor, 'for we can analyze and comprehend that; but true religious feeling, as Professor Tyn-dall tells us, we can neither analyze nor comprehend. See how big nature is, and

how little — ah, how little! — we know about it. Is it not solemn and sublime and awful? Come, let us howl again!'

"The professor's devotional fervor grew every moment. At last he put his hand to his mouth, and began hooting like an owl, till it seemed that all the island echoed to him. The louder Paul hooted and howled, the nearer did he draw to Virginia.

" 'Ah,' he said, as he put his arm about her waist, 'it is in solemn moments like this that the solidarity of mankind becomes most apparent.'

All this is laughable certainly, and, to a degree, forcible, but the taste and temper of it are a little too bad.

Only the more striking and admirable, therefore, seemed Mr. Mallock's change of manner, when, dropping the rôle of satirist, which he had so sadly and often grotesquely overacted, he asked the attention of the thinking world to a wholly serious discussion of the themes on which his mind had been so long exercised. Whatever the reader may think of his answer to the question, *Is Life Worth Living?* or however he may rate the arguments that lead up to it, it is impossible to refuse to our author, speaking with so new and grave a dignity, our most intent and respectful attention.

The essays assembled under the rather startling title mentioned above¹ have, indeed, a collective force other and greater than was fully foreseen for them by those who first read them in their fragmentary form. The author says himself, at the close of the dedicatory letter to his revered Mr. Ruskin, by which they are prefaced, that there was so much to add, to omit, to rearrange, and to join together, that his volume is virtually new.

It is unquestionably a book of moment, and its greatest effect is not certain to be immediate. Mr. Mallock describes himself in its introduction as

¹ *Is Life Worth Living?* by WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

"an outsider in politics, literature, and theology," but now, at least, we know the haven where he would be. Not many, we fancy, of the literary idlers who had known this writer only by his books, and read him for his vogue, had realized, before the publication of this book, whither the steps of his convictions were tending, or dreamed that one so perfectly at home in all the genteel heresies, a kind of connoisseur in the instruments of modern warfare, was really provisioning for a siege in the most ancient stronghold of orthodoxy. Both weaker and stronger souls than his had traveled the same way in numbers, but nobody would have suspected him of being either a disillusioned woman of either sex, or a solitary and consummate spiritual artist like Cardinal Newman.

For Mr. Mallock is, at least, no volatile Pilate, and to the grave inquiry propounded in his title he returns an unhesitating answer. Life is worth living to one, and to one only, who holds the Christian faith; and the only form of that faith now tenable is "the oldest, the most legitimate, the most coherent of all, the faith of the Church of Rome." He seems to say distinctly in his preface that he is not yet a Roman Catholic, but the claims of the Mother Church command the consent of his reason, and the arguments by which he finds them sustained he rehearses with no common fervor and force. There were, doubtless, honest readers of Mr. Mallock's book who felt as if he were "unmasked" therein, and for whom it will always be hard henceforth to listen to him patiently. There were others of us to whom it merely appeared that he was now fully explained, and his motives in some sort justified; and we were ready to hail his entire, if somewhat tardy ingenuousness, to respect his new concentration of spirit, and especially to admire the strength, the terseness, and the unaffected felicity which

the approximate settling of his mind seemed to have imparted to his literary style. We shall attempt a rapid summary of the contents of the volume.

In his opening chapter on the new import of this old question concerning the worth of life, Mr. Mallock shows very strikingly that, in spite of certain seeming resemblances between the mental doubts and distresses of our own and some long bygone periods, as, for instance, the time of Lucretius, to whom certain of the moderns are so fond of appealing, an everlasting change has been wrought in the conditions of the problem by the revelation of Christianity. "It" (Christianity) "has done a work," he says, "and that work remains, and we all feel the effects of it, whether we will or no. Described in the most general way, that work has been this. The supernatural, in the ancient world, was something vague and indefinite; and the classical theologies, at any rate, though they were to some extent formal embodiments of it, could embody really but a very small part. Zeus and the Olympian hierarchies were dimly perceived to be encircled by some vaster mystery, which, to the popular mind, was altogether formless, and which even such men as Plato could only describe inadequately. The supernatural was like a dim and diffused light, brighter in some places and darker in others, but focalized and concentrated nowhere. Christianity has focalized it, united into one the scattered points of brightness, and collected other rays that before were altogether imperceptible. . . . And the practical result is this: when we, in these days, deny the supernatural, we are denying it in a way in which it was never denied before. Our denial is, beyond all comparison, more complete. The supernatural, for the ancient world, was like a perfume scenting life out of a hundred different vessels, of which only two or three were visible to the same men and nations. They therefore

might get rid of these, and yet the larger part of the scent would still remain to them. But for us, it is as though all the perfume had been collected into a single vessel, and if we get rid of this, we shall get rid of the scent altogether. Our air will be altogether odorless."

Now this more sweeping and unsparing denial the modern positivists (by whom, as he explains in a note, Mr. Mallock means not Comtists at all, but the whole body of the modern agnostics in the principles in which they agree) do actually assume to make. They deny the existence of a personal God, they reject the notion of individual immortality, they scorn all thought of supernatural sanctions for human well-doing, or divine compensations for human ills. Yet they profess — the more courageous and lusty of them — to find life well worth living for its own sake alone. The advancement of the human race as a whole, and the possible future improvement of its modes of living here below, they consider abundant substitutes for the personal hope of heaven; and goodness is to them, in all cases, its own sufficient *rationale* and reward. To the positivists, or agnostics, therefore, Mr. Mallock addresses himself, and his attack is both fiery and adroit. He takes their much vaunted enthusiasm for the general good of humanity where he finds what he considers its purest, and at the same time most impassioned, expression, namely, in the so-called hymn of George Eliot, beginning, —

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of the immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence!" etc.

Analyzing what seems to him its true import, he finds it as hollow as it is high-sounding, — "a song of little meaning, though the words are strong;" its virtue, vanity; its vast rewards, a cheat; all its specious hope and ardor and sympathy, voices and nothing more. "How are these kindled?" he inquires, with vivacity, "and what are they all about?

They must, as we have seen, be about something which the science of sociology will not discover for us. Nor can they last, if, like an empty stomach, they prey only upon themselves. They must have some solid content, and the great thing needful is to discover this. It is quite true that to suffer, or even to die, will often appear *dulce et decorum* to a man; but it will only seem so when the end he dies or suffers for is, in his estimation, a worthy one. A Christian might be gladly crucified if by so doing he could turn men from vice to virtue; but a connoisseur in wine would not be crucified that his best friend might prefer dry champagne to sweet. All the agony and the struggles, then, that the positivist saint suffers with such enthusiasm depend for their value and their possibility on the object that is supposed to cause them." But that object, Mr. Mallock reiterates, is not merely inadequate and unworthy, but unrepresentable to the mind, and self-contradicted by the very terms in which it is expressed.

Again, in the chapters on Goodness as its own Reward, and Life as its own Reward, he argues with extreme impressiveness that both the reasonable bases of morality and all the high dignity and deep import of our being are bound up with the theism which modern thought is contemptuously spurning, and would perish if that were proved false. That greatest of all the arts, — the dramatic, — long languishing, as we know, will be struck with death in such a case, for from the days of the Greek tragedians onward its appeal and its mastery have been essentially moral and religious. "In Macbeth, for instance, the main incident, the coloring-matter of the drama, is the murder of Duncan. But in what aspect of this does the real tragedy lie? Not in the fact that Duncan is murdered, but that Macbeth is the murderer. What appeals us, what purges our passions with pity and terror as we contemplate it, is not the external, the social effect of the

act, but the personal, the internal effect of it. As for Duncan, he is in his grave. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. What our minds are made to dwell upon is, not that Duncan shall sleep forever, but that Macbeth shall sleep no more. It is not the extinction of a dynasty, but the ruin of a character. . . . In Antigone its nature is yet more distinctly exhibited. We have for the central interest the same personal struggle after *right*; not after use or happiness; and one of the finest passages in that whole marvelous drama is a distinct statement by the heroine that this is so. The one rule, she says, that she is resolved to live by, and not live by only, but, if need be, to die for, is no human rule, no standard of man's devising, nor can it be modified to suit our changing needs, but it is —

“ ‘The unwritten and enduring laws of God,
Which are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live from everlasting; and none breathes
Who knows them, whence begotten.’ ”

The chapter on Love as a Test of Goodness, in which Mr. Mallock undertakes to show how the central passion of human nature was ennobled by the coming of Christianity, and into what depths, unsounded by the unconscious pagan, it must sink with the extinction of that faith, is in many respects the most interesting of the book. It is disfigured here and there by slight traces of that other manner of the author's which we do not like; but naturally it makes a direct appeal, of one kind or another, to the experience of nearly all his readers; and it certainly sheds a new light on some of the most dubious and distasteful passages in his previous works, and serves, for the time being, fully to vindicate his own ideal of honor and purity. We are made more lenient even to the coarse despite with which he scathes his Mrs. Sinclair in the New Republic, if we may indeed regard it as the burning message of a prophet, impelled to convince the world of insidious danger

and gracefully disguised sin. He condemns in unmeasured terms the type of love which he finds reflected in so many of the poems and romances of the period, — the conscious and cultivated sensualism, the vapid sentiment, and withal the unnatural and incurable coldness. He contrasts the gorgeous indecencies of Mademoiselle de Maupin with the chaste effusion and sacramental tenderness of the De la Feronnays, and the solemn and mysterious ecstasy just glimpsed in the last moments of their communion upon earth by Monica and St. Augustine, — he who had drunk deeply, in his day, of a far less limpid draught. Mr. Mallock consoles himself, however, with the belief that the monstrous ideal of the Gautiers and the Swinburnes is, as a matter of fact, seldom realized, and that practically human love yet retains a large measure of the sweetness and sacredness which the general acceptance of positivist principles and their logical application to life will, he thinks, if accomplished, inevitably destroy. “To return, then, to the subject of human love, we are now in a position to see that, as offered us at present by the positive school of moralists, it cannot, properly speaking, be called a positive pleasure at all, but that it is still, essentially, a religious one; and that when the religious element is eradicated, its entire nature will change. It may be, of course, contended that the religious element is ineradicable; but this is simply either to call positivism an impossibility or religion an incurable disease. Here, however, we touch upon a side issue. . . . My aim now is not to argue either that positivism can or cannot be accepted by humanity, but to show what, if accepted, it will have to offer us. I wish to point out the error, for instance, of such writers as George Eliot, who, whilst denying the existence of any sun-god in the heavens, are yet perpetually adoring the sunlight upon earth; who profess to extinguish all fire

upon principle, and then offer us boiling water to supply its place; or who, sending love to us as a Cassandra, continue to quote as Scripture the prophetess they have just discredited."

In the chapters on the Superstition of Positivism, and the Logic of Scientific Negation, Mr. Mallock confines himself strictly to the technical aspect of his discussion, claiming to meet the materialists on their own material ground, and to refute their imposing arguments, merely as arguments, by others more cogent yet. There is no need closely to follow him into a region where the interest of that general reader to whom, in the main, he addresses himself is sure to flag, and where the scientific reader with a *parti pris* is equally sure to find his ratiocination faulty and his conclusions null. The battle for the reality of happiness and the worth of life will never, it is safe to assert, be either lost or won in the regions of pure logic. Later, when our author begins plainly to indicate the gist of his message and the goal of his wanderings, when he strikes the flag of free-thought, so confidently carried by gallant spirits for three hundred years, surrenders the whole of Protestantism to those modern assailants of Christianity in whom he sees only the natural offspring of the errors of Protestantism, and records — soberly enough, indeed — his conviction that true religion must live or die with the unity and supremacy of the Roman church, he steps back upon ground where any intelligent man may meet him, and recovers the accent which appeals to the universal ear. A thousand resentful combatants will start up, full-armed, to resist him at this point, and to their prowess we may safely leave, for the present at least, the defense of the Reformation. It is curious, however, to observe in passing the strange similarity, almost identity, of Mr. Mallock's argument just here with that of his darling aversion, Mr. Matthew Ar-

nold, in the essay, reprinted in his late volume, on Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism.

It is but fair to say that Mr. Mallock's tone in these last decisive pages of his book is remarkably — some good souls will say jesuitically — mild and free from dogmatism. We go too far, perhaps, even in calling them decisive. It is rather that he espies a hope of rescue from the horror of great darkness and gathering tempest, which he feels to be descending upon the world, than that he finds his feet already planted upon unyielding land. His own final word in *Is Life Worth Living?* is so subdued, for him, and so gently persuasive, that we prefer to close with it our hasty summary, the aim of which has been rather to bespeak justice for one of the most earnest and suggestive books of the past year, than to pronounce judgment upon it.

"Thinkers like Mr. Leslie Stephen say that these beliefs [of the Catholic Christian] belong to dream-land, and they are welcome, if they please, to keep their terminology. It has at least this merit, that it recognizes the dualism of the two orders of things it deals with. Let them keep their names, if they will, and in their language the case amounts to this, — that it is only for the sake of the dreams that visit it, that the world of reality has any certain value for us. Will not the dreams continue when the reality has passed away?"

There can hardly be a reader of Mr. Mallock's, who has followed him in good faith to the end of this, his incomparably noblest effort, but will bow to the appeal in its closing sentence, and join instinctively in the prayer to which that invites him. But all the meaning and efficacy of such a prayer must, of course, depend upon this, — that the phraseology which the writer wrests from his adversaries be indeed a fallacious one, and the dream be understood to be the reality, and the reality the dream. If that un-

speaking something whereof Monica and Augustine were aware for an instant at Ostia, and which the saint mystically calls the "first-fruits of the Spirit," were not a reality, it was no more sacred than an illusion born of hasheesh. If those "unwritten and enduring" and mysteriously begotten laws for which Antigone laid down her life were not realities, her death was a pitiful blunder. And of course the whole burden of Mr. Mallock's endeavor in *Is Life Worth Living?* — the whole aim of his elaborate discussion — is the illumination, the definition, the establishment of these things as realities. What shall we say, then, when this guide and philosopher, whom in his moments of unction we have submissively allowed to take with us almost the tone of a director, resumes, after a few months' silence, the subject over which he has labored so earnestly, but in a manner calculated both to confuse and to cheapen it? He throws these additional reflections of his into a dramatic form, flooding them with sentiment, and toying languidly and affectedly with the vital inquiry which he had before grasped in so serious and manly a fashion. We might have let this latest effusion pass, as a rather weak society sketch, embellished with some graceful bits of versification, if the author had not entitled it *A Dialogue concerning Human Happiness*, thereby challenging our scrutiny of the piece, as an appendix to his highest argument. And what do we find there? We find ourselves, first of all, taken back into those dubious marches of the *demi-monde* which appear alone to furnish the scenery of Mr. Mallock's predilection. We are introduced to a number of rather cleverly outlined characters, concerning whom we feel strongly with the most exemplary of them, Mrs. Fitzgerald, that "they may be very well at Nice," but would not answer for acquaintances at home. We are asked to pity and admire a heroine to whom a profligate fa-

ther had given the baptismal name of a courtesan mentioned by Plato, and who is described by an early lover of hers, to a vulgar adventuress who is full of curiosity about the Lady Diotima, as a singularly exact translation, into the key of modern life, of her Grecian prototype. "She is the most fascinating of all classical characters to me," he says, speaking of the original Diotima; "I picture her to myself as a sort of George Sand of antiquity, half saint, half sinner, — the wise woman, at once, of prayer and pleasure, whom the wisest of the ancients [Socrates] found more wise than himself!"

"As far as I can understand," said Mrs. Crane, "you are not giving your friend a very brilliant character."

"As far as what *we* mean by character goes," said Marsham, "I believe her to be without reproach."

At the time of the story, the new Diotima and her whilom lover have become, in their several ways, she a voluptuous coquette, and he a polished coxcomb of thirty odd, but the woman is a devout Roman Catholic, the man an unbeliever. It is but fair, therefore, to infer that she is the mouth-piece of Mr. Mallock's own opinions in the precious dialogue on human happiness which ensues when the two finally meet, and during the whole of which the attitude of the lady would be vulgarly described as that of throwing herself at her visitor's head. It is, to say the least, one of the most baffling and bewildering dialogues ever reported. All which can possibly be gathered from it in the way of definite doctrine is that man's only chance of happiness, and that a slender one, is to be early and often in love. It may be artistic to represent the interlocutors in such a case as rendered vague in thought and incessantly self-contradictory by the stress of insurgent emotion, but it is not helpful to a right understanding of their views. We make room for a few of their remarks and re-

joinders, at the point of the discussion where they are least discursive and ambiguous.

"You cannot by reason," says Philip, "cure love as a caprice; but the love which is a caprice only is not the love you speak of. And love as an absorbing and life-long devotion, which takes into itself a man's whole ambitions and emotions, — love like this reason assuredly can quench for those who have no faith to sustain them. Such love, you say, is the sun of the inner world. You are mistaken. It is not the sun, it is the moon. The moon is human affection, but the sun is divine faith. You who are a Catholic forget all this, for you know nothing of the loss from which others are suffering. But to offer love to those who have lost religion is to tell the poor to eat jam-tarts, when they cry to you that they have no bread."

"I forget nothing," she said angrily. "I am a Catholic, it is true, and I trust I value my religion properly. But religion has nothing to do with the present question. You are beginning the matter at the wrong end. If you want to be a religious man, you must first be a man; and you are not a man if you do not know how to love. How will you love God whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother whom you have seen?"

"That does but mean," he replied, "that if the tree is healthy it will bear fruit; not that we can have fruit without having any tree to bear it. You are confounding two things. Love is either a sacrament or a self-indulgence. If it be the former, the very essence of it is that it points to something beyond itself, and its power in that case must die, if our belief in that something ceases. If it be the latter, it is a feeling only."

"A feeling only!" she exclaimed. "Yes, indeed, it is a feeling only, but a

feeling so rapturous and so sacred that it needs nothing beyond itself except our thanks to the God who gave it, — God the giver who, at such times, willingly stands aside that his children may enjoy together this precious and most perfect gift."

"Surely," said Marsham, "this is a strange view for you, a Catholic. You profess a faith which teaches you that the one thing really worth our living for is the love, not of woman, but of God; and though human love is indeed recognized and blessed by it, yet for those who would be perfect, it points out a more excellent way."

"We cannot all be saints," she said. "It was not meant that we should be."

After all, it is of no use. A few hours of noonday dalliance under the mimosas in discourse like this, and then the faithless swain departs, and on the evening of the same day he is drifting along the purple Mediterranean with another siren, who sings to him in a world-renowned voice a boat-song of his own composing, conceived in a sub-Swinburnian spirit, and of a really delicate and haunting melody. The forsaken one hears the strain faintly from her balcony, — and retires into a chapel to pray.

Now if Mr. Mallock is indeed morally in earnest, as his most considerable work seems clearly to show, and as we ourselves believe him to be, the sooner he drops this sort of perfumed parable, this theory of instruction by sighs and innuendoes, the better. The faith which he now assumes to defend, he is in far more danger of betraying. It is strange that so discerning a mind should ever for a moment have fancied that a method like this could prove otherwise than perplexing, disheartening, and demoralizing. Mr. Mallock is very severe upon George Eliot for the "de-religionized morality, baseless, objectless," and impossible, which she professes and up-

holds. But a moral ideal which is too obviously attainable is not worth upholding at all, and the one great imagination among the positive writers of the day does certainly bring moral incentives to bear upon the consciences of her readers with a quite extraordinary power. She searches out the weaknesses and insincerities of the human heart with a terrible illumination. She convinces of sin. She incites to self-conquest. She strengthens for self-sacrifice. Others of her school do the like, in a lesser degree, and until the Christian and Catholic apologist can do as much, he had better leave preaching to the free-thinkers. The sole justification of preaching, in any case, is the chance of making men better.

But it is not true that the skeptics, even the high-minded skeptics of to-day, have a monopoly of moral tact and power. Mr. Mallock need go no farther than the great modern writers of that church to whose communion he aspires, to find advocates of Christianity who add to the utmost stringency of moral requirement the glow of the apostolic age and the buoyancy of an unalterable hope. Like

these far-seeing men, Mr. Mallock believes that the drear and still-advancing inundation of infidelity before which the lights of life are going out, one by one, is fed by the self-same bitter springs which first broke barriers in the philosophy of the great Revolutionary time, but which took their rise long before, when the law of intellectual license was proclaimed by the Protestant Reformation. The end of these things no man can yet foresee; but during all the last century, while the church of the ages has been sustaining this latest and fiercest onslaught of unbelief, there has been an illustrious succession of warriors fighting inside her walls who have shown themselves consummate masters of the tactics of defense, and who have sold very dearly to their assailants their consecrated lives and powers. Mr. Mallock should learn of them. Let him study Joseph de Maistre on Voltaire, if he would know what are the most efficient weapons against atheism, and how wielded of a thoroughly loyal and chivalric Christian, a great scholar, a spotless gentleman, and a resolved and fiery adversary.

THE ROMANCE OF SUNRISE ROCK.

I.

WHAT momentous morning arose with so resplendent a glory that it should have imprinted its indelible reflection on the face of this great Cumberland cliff; what eloquence of dawn so splendid that the dumb, insensate stone should catch its spirit and retain its expression forever and forever? A deep, narrow stream flowed around the base of the "paint-rock." Immense fissures separated it from its fellows. And charged with its subtler meaning

it towered above them in isolated majesty. Moons waxed and waned; nations rose and fell; centuries came and went. And still it faced the east, and still, undimmed by storm and time, it reiterated the miracle and the prophecy of the rising sun.

"T war painted by the Injuns,—that's what I hev always hearn tell. Them folks war mos'ly leagued with the Evil One. That's how it kem they war gin the grasp ter scuffle up that thar bluff, ez air four hunderd feet high an' ez sheer ez a wall; it ain't got foot-

hold fur a cockle-burr. I hev hearn tell that when they got ez high ez the pictur' they war 'lowed by the devil ter stand on air. An' I believes it. Else how 'd they make out ter do that thar job?"

The hairy animal, whose jeans suit proclaimed him man, propounded this inquiry with a triumphant air. There was a sarcastic curve on the lips of his interlocutor. Clearly it was not worth his while to enlighten the mountaineer, — to talk of the unknown races whose work so long survives their names, to speculate upon the extent of their civilization and the mechanical contrivances that reached those dizzy heights, to confide his nebulous fancies clustering about the artist-poet who painted this grand, rude lyric upon the immortal rock. He turned from the strange picture, suspended between heaven and earth, and looked over the rickety palings into the dismal little graveyard of the mountaineers. Nowhere, he thought, was the mystery of life and death so gloomily suggested. Humanity seemed so small, so transitory a thing, expressed in these few mounds in the midst of the undying grandeur of the mountains. Material nature conquers; man and mind are as naught. Only a reiteration of a well-conned lesson, for so far this fine young fellow of thirty had made a failure of life; the material considerations with which he had wrestled had got the better of him, and a place within the palings seemed rather preferable to his place without.

It was still strange to John Cleaver that his lines should have fallen in this wilderness; that the door of that house on the slope of the Backbone should be the only door upon earth open to him; that such men as this mountaineer were his neighbors and associates. The fact seemed a grotesque libel on likelihood. As he rode away he was thinking of his costly education, the sacrifices his father had made to secure it, his dying con-

viction, which was such a comfort to him, that in it he had left his penniless son a better thing than wealth, — with such training and such abilities what might he not reach? When John Cleaver returned from his medical studies in Paris to the Western city of his birth, to scores of charity patients, and to a fine social position by virtue of the prestige of a good family, there seemed only a little waiting needed. But the old physicians held on to life and the paying practice with the grip of the immortals. And he found it difficult to sustain existence while he waited.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself beaten and turned sheep-farmer. Here, among the mountains of East Tennessee, said the letter, he had bought a farm for a song; the land was the poorest he ever saw, but served his purposes, and the house was a phenomenal structure for these parts, — a six-room brick, built fifty years ago by a city man with a bucolic craze and consumptive tendencies. The people were terribly poor; still, if his friend would come he might manage to pick up something, for there was not a physician in a circuit of sixty miles.

So Cleaver had turned his face to the mountains. But unlike the sheep-farmer he did not meet his reverses lightly. The man was at bay. And like a savage thing he took his ill-fortune by the throat. Success had seemed so near that there was something like the pain of death in giving up the life to which he had looked forward with such certainty. He could not console himself with this comatose state, and call it life. He often told himself that there was nothing left but to think of what he might have done, and eat out his heart. His ambition died hard.

As his horse ambled along, a gruff voice broke his reverie. "Light an'

hitch," called out the master of a way-side hovel.

A man of different temperament might have found in Cleaver's uncouth surroundings some points of palliation. His heart might have warmed to the ignorant mountaineers' high and tender virtue of hospitality. A responsive respect might have been induced by the contemplation of their pride, so intense that it recognizes no superior, so inordinate that one is tempted to cry out, Here are the true republicans! or, indeed, Here are the only aristocrats! The rough fellow was shambling out to stop him with cordial insistence. An old crone, leaning on a stick in the doorway, called after her son, "Tell him ter 'light an' hitch, Peter, an' eat his supper along of we-uns." A young girl sitting on the rude porch, reeling yarn, preparatory to weaving, glanced up, her sedate face suddenly illumined. Even the bare-footed, tow-headed children stood still in pleased expectation. Certainly John Cleaver's position in life was as false as it was painful. But the great human heart was here, untutored though it was, and roughly accoutred. And he himself had found that Greek and Latin do not altogether avail.

The little log-house was encompassed by the splendor of autumnal foliage. A purple haze clung to the distant mountains; every range and every remove had a new tone and a new delight. The gray crags, near at hand, stood out sharply against the crimson sky. And high above them all in its impressive isolation loomed Sunrise Rock, heedless of the transitory dying day and the ineffective coming night.

The girl's reel was still whirling; at regular intervals it ticked and told off another cut. Cleaver's eyes were fixed upon her as he declined Peter Teake's invitation. He had seen her often before, but he did not know as yet that that face would play a strange part in the little mental drama that was to lead

to the making of his fortune. Her cheek was flushed; her delicate crimson lips were slightly parted; the live gold of the sunbeams touched the dead-yellow lustreless masses of her hair. Here and there the clustering tendrils separated, as they hung about her shoulders, and disclosed bright glimpses of a red cotton kerchief knotted around her throat; she wore a dark blue homespun dress, and despite the coarse texture of her attire there was something of the mingled brilliance and softness of the autumn tints in her humble presence. Her eyes reminded him of those deep, limpid mountain streams with golden-brown pebbles at the bottom. Scornful as he was, he was only a man — and a young man. With a sudden impulse he leaned forward and handed her a pretty cluster of ferns and berries which he had gathered in the forest.

The reel stopped, the thread broke; she looked up, as she received mechanically his woodland treasure, with so astonished a face that it induced in this man of the world a sense of embarrassment.

"Air they good yerbs fur somethin'?" she asked.

A quick comprehension of the ludicrous situation flashed through his mind. She evidently made no distinctions in the healing art as practiced by him and the "yerb-doctor," with whom he occasionally came into professional contact. And the presentation of the "yerbs" seemed a prescription instead of a compliment.

"No, — no," he said hastily, thinking of the possibility of a decoction. "They are not good for tea. They are of no use, — except to look at."

And he rode away, laughing softly.

Everything about the red brick house was disorganized and dilapidated; but the dining-room, which served the two young bachelors as a sitting-room also, was cheerful with the glow of a hickory fire and a kerosene lamp, and although

the floor was bare and the tiny-paned windows curtained only with cobwebs, there was a suggestively comfortable array of pipes on the mantel-piece, and a bottle of gracious aspect. Sitting in front of the fire, the light full on his tawny beard and close-clipped, blonde hair, was a man of splendid proportions, a fine, frank, intellectual face, and a manner and accent that proclaimed him as distinctly exotic as his friend. He too had reared the great scaffolding of an elaborate education that he might erect the colossal edifice of his future. His hands beat the empty air and he had no materials wherewith to build. But there was the scaffolding, a fine thing in itself, — wasted, perhaps. For the sheep-farmer did not need it.

"Well, old sinner!" he exclaimed smilingly, as Cleaver entered. "Did you tell Tom to put up your 'beastis'? He is so 'brigaty' that he might not stand."

Were the two friends sojourning in the Cumberland Mountains on a camp-hunt, these excerpts from the prevalent dialect might have seemed to Cleaver a pleasantry of exquisite flavor. But they were no sojourners; they were permanently established here. And he felt that every concession to the customs of the region was a descent toward the level of its inhabitants. He thought Trelawney was already degenerating in this disheveled life, — mentally, in manner, even in speech. For with a philologist's zest Trelawney chased verbal monstrosities to their lair, and afterward displayed them in his daily conversation with as much pride as a connoisseur feels in exhibiting odd old china. As these reflections intruded themselves, Cleaver silently swore a mighty oath — an oath he had often sworn before — that he would not go down with him, he would not deteriorate too, he would hold hard to the traditions of a higher sphere.

But sins against convention could not

detract from the impressiveness of the man lounging before the fire. If Trelawney only had money, how he would adorn the state of a nabob!

"Brigaty!" he reiterated. "That's a funny word. It sounds as if it might be kin to the Italian *brigata*. Or, see here — *briga*? — eh? — *brigadar* — *brigadarsi*? I wonder how these people come by it."

A long pause ensued, broken only by the ticking of their watches: the waste of time asserted itself. All was silent without; no wind stirred; no leaf nor acorn fell; the mute mists pressed close to the window. Surely there were no other creatures in all the dreary world. And this, thought Cleaver, was what he had come to, after all his prestige, all his efforts!

"Trelawney," he said suddenly, "these are long evenings. Don't you think that with all this time on our hands — I don't know — but don't you think we might write something together?"

A frank surprise was in his friend's brown eyes. He replied doubtfully, "Write what?"

"I don't know," said the doctor despondently.

"And suppose we had the talent to project 'something' and the energy to complete it, who would publish it?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, more hopelessly still.

Another pause. The foxes were barking in the moonlight, in the red autumn woods. That a man should feel less lonely for the sound of a wild thing's voice!

"My dear fellow," said John Cleaver, a certain passion of despair welling up in his tones, — he leaned forward and laid his hand on his friend's knee, — "it won't do for us to spend our lives here. We must turn about and get back into the world of men and action. Don't think I'm ungrateful for this haven, — you are the only one who held out a hand, — but we must get back, and go

on with the rest. Help me, Trelawney, — help me think out some way. I'm losing faith in myself alone. Let us help each other. Many a man has made his pen his strongest friend; they were only men at last, just such as we are. Many of them were poor; the *best* of them were poor. We can try nothing else, Fred, — so little chance is left to us."

Trelawney laid his warm strong hand upon the cold nervous hand trembling on his knee. "Jack," he said, "I have given it all up. I am through forever with those cursed alternations of hope and despair. I don't believe we could write anything that would do — do any good, I mean. I wore out all energy and afflatus — the best part of me — waiting for the clients who never came. And all the time my appropriate sphere, my sheep-farm, was waiting for me here. I have found contentment, the manna from heaven, while you are still sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ambition has thrown me once; I sha'n't back the jade again. I am a shepherd, Jack, a shepherd.

'Pastorem, Tityre, pingues

Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.'

That's it, my dear old boy. Sing a slender song! We've pitched our voices on too high a key for our style of vocalization. We must sing small, Jack, — sing a slender song!"

"I'll be damned if I do!" cried Cleaver, impetuously, springing to his feet and pacing the room with a quick stride.

But his friend's words dogged him deep into the night. They would not let him sleep. He lay staring blankly at the darkness, his thoughts busy with his forlorn position and his forlorn prospects, and that sense of helplessness, so terrible to a man, pressing heavily upon his heart. In the midst of the memories of his hopes, his ambitions, and his failures he was like a worm in the fire. The vague presence of the majes-

tic company of mountains without preyed upon him; they seemed stolid, unmoved witnesses of his despair. The only human creature who might have understood him would not understand him. He knew that if he were writhing in pain with a broken limb, or the sentimental spurious anguish of a broken heart, Trelawney would resolve himself into every gracious phase of healing sympathy. But a broken life! — his friend would not make an effort. Yet why should he crave support? Was it true that he had pitched his voice too high? In this day of over-education, when every man is fitted for any noble sphere of intellectual achievement and only inborn talent survives, might it not be that he had mistaken a cultivated aspiration for latent power? And if indeed his purposes had outstripped his abilities, the result was tragic — tragic. He was as dead as if he were six feet deep in the ground. A bitter throe of shame came with these reflections. There is something so ludicrously contemptible in a great personal ambition and a puny capacity. Ambition is the only grand passion that does not ennoble. We do not care that a low thing should lift its eyes. And if it does, we laugh.

There was a movement in the hall below. He had left Trelawney reading, but now his step was on the stairs, and with it rose the full mellow tones of his voice. He was singing of the spring-time in the chilly autumn midnight. Poor Fred! It was always spring with him. He met his misfortunes with so cordial an outstretched hand that it might have seemed he disarmed them. It did not seem so to John Cleaver. He shifted his attitude with a groan. His friend's fatal apathy was an added pang to his own sorrows. And now the house was still, and he watched through all the long hours the western moonlight silently scale the gloomy pines, till on their plummy crests the yellow beams mingled with the red rays of the rising sun, and

the empty, lonely day broke in its useless, wasted splendor upon the empty loneliness of the splendid night.

II.

Cleaver took little note at this period of those who came and went in his life; and he took little note of how he came and went in the lives of others. He had no idea of those inexplicable circles of thought and being that touch at a single point, and jar, perhaps. One day, while the Indian summer was still red on the hills, — he had reason to remember this day, — while the purple haze hovered over the landscape and mellowed to artistic delicacy the bold bright colors of Sunrise Rock, he chanced to drive alone in his friend's rickety buggy along the road that passed on the opposite bank from the painted cliff and encircled the dreary little graveyard of the mountaineers. He became suddenly aware that there was a figure leaning against the palings; he recognized Selina Teake as he lifted his absorbed eyes. She held her sun-bonnet in her hand, and her yellow hair and fair face were unshaded; how little did he or she imagine what that face was to be to him afterward! He drew up his horse and spoke: "Well, this is the last place I should think you would want to come to."

She did not understand his dismal little joke at the graveyard. She silently fixed upon him those eyes, so suggestive of deep, clear waters in which some luminous planet has sunk a starry reflection.

"Did you intend to remain permanently?"

"I war restin' awhile," she softly replied.

He had a vague consciousness that she was the first of these proud mountaineers whom he had ever seen embarrassed or shy. She was indubitably blushing as he looked at her, and as she

falteringly looked at him. How bright her eyes were, how red her delicate lips, what a faint fresh wild-rose was suddenly abloom on her cheek.

"Suppose you drive with me the remainder of the way," he suggested.

This was only the courtesy of the road in this region, and with her grave, decorous manner she stepped lightly into the vehicle, and they bowled away together. She was very mute and motionless as she sat beside him, her face eloquent with some untranslating emotion of mingled wonderment and pleasure and pain. Perhaps she drew in with the balsamic sunlit air the sweetest experience of her short life. He was silent too, his thoughts still hanging drearily about his blighted prospects and this fatal false step that had led him to the mountains; wondering whether he could have done better, whether he could have done otherwise at all, when it would end, — when, and how.

Trelawney was lounging against the rail fence in front of Teake's house, looking, in his negligent attire, like a prince in disguise, and talking to the mountaineers about a prospective deer-hunt. There was a surprised resentment on his face when Cleaver drove up, but the return of Selina with him made not a ripple among the Teakes. It would have been impossible to demonstrate to them that they stood on a lower social plane. Their standard of morality and respectability could not be questioned; there had never been a man or a woman of the humble name who had given the others cause for shame; they had lived in this house on their own land for a hundred years; they neither stole nor choused; they paid as they went, and asked no favors; they took no alms, — nay, they gave of their little! As to the artificial distinctions of money and education, what do the ignorant mountaineers care about money and education!

Selina stood for a moment upon the

cabin porch, her yellow hair gleaming like an aureola upon a background of crimson sumach leaves. A pet fawn came to the door and nibbled at her little sun-burned hands. As she turned to go in, Trelawney spoke to her. "Shall I bring you a fawn again? or will you have some venison from the hunt to-morrow?"

She fixed her luminous eyes upon him and laughed a little. There was no shyness in her face and manner now. Was Trelawney so accustomed an object in her life, Cleaver wondered.

"Ah, I see," said Fred, laughing too. "I'll bring you some venison."

He was grave enough as he and his friend drove homeward together, and Cleaver was roused to the perception that there was a certain unwonted coldness slipping insidiously between them. It was not until they were seated before the fire that Trelawney again spoke. "How did it happen that you and she were together?" Evidently he had thought of nothing else since. "Who? — the Lady Selina?" suggested Cleaver, mockingly. Trelawney's eyes warned him to forbear. "Oh, I met her walking, and I asked her to drive with me the rest of the way."

Nothing more was said for a time. Cleaver was thinking of the fawn which Fred had given her, of the patent fact that he was a familiar object at the Teake house. His question, and his long dwelling upon the subject before he asked it, seemed almost to indicate jealousy. Jealousy! Cleaver could hardly credit his own suspicion.

Trelawney broke the silence. "Education," he said abruptly, "what does education accomplish for women in our station of life? They learn to write a fashionable hand that nobody can decipher. They take a limited course of reading and remember nothing. Their study of foreign languages goes so far sometimes as to enable them to interject commonplace French phrases into their

daily conversation, and render their prattle an affront to good taste as well as an insult to the understanding. They have converted the piano into an instrument of torture throughout the length and breadth of the land. Sometimes they are learned; then they are given over to 'making an impression,' and are prone to discuss, with a fatal tendency to misapply terms, what they call 'philosophy.' As to their experience in society, no one will maintain that their flirtations and husband-hunting tend greatly to foster delicacy and refinement. What would that girl," nodding toward the log-cabin near Sunrise Rock, "think of the girls of our world who pursue 'society' as a man pursues a profession, who shove and jostle each other and pull caps for the great matches, and 'put up' with the others when no better may be had? She is my ideal of a modest, delicate young girl, — and she is the only sincere woman I ever saw. Upon my soul, I think the primitive woman holds her own very finely in comparison with the resultant of feminine culture."

Cleaver listened in stunned dismay. Could Trelawney have really fallen in love with the little mountaineer? He had adapted himself so readily to the habits of these people. He was so far from the world; he was dropping its chains. Many men under such circumstances, under far happier circumstances, had fallen into the fatal error of a *mésalliance*. Positively he might marry the girl. Cleaver felt it an imperative duty to make an effort to avert this almost grotesque catastrophe. In its very inception, however, he was hopeless. Trelawney had always been so intolerant of control, so tenacious of impressions and emotions, so careless of results and the opinion of society. These seemed only originalities of character when he was the leader of a clique of men of his own social position. Was Cleaver a snob because they seemed to him, now that his

friend was brought low in the world, a bull-headed perversity, a ludicrous eccentricity, an unkempt republicanism, a raw incapacity to appreciate the right relations of things? In the delicately adjusted balance of life is that which is fine when a man is up, folly when a man is down?

"She is a pretty little thing," he said, slightly, "and no doubt a good little thing. And, Trelawney, if I were in your place I would n't hang around her. Your feelings might become involved — she is so pretty — and she might fall in love with you, and" —

"You've said enough!" exclaimed Trelawney, fiercely.

It was monstrous! Trelawney would marry her. And he was as helpless to prevent it as if Fred intended to hang himself.

"Your railing at the women of society in that shallow fashion suggests the idea to me that you are trying to justify yourself in some tremendous folly. Do you contemplate marrying her?"

"That is exactly what I propose to do," said Trelawney.

"And you are mad enough to think you are really in love with her?"

"Why should I not be? If she were differently placed in point of wealth and station would there be any incongruity? I don't want to say anything hard of you, Cleaver, but you would be ready to congratulate me."

"I admit," retorted Cleaver, sharply, "that if she were your equal in station and appropriately educated I should not have a word of objection to say."

"And after all, is it the accident of position and fortune, or the human creature, that a man takes to his heart?"

"But her ignorance, Fred" —

"Great God! does a man fall in love with a society girl for the sake of what she calls her 'education'? Whatever attracts him, it is not that. They are all ignorant; this girl's ignorance is only relative."

"Ah, — you know all that is bosh, Fred."

"In point of manner you yourself must concede that she is in many respects superior to them. She has a certain repose and gravity and dignity difficult to find among young ladies of high degree whose education has not proved an antidote for flippancy. I won't be hard enough on them to compare the loveliness of her face or her fine, unspoiled nature. You don't want her to be learned any more than you want an azalea to be learned. An azalea in a green-house becomes showy and flaunting and has no fragrance, while here in the woods its exquisite sweetness fills the air for miles."

"Trelawney, you are fit for Bedlam."

"I knew you would say so. I thought so too at first. I tried to stamp it out, and put it down, and for a long time I fought all that is best in me."

"Does she know anything about your feelings?"

"Not one word, as yet."

"Then I hope something — anything — may happen to put a stop to it before she does."

This hasty wish seemed cruel to him afterward, and he regretted it.

"It would break my heart," said Trelawney, with an extreme earnestness. "I know you think I am talking wildly, but I tell you it would break my heart."

Cleaver fell to meditating ruefully upon the future in store for his friend in this desolate place. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid are a triumph of ideal contrast, eminently fascinating in an ideal point of view. But real life presents prosaic corollaries, — the Teakes, for example, on the familiar footing of Trelawney's brothers-in-law; the old crone with her pipe, his wife's grandmother; that ignorant girl, his wife — oh, these sublimary considerations are too inexorable. In his sluggish content he would never make another effort; he would always live here; he would sink,

year by year, by virtue of his adaptability and uncouth associations nearer to the level of the mountaineers. This culminating folly seemed destined to complete the ruin of every prospect in a fine man's life.

Cleaver did not know what was to come, and he brooded upon these ideas.

III.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a fleeting glimpse, and are struck aghast for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand the waste of himself and his friend in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late dawns and marvel that the sun should rise in such effulgence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threnody, called life, here. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, forever facing and reflecting the dawn, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in his eyes upon that sun, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual cauterization to all that was sensitive within him? Did he know how his world was to pass away? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he too wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

He did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He

would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get to something at which he could work. A terrible pang here. He cared nothing for money, — this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

It was an unusual occurrence, therefore, when Trelawney came in one day and found that Cleaver had been called out professionally. He sat down to dine alone, but before he had finished carving, his friend entered.

"Well, doctor," said Trelawney cheerily, "how is your patient?"

Cleaver was evidently out of sorts and preoccupied. "These people are as uncivilized as the foxes that they live among," he exclaimed irreverently. "A case of malignant diphtheria, a physician their nearest neighbor, and they don't let him know till nearly the last gasp. Then they all go frantic together, and swear they had no idea it was serious. I could have brained that fool, Peter Teake. But it is a hopeless thing now."

A premonition thrilled through Trelawney. "Who is ill at Teake's?"

Cleaver was stricken dumb. His professional indignation had canceled all realization of the impending crisis. He remembered Fred's foolish fancy an instant too late. His silence answered for him. And Trelawney, a sudden blight upon his handsome face, rose and walked out heavily into the splendors of the autumn sunset. Cleaver was bitter with self-reproach. Still he felt an impotent anger that Fred should have persuaded himself that he was in love with this girl, and laid himself liable to this sentimental pain.

"A heart!" thought Cleaver, scornfully. "That a heart should trouble a man in a place like this!"

And yet his own well-schooled heart was all athrob with a keen, undreamed-of anguish when once more he had come back from the cabin in the gorge. As

he entered, Trelawney, after one swift glance, turned his eyes away. He had learned from Cleaver's face all he feared to know. He might have learned more, a secret too subtly bitter for his friend to tell. King Cophetua was as naught to the beggar-maid. In her dying eyes John Cleaver had seen the fresh and pure affection that had followed him. In her tones he had heard it. Was she misled by that professional tenderness of manner which speaks so soothingly and touches so softly — as mechanical as the act of drawing off his gloves — that she should have been moved to cry out in her huskily pathetic voice, "How good, how good ye air!" and extend to him, amongst all her kindred who stood about, her little sun-burned hand?

And after that she was speechless, and when the little hand was unloosed it was cold.

She had loved him, and he had never known it until now. He felt like a traitor as he glanced at his friend's changed face, and he was crushed by a sense of the immense capacity of human nature for suffering. What a great heart-drama was this, with its incongruous and humble *dramatis personæ*: the little mountaineer, and these two poverty-stricken stragglers from the vast army of men of action, — deserters, even, it might seem. What chaotic sarcasm in this mysterious ordering of events, — Trelawney, with his grand sacrificial passion; the poor little girl, whose first fresh love had unsought followed another through these waste places; and he, all unconscious, absorbed in himself, his worldly considerations and the dying throes of his dear ambitions. And now, for him, who had felt least of all, was rising a great vicarious woe. If he had known this girl's heart-secret while she yet lived he might have thought scornfully of it, slightly; who can say how? But now that she was dead it was as if he had been beloved by an angel, and was only too obtuse, too gross, too earthly-minded

to hear the rustle of her wings. How pitiable was the thought of her misplaced affection; how hard it was for his friend; how hard it was for him that he had ever discovered it. Did she know that he cared nothing? Were the last days of her short life embittered with the pangs of a consciously unrequited love? Or did she tremble, and hope, and tremble again? Ah, poor, poor, pretty thing!

He had no name for a certain vague, mysterious thrill which quivered through every fibre whenever he thought of that humble, tender love that had followed him so long, unasked and unheeded. It began to hang about him now like a dimly-realized presence. Occasionally it occurred to him that his nerves were disordered, his health giving way, and he would commence a course of medicine to forget it in his preoccupation, and discontinue it almost as soon as begun. What happened afterward was a natural sequence enough, although at the time it seemed wonderful indeed.

One misty midnight, when these strong feelings were upon him, it so chanced that he was driving from a patient's house on the summit of the ridge, and his way lay beneath Sunrise Rock along the road which encircled the little graveyard of the mountaineers. The moon was bright; so bright that the wreaths of vapor, hanging motionless among the pines, glistened like etherealized silver; so bright that the mounds within the inclosure — Was it the mist? Was it the moonbeam? Was it the glimmer of yellow hair? Did he see, leaning against the palings, "restin' awhile," the graceful figure he remembered so? He was dreaming, surely; or were those deep, instarred eyes really fixed upon him with that wistful gaze which he had seen only twice before? — once here, where he had met her, and once when she died. She was approaching him; she was so close he might have touched her hand. Was it cold, he won-

dered; cold as it was when he held it last? He hardly knew, — but she was seated beside him, as in that crimson sunset-tide, and they were driving together at a frenzied speed through the broken shadows of the wintry woods. He did not turn his head, and yet he saw her face, drawn in lines of pallid light and eloquent with some untranslated emotion of mingled wonderment and pleasure and pain. Like the wind they sped together through the mist and the moonbeam, over the wild mountain road, through the flashing mountain waters, down, down the steep slope toward the red brick house, where a light still burned, and his friend was waiting. He did not know when she slipped from his side. He did not know when this mad pace was checked. He only regained his faculties after he had burst into the warm home atmosphere, a ghastly horror in his face and his frantic fright upon his lips.

Trelawney stood breathless.

"Oh, forgive me," cried Cleaver. "I have spoken sacrilege. It was only hallucination; I know it now."

Trelawney was shaken. "Hallucination?" he faltered, with quivering lips.

"I did not reflect," said Cleaver. "I would not have jarred your feelings. I am ill and nervous."

Trelawney was too broken to resent, to heed, or to answer. He sat cold and shivering, unconscious of the changed eyes watching him, unconscious of a new idea kindling there, — beginning to flicker, to burn, to blaze, — unconscious of the motive with which his friend after a time drew close to the table and fell to writing with furious energy, unconscious that in this moment Cleaver's fortune was made.

And thus he wrote on day after day. So cleverly did he analyze his own mental and nervous condition, so unsparing and insidious was this curious introversion, that when his treatise on the Derangement of the Nervous Functions

was given to the world it was in no degree remarkable that it should have attracted the favorable attention of the medical profession; that the portion devoted to hallucinations should have met with high praise in high quarters; that the young physician's successful work should have brought him suddenly to the remembrance of many people who had almost forgotten poor John Cleaver. No one knew, no one ever knew, its romantic inspiration. No one ever knew the strange source whence he had this keen insight; how his imperious will had held his shaken, distraught nerves for the calm scrutiny of science; how his senses had played him false, and that stronger, subtler critical entity, his intellect, had marked the antics of its double self and noted them down.

Among the men to whom his treatise brought John Cleaver to sudden remembrance was a certain notable physician. He was growing infirm now, his health was failing, his heavy practice was too heavy for his weakening hands. He gave to the young fellow's work the meed of his rare approval, cleverly gauged the cleverness behind it, and wrote to Cleaver to come.

And so he returned to his accustomed and appropriate sphere. In his absence his world had flattened, narrowed, dulled strangely. People were sordid, and petty, and coarse-minded; and society — his little clique that he called society — possessed a painfully predominating element of snobs; men who had given him no notice before were pleased to be noticed now, and yet the lucky partnership was covertly commented upon as the freak of an old man in his dotage. He was suddenly successful, he had suddenly a certain prospect of wealth, he was suddenly bitter. He thought much in these days of his friend Trelawney and the independent, money-scorning aristocrats of the mountains, of the red hills of the Indian summer, and the towering splendors of Sunrise Rock.

That high air was perhaps too rare for his lungs, but he was sensible of the density of the denser medium.

As to that vague and tender mystery, the ghost that he saw, it had been exorcised by prosaic science. But it made his fortune, it crowned his life, it bestowed upon him all he craved. Perhaps if she could know the wonderful work she had wrought in his future, the mountain girl, who had given her heart unasked, might rest more easily in her grave than on that night when she had come from among the moonlit mounds beneath Sunrise Rock, and once more sat beside him as he drove through shadow and sheen. For whether it was the pallid mist, whether it was the silver moon, whether it was the fantasy of an overwrought brain, or whether that mysterious presence was of an essence more ethereal than any, who can know?

In these days he carried his friend's interest close to his heart. He opened a way in the crowd, but Trelawney held back from the hands stretched out. He had become wedded to the place. The years since have brought him a quiet, uneventful, not unhappy existence. After a time he grew more cheerful, but not less gentle, and none the less beloved of his simple neighbors. They feel vaguely sometimes that since he first came among them he is a saddened man, and are moved to ask with sympathetic solicitude concerning the news from his supposititious folks "down thar in the valley whar ye hails from." The fortune in sheep-farming still eludes his languid pursuit. The red brick house is disorganized and dilapidated as of yore; a sense of loneliness broods upon it, hardly less intense than the loneliness of the

mighty encompassing forest. Deep in these solitudes he often strolls for hours, — most often in the crimson and purple eventides along the road that passes beneath Sunrise Rock and encircles the little graveyard of the mountaineers. Here Trelawney leans on the palings while the sun goes down, and looks with his sore heart bleeding anew upon one grassy mound till the shadows and the tears together blot it from his sight. Sometimes his heart is not sore, only sad. Sometimes it is tender and resigned, and he turns to the sunrise emblazoned on the rock and thinks of the rising Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. For the skepticism of his college days has fallen from him somehow, and his views have become primitive, like those of his primitive neighbors. There is a certain calm and strength in the old theories. With the dawn of a gentle and hopeful peace in his heart, very like the comfort of religion, he goes his way in the misty moon-rise.

And sometimes John Cleaver, so far away, as with a second sight becomes subtly aware of these things. He remembers how Trelawney is deceived, and a remorse falls on him in the still darkness, and tears and mangles him. And yet there are no words for confession, — there is nothing to confess. Would his conjecture, his unsupported conviction, avail aught; would it not be cruel to re-open old wounds with the sharp torture of a doubt? And the day-break finds him with these questions unsolved, and his heart turning wistfully to that true and loyal friend, with his faithful, unrequited love still lingering about the grave of the girl who died with her love unrequited.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

CHILDREN'S LABOR: A PROBLEM.

AMONG the many excellent laws of Massachusetts there have stood for a number of years certain statutes to the effect that —

"No child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing, mechanical, or mercantile establishment in this commonwealth.

"No child under fourteen shall be so employed except during the vacations of the public schools, unless during the year next preceding such employment he has attended some public or private school at least twenty weeks; nor shall such employment continue unless such child shall attend school twenty weeks in each and every year following; and no child shall be so employed who does not present a certificate, made by or under the school committee, of his compliance with the requirements of this act.

"Every owner, superintendent, or overseer who employs or permits to be employed any child in violation of this act, and every parent or guardian who permits such employment, shall forfeit a sum of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the public schools."

From these carefully worded statutes it would seem as if every precaution had been taken by the State of Massachusetts to prevent the overworking of children in the commonwealth and the neglect of their proper schooling. It is one thing, however, to make wise laws, and quite another to enforce them, as may be seen from the following statistics.

During the past year some hundred and sixty factories in the State that have been inspected give an average of only two per cent. where strict compliance was found with the enactments quoted above. In one factory the in-

spector was shown a file of certificates which gave the names of thirteen children employed in the mills, but no data of their ages. Singling out, at random, a bright little fellow busily at work as a "doffer," the inspector asked him his name and age.

"John Donnelly, sir, and I'm goin' on twelve years," was the ready response.

"But how is this?" said the officer, running over the list of certificates he still held in his hand. "There's no such name here as 'John Donnelly,' and— Well, who is that little girl tubing the machine by the window?"

"Oh, her's Maggie Sweeney," said the little doffer, thrusting a huge square of tobacco into his mouth and hurrying back to his work, as if to avoid further questioning.

No Maggie Sweeney, either, was to be found among the names on the certificates, and the officer's suspicions being now fully aroused, he questioned a number of the little operatives, whereupon it appeared that *not one half* of the children employed in the factory were represented upon the certificates. Further investigation also proved that a large proportion of these children were under ten years of age, while amongst the balance were many who had been working a long time without the prescribed absence of five months for the legal amount of schooling.

In another factory, where the certificates seemed to show a compliance with the laws, a fine, well-developed girl of fourteen was found who could neither read nor write. "She had worked in the mills ever since she could remember, — had *never had no time* to go to school."

In still another factory, the very first child interviewed was under ten years of age; and a truant officer who visited

some thirty factories in and about Boston reports that he found in every one of them children kept at work in open violation of the law. Systematic investigation has shown that of the 13,000 children employed in various factories throughout the State in 1878 only 4575 received the legal amount of schooling; and that among the 282,485 children in Massachusetts between the ages of five and fifteen there are no less than 25,000 children who never have been present in either our public or private schools.

An overseer in one of the print works in the State says: "There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of parents to put their children to work before they are of the legal age, and to avoid sending them to school the length of time required by law. Scarcely a day passes but mothers come to the mills and beg us to use our influence in procuring employment for their children."

"We endeavor to comply with the school law," said a prominent mill owner to one of the inspectors, "but find it extremely difficult, as parents again and again give false statements regarding their children's ages. We always, however, discharge all those we find to be under the legal age. Did you notice the little fellow I just sent across the street?" he continued. "We do not need him here in the office, but I keep him to run errands and do chores, out of pity for his invalid mother, who depends upon the wages he can earn. She is a widow, and has three children younger than Harry, who, as you may have judged from his size, is only twelve years of age. We always send the boy out to take his 'twenty weeks' schooling,' but during those times the family would suffer from hunger did I not provide for them out of my own larder."

"Please, sir, could Denise have a permit to stay in the mills a month longer? It's time she was in school, I know, but the father is all drawn up with rheuma-

tis', and they've took him to the 'ospital, and I don't know how ever in the world we're goin' to git along if Denise has to leave the mills!"

It was all said in one breath, and the superintendent of the schools, glancing up from his books, saw a woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a peculiar, dazed expression, and eyes as dull and faded as the old gray waterproof she was nervously twitching with one finger.

He answered, not unkindly, "We cannot give any such permit. Besides, you are liable to a fine of fifty dollars, if the child is kept out of school. How old did you say she was?"

"Eleven years, sir."

"How many children have you?"

"Four, with Denise."

"Is she the eldest?"

"No, sir. I have one fourteen year old, but she's nervous and daft-like. I keep her at home to mind the baby."

"So Denise is the only one at work. Has she ever been to school?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Tell the gentleman, Denise, what reader you were in last."

"'T was the First Reader,—the primer, you know," whispered the little girl, hanging down her head.

"A child of eleven years ought to be farther advanced than that!" remarked the superintendent.

"I suppose so," acknowledged the mother, with a sigh; "but I could n't spare her to go to school when she was a earnin' twenty cents a day."

"Has your husband been a drinking man?"

"Oh, no. Not but that he would take a glass, now and then, but it never got the better of him,—oh, no! He's always been a good husband, and we got along nicely the whilst he was well and a gittin' fair wages. Denise never worked a day in the mills, sir, till the rheumatis' took him. He was a shoemaker by trade, and I've been a takin' in sewing, off and on, as I could git it; but work

is scarce now, sir, and they say at the 'ospital as how he may never be able to use his hands agin, sir, and it's more nor I know what ever 's a goin' to become of us!"

"Why don't you go and state your case to the mayor, or to the overseers of the poor?"

A hot flush came over the woman's face.

"I could n't do *that*," she answered quickly. "I'd be willin' to work my fingers off, but I'm not a pauper,—I can't go on the town! If Denise could only stay in the factory one month longer, the folks as I sews for will be home from the country, then, and" —

The superintendent shook his head. "I am really very sorry for you, madam, but according to the law your little girl must enter school to-morrow. Here is a paper she is to give the teacher; it certifies how long she has been in the factory, and authorizes her, after the twenty weeks are over,—but not one day before,—to return to her work in the mills."

With a look of utter discouragement, which was reflected in miniature upon the face of the little operative, the mother silently took the certificate and left the room.

My friend, who had happened in at the superintendent's office and heard the whole conversation, resolved to investigate the case. She found the woman's story true in every particular, and after giving her what assistance she could finally prevailed upon her to go to the overseers of the poor. Denise accompanied them, but when they came to the office the woman bade her little daughter wait outside,—a tender, motherly care that my friend fully appreciated when the door of the ante-room was thrown open. The long settees on either side were packed with old men shaking with palsy, little children almost nude, shrinking women with their old hoods drawn over to conceal their faces, strong

men with desperation in their looks. It was like a picture of Doré's, or a page from Victor Hugo, suddenly animated with a breath of life!

"Are there not an unusual number of applicants to-day?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, no!" answered the officer in charge. "Sometimes there are twice as many." Here an abrupt pause and inquiring look reminded my friend of her errand, and the case of the woman and her little daughter was stated as clearly and briefly as possible.

The overseers listened attentively, scanned the applicant, and asked about her husband, children, place of residence, etc. The investigation was somewhat complicated, as the woman was a French Canadian, and had never resided in any one place the requisite five years.

"Still, we do not allow any one to suffer when we can help it," said the elder officer kindly, as he handed her an order upon a provision store. Then, turning to my friend, he said, "We are always especially glad to encourage any one who is trying to comply with the laws, but we have already helped the husband of this woman a number of times, and are now paying his expenses at the hospital. It often seems to us that the State is unconsciously encouraging pauperism by these last enactments of the school law. Heretofore we have been authorized to investigate each individual case, and to decide whether or no the child's labor was absolutely necessary for the family's support; now, however, the law controlling school attendance is compulsory in every instance, and much suffering in families is occasioned during the twenty weeks' schooling, when the children's wages are stopped."

My friend left the office in a brown study. "Can it be a normal state of things," she said to a certain political economist, "when children of eleven years are reckoned among the bread winners of a State?"

"Something must be wrong," he answered, "when an organic law of production is violated, as is the case in Massachusetts, where children between the ages of ten and fifteen constitute forty-four per cent. of the whole number of working people, and yet produce but twenty-four per cent. of the income!"

"But is it not possible for a strong, able-bodied man, if he is temperate and provident, to earn enough to support his family and keep his children in school till they are fifteen?"

"It certainly ought to be, but with the present relation of wages to cost of living in Massachusetts it seems that a laboring man with a family cannot keep out of debt with a yearly income of less than \$600. Now, the fact is that the majority of workmen earn considerable less than \$600 a year. I know of one Irish family where both the father and eldest son, a child about twelve, work in the mills. Their combined earnings amount to \$564, — an income which falls, you notice, below the *minimum* sum. The family numbers six, and one of the four children the parents have kept in school. They dress shabbily, occupy a tenement of four rooms in one of the most unhealthy localities in the city, and are in a wretched condition generally. Knowing that the family were constantly running in debt, I inquired into their items of expense, and found the yearly amount to be as follows: —

Rent	\$78.00
Groceries	281.74
Meat	68.23
Fish	13.60
Milk	25.82
Boots and shoes	14.70
Clothing	26.80
Dry goods	18.00
Sundries	20.11

This total of \$589 is a larger expenditure than is warranted by the income of \$564. Subtract from this income the child's wages, which amount to \$132,

and you find the father's income to be only \$432. What would be the financial condition of this family without the child's labor? I cannot tell how provident they are, but it is difficult to see where their expenses could be lessened, when, according to the statistics of labor, the yearly average expenditure for the food of a family is reckoned at \$422.16, which is nearly the amount of the father's earnings.

"A shoemaker, an American, has done work for me, occasionally, whom I know to be economical in all his expenditures, and yet with his earnings last year of \$552 he ran behind some \$70, and was obliged to take money out of the savings-bank during the three months and a half when the shoe business was dull. He has four children, whom he has managed thus far to keep at home, and the two eldest are in school; but the father says that at the close of the next term he shall be obliged to put one of them at work. They occupy a comfortable tenement of six rooms in a pleasant neighborhood; their expenditure for clothing and dry goods averages only \$28.50 per year, yet the children are always dressed neatly and tastefully. The family are constant attendants at church, and have an excellent standing in the community."

"You said he was an American; are not the Americans and Germans more thrifty, as a class, than the Irish?"

"Yes, in the majority of cases; but I know of one Irish mill-hand who, with an income of \$736, is in very comfortable circumstances. The family numbers six; they rent a tenement of four rooms in a pleasant part of the town, the children are always well dressed, and they have, besides, a little money laid up for a rainy day."

"Does the father do all this without the assistance of his wife and children?"

"Oh, no; it would be impossible without the aid of his eldest son, who is fourteen years of age, and earns \$238 of the

\$736 that I mentioned as the family income."

"It would seem, then, that without children's assistance, other things remaining equal, the majority of working-men's families in Massachusetts would be in poverty or in debt?"

"That would seem, indeed, to be the true statement of the case."

My friend was resolved to pursue her investigations, and, taking one of the child operatives as her guide, she visited a number of homes among the working people. As a rule, the tenements at convenient distances from the mills were rented at unreasonably high prices, although many of them were totally unfit for the occupancy of human beings. There were some pleasing exceptions, however, and not a few of the homes were brightened with house plants and other indications of "a desire for something better." As she had been informed, it was only in rare instances that the father's wages were sufficient to support the whole family; and yet it was a striking fact that *those families which contained the greatest number of child laborers were always found in the most crowded rooms and in the worst class of tenement houses.* In one instance, where the whole family, father, mother, and two children twelve and fourteen years of age, were at work in the mills and earning \$1800, the home was found in a wretched state of filth and squalor.

In England, the over-working and under-schooling of minors is now subject to heavy penalties; but past generations of factory children have already given rise to an almost distinct class of English working people, — pale, sallow, and stunted both in physical and mental growth.

How long will it be before a deteriorated race like the Stockinger, Leicester, and Manchester spinners springs up on our New England soil?

Present legislative steps in England will in due course of time undoubtedly

lead to the entire prohibition of child labor throughout Great Britain, and provide compulsorily for the education of minors; the same humanitarian, and we might add *politic*, movement is apparent in every European country.

In many of our manufacturing towns, it is true, mill schools, half-time and evening schools, are provided for the little unfortunates doomed to labor; but class schools of any description are mischievous to the best interests of a democracy. Doubtless any instantaneous elimination of child labor from a community would for a time increase the amount of suffering, — that suffering of which it really has been a primal cause. But let us consider what is the ultimate result of child labor upon the interests of the parent, and also upon the interests of the manufacturer.

We will suppose that the owner of a certain factory suddenly discovers that he may lessen the cost of production, and thereby gain advantage in trade, by employing young persons of fifteen or sixteen where he has heretofore employed adults. He can hire them for one half the sum he has been accustomed to pay his men, and more applicants are found than he can supply with work. Other manufacturers follow the example. The demand is increased for minors, who are willing to work for half the wages a laboring man with a family to support absolutely requires.

The competition increases; large numbers of adult workmen are thrown out of employment, and since they must have some means of subsistence they say to the manufacturers, "If you cannot give us twice as much as you give these boys, we will work for a little less than we have done; but surely our skilled labor is worth more to you than the work of mere children." So a compromise is made: part of the men are retained at lower wages, and they are comforted by the thought that their children's earnings will make up the

deficiency. But competition does not stop here: with improved machinery, younger hands, at still lower wages, can be employed, and a constant reduction follows throughout the mills and all other places where children's labor is countenanced.

Strikes ensue; the streets are filled with throngs of unemployed men; intem-

perance increases; and crimes of every description are multiplied. Who is to blame? *Without* child labor, ten per cent. of the laboring class, *with the present relation of wages to cost of living*, would be in a state of debt or pauperism; *with* child labor, competition is constantly on the increase and wages are still suffering reduction.

Emma E. Brown.

GIFFORD.

I.

The Closed Studio.

THIS was a magician's cell:
Beauty's self obeyed his spell!
When the air was gloom without,
Grace and Color played about
Yonder easel. Many a sprite,
Golden-winged with heaven's light,
Let the upper skies go drear,
Spreading his rare plumage here.

Skyward now,—alas the day!—
See the truant Ariels play!
Cloud and air with light they fill,
Wandering at idle will,
Nor (with half their tasks undone)
Stay to mourn the master gone.
Only in this hollow room,
Now, the stillness and the gloom.

II.

Of Winter Nights.

When the long nights return, and find us met
Where he was wont to meet us, and the flame
On the deep hearth-stone gladdens as of old,
And there is cheer, as ever in that place,
How shall our utmost nearing close the gap
Known, but till then scarce measured? Or what light
Of cheer for us, his gracious presence gone,

His speech delayed, till none shall fail to miss
 That halting voice, yet sure, speaking, it seemed
 The one apt word? For well the painter knew
 Art's alchemy and law; her nobleness
 Was in his soul, her wisdom in his speech,
 And loyalty was housed in that true heart,
 Gentle yet strong, and yielding not one whit
 Of right or purpose. Now, not more afar
 The light of last year's Yule-fire than the smile
 Of Gifford, nor more irreclaimable
 Its vapor mingled with the wintry air.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE ÆSTHETIC VALUE OF THE SENSE OF SMELL.

THE olfactory nerve of man is known to be a mere relic of what, on the evolution theory, it must once have been. As use strengthens and disuse weakens an organ or tissue, and as in course of time civilized man has relied less and less on the sense of smell, it is no wonder that we now find many inferior beings in the possession of a much more acute faculty of scent than we ourselves enjoy. Some animals can detect the approach of a foe at an immense distance, and everybody is familiar with the illustration of the dog, that will track his master's footsteps through forest, field, and city. To the dog this world is perhaps not so much an aggregate of sights and sounds as of smells, to such an extent does he use his nose for purposes of recognition and discrimination; and Mr. Wallace has even advanced the theory that a dog taken away from home in a closed conveyance finds his way back by a remembered train of smells. Savages, also, who have to rely more on their senses than we do, often display remarkable powers of scent. It has been proved by repeated experiments that Indians and negroes can recognize persons in the dark by their odor, and tell what race they belong to. The case of Julia Brace,

a deaf and blind mute in the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, shows that this power may be regained by the Caucasian, when it is needed. This girl "knew all her acquaintances by the odor of their hands. She was employed in assorting the clothes of the pupils after they came from the wash, and could distinguish those of each friend."

Now the question arises whether it is desirable that we all should have as delicate olfactory nerves as this girl, and be generally more sensitive to the odorous condition of the surrounding atmosphere than we now are. There is no special need of adding to the purely *physical* acuteness of the sense of smell, for, notwithstanding its present rudimentary condition, it is even now the most delicate of all our senses. Every school-boy knows that a single grain of musk is sufficient to perfume a room for years; and Bernstein says that "no chemical reaction can detect such minute particles of substances as those which we perceive by the sense of smell; and even spectrum analysis, which can recognize the fifteen millionth of a grain, is far surpassed in delicacy by our organ of smell." We know, moreover, that by increasing the physical acuteness of this sense we would not add to its practi-

cal utility in enabling us to avoid what is offensive and injurious to our organism. "The sense of smell is of extremely slight service, if any, even to the dark-colored races of men, in whom it is much more highly developed than in the white and civilized races. Nevertheless, it does not warn them of danger nor guide them to their food; nor does it prevent the Esquimaux from sleeping in the most fetid atmosphere, nor many savages from eating half-putrid meat."

Mr. Darwin, who points out these facts, does not attempt to account for them, as far as I am aware; and there is only one way of explaining them: although in these savages the physical acuteness of the sense is very high, the *æsthetic* sensibility is at the minimum, and accordingly they are indifferent to, or even enjoy, what otherwise must be highly repulsive to them. The savage loves the most glaring and discordant colors, the most hideous and unmusical sounds, for the same reason that he enjoys malodorous objects, — the want of æsthetic refinement of the senses in question. The average civilized man has learned to abhor discordant noises and inharmonious colors, but he has as yet no serious occasion for looking down on the savage for his indifference to noisome odors. A German writer says that the air towards morning in most modern bedrooms is no more fit to breathe than water in a cess-pool after a spring shower is fit to drink. In our parlors in winter the air is often little better. Of our school-houses it is stated by a competent authority that as a rule they are worse ventilated than the cotton and woolen factories. Great pains are taken to make the victuals which we eat three times a day in every respect acceptable to the palate, but few think of paying equal attention to the lung food, of which they consume about a pint with every breath. It is evident that if æsthetically refined noses were as com-

mon as good musical ears, these evils would be speedily remedied. Questions of taste are often more effective motives to action than hygienic considerations. Have it understood once that to live in a room filled with bad and malodorous air is *vulgar*, and a change in affairs will soon take place.

If there is any difficulty in realizing the full import of these views, it is because it is usually assumed that odors are entirely beyond the sphere of æsthetics. Psychologists and physiologists have so persistently and universally undervalued and misrepresented the sense of smell that men have come to feel almost ashamed of having it, and to regard it in very much the same light as the goats in Lessing's fable did their beards. Nevertheless, supported by an occasional hint from the poets, who in such matters are usually in advance of philosophers, owing to their closer communion with nature, I shall endeavor to point out the real rank and dignity of natural perfumes, first by showing the variety and extent of the odor world and eliminating the non-æsthetic part, and then considering in succession the sensuous, emotional, and intellectual value of the remaining part, — these being the three necessary factors of every æsthetic analysis.

The variety of odors on our planet is practically infinite, and scent supplies us, perhaps, with more distinct and peculiar data than even the sense of sight. Several years ago Dr. Jäger, of Stuttgart, after a long series of experiments and observations, came to the conclusion that there are characteristic and distinct odors for every class of living beings, for every order and family, for every species, race, and variety, and finally for every individual. This result must seem marvelous to those who know the boundless wealth of the animal world. To illustrate this doctrine, let us take one or two cases at random. No one can fail to recognize the differences of the effluvia

of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, or to distinguish ruminants from carnivora. Subdividing still further, the canine is found to differ markedly from the feline species, as those could judge who attended last winter's dog and cat shows. Moreover, a dog or horse fancier will tell you that it is easy enough to distinguish Bruno from Fido in the dark, or Bucephalus from Rosinante. That the same is true of human races and individuals we have already seen.

In the vegetable kingdom there seems at first sight to be less variety, because, according to Darwin, only those flowers have gay colors and fragrance which are fertilized, not by the wind, but by birds and insects. Where the flowers are devoid of fragrance the leaves, at least, crushed or dried, yield their peculiar odor. Many plants have a great variety of odors, — the root, bark, wood, leaves, flowers, fruits, seeds, and exudations being all distinguishable and *sui generis*. Whether an individual pansy or rose differs from other specimens of the same plant it will be impossible to say, until some one shall have invented an instrument that will do for the nose what the microscope does for the eye.

Inanimate objects, again, all have their characteristic simple or compound odors, although here the esoteric or organic individual differences disappear, leaving the class odors. One illustration will suffice. It is a curious fact, which I believe has never before been noticed, that newspapers and books differ in smell almost as widely as they do in style and contents. The New York Tribune, Times, Herald, World, and Graphic can be readily known in this way after a first trial, even by an ordinary nose. And those who are fond of paradoxes may reflect that many newspapers that are not in good odor are nevertheless quite fragrant. A little practice will enable a person to go to his library in the dark and pick out a certain book from a multitude of oth-

ers on the same shelf. From a practical point of view, this is not a trifling matter. It is also comparatively easy to distinguish English and French from German books and newspapers. Printers may know why some books are remarkably fragrant, as, for instance, among those on my table, the 1864 edition of Gray's Structural and Systematic Botany; and I never neglect to have a sniff at the Fortnightly Review before dipping into its interesting contents. That the manifold associations which in course of time come to be connected with such literary odors give them a certain emotional or æsthetic value is self-evident.

According to Professor Bain, three things are necessary to make a sensation or feeling æsthetic: (a) it must have pleasure for its immediate end; (b) it must have no disagreeable accompaniments; (c) its enjoyment must not be restricted to one or a few persons at a time, nor must it be connected with any of the vital functions, such as eating and drinking. If we now apply these tests to the classes of odors just enumerated, we shall find that a great many will have to be eliminated, especially of those belonging to the animal kingdom. For although the smell of the cow is often called fresh and sweet, and many people seem to be fond of musk, yet most animal substances are either disagreeable, or have disagreeable accompaniments. The fragrant atmosphere of a candy manufactory, a German sausage shop, or a baker's shop is excluded by (c), because too closely connected with the stomach. For the same reason, the fragrance of fruits, such as melons, pears, oranges, is not purely æsthetic; it makes the mouth water, besides being monopolistic. Smoking is another interesting case for the application of the third test; for I suppose it will not be denied that the chief pleasure of smoking comes from the aroma of the weed affecting the nostrils. The verdict must be unfavorable,

because smoking is a pleasure which is seldom enjoyed by any one beside the smoker in each case. Usually it gives positive discomfort to all non-smokers in the same room; and in a German café you may often see even inveterate smokers so unpleasantly affected that they have to light a cigar of their own, for pure self-defense against the smoke of others. Another mode of using tobacco — snuff-taking — must seem to a refined nose little better than throwing pepper and salt in the eyes. The æsthetic nose of the future will abhor snuff as a delicate musical ear does the filing of a saw.

Although many inorganic chemical substances might be named which would pass a satisfactory muster, still in a large measure the æsthetic treasures of perfumery are confined within the limits of vegetable life. This result is, however, far from discouraging, for the number available, with their countless combinations, is still enormous. The variety of flowers which, in the struggle for life, have developed the most exquisite perfumes, in order to attract birds and insects for purposes of cross-fertilization, is immense. To these must be added the many leaves, spices, woods, roots, barks, seeds, gums, grasses, and ferns, which add fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere and delight our senses whenever we come under their influence. These odors stand the most rigid æsthetic test. They are not connected with any of the vital functions, but are sought for simply as pleasures; they are of all sense enjoyments least apt to lead to excesses; they are not monopolistic, but can be enjoyed by many at the same time; and they have no disagreeable accompaniments except when used in excess.

The kind of enjoyment which the fragrance of flowers yields is primarily purely sensuous, and hence many good people of mediæval habits of thought will feel disposed flatly to deny its claims

to the name of æsthetic. But our delight in a glorious sunset or in the gorgeous instrumentation of a modern symphonic poem is in itself equally sensuous; nor is the color of a flower less sensuous than its fragrance. And yet who would deny the æsthetic claims of such colors and sounds? Those ascetic times are past, when it was considered sinful to listen to the sensuous notes of a nightingale in the forest, or of a female singer in church; and modern eyes and ears have been gradually trained by poet and artist to appreciate and value the many forms of sensuous beauty found everywhere in nature. At a time when even the austere Ruskin defends color against those who inveigh against it as being "purely sensuous," and replies that "all good color is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most," we may feel safe in attaching great importance to the fact that of all simple sensations those given by the sense of smell are the most intensely delightful in themselves. No isolated color without form (which is an intellectual and not a sensuous element), no sound without melody or harmony, is in itself so keenly enjoyable as the fragrance of many flowers that could be named.

Under the head of emotional value an equally strong case can be made out for odors. Some time when you are in the country go into a flower garden on a summer night, when there is no obtrusive sound of living being in the air. The eye and the ear, which usually monopolize our attention, are here put at rest, and the nose is for once master of the situation. Being a person of delicate poetic sensibility, you will find, in slowly walking along the fragrant beds of verbenas, mignonettes, sweet-peas, and evening primroses, that the sentiments inspired by their odors are as distinct and marked as those which follow the sight of a modest pansy, a delicate phlox,

a grotesque larkspur, or a fanciful orchis. For such an experiment an unclouded, dewy night should be chosen, as moisture is known to be favorable to the development of odors. The fact that the atmosphere of the night and early morning in itself seems to be fragrant and health-giving must be connected with the influence of dew in developing the latent perfumes of flowers, trees, and soil.

Allusions to fragrant flowers are frequent in good verse, and a poet is apt to borrow from nature only what has an emotional value. Of all the poets, Shelley seems to have been the most sensible of the charms of sweet-smelling flowers; and in general it must be said that the poet who delights in walking through forest and field in spring, when bush and tree are in full bloom, owes much more of his emotional inspiration to the manifold exquisite odors floating along the currents of the air than he is usually aware of. The exhilaration which the air of a forest produces on a visitor is commonly ascribed to the greater amount of oxygen supposed to exist in forests than in cities. But Professor Max von Pettenkofer has recently proved that "vegetation exercises no perceptible influence on the composition of the atmosphere, in the open air," and that accordingly the proportion of oxygen is not noticeably greater in the country than in the city. From what we know, therefore, of the general action of odors in stimulating the nervous processes — their medicinal uses against mental disorders and fainting-fits, etc. — the inference is forced on us that the exhilaration in the forest is chiefly due to the semi-conscious influence, on the senses of the visitor, of the delicate odors which the shade and moisture of the locality have developed. Only thus can we explain why a pine forest, in its effect on the sentiments, is very different from an apple orchard in full bloom, a Southern orange grove, or a

hay field covered with freshly mown, fragrant grass. In tropical countries, where the whole atmosphere is pervaded by ever-varying odors of myriads of plants,

"And the wind that comes and goes
Smells of every flower that blows,"

these effects must be still more marked and noticeable.

Something might be said here of the use of frankincense at ancient rites and in modern churches for producing among the members of the congregation an attitude of mind in harmony with the solemn surroundings; but we must pass on to what is the most important point in this connection, — the influence which odors exert upon our emotional life through their close connection with our associations and memories. Rousseau speaks of smell as the sense of the imagination, Schopenhauer calls it the sense of memory, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table deemed this subject so curious and important that he drew up and printed in italics the following formula: "*Memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel.*" And he goes on to say: "Perhaps the herb everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling flowers." Other similar passages might be quoted from poetic writers, testifying to the intimate association of odors with our feelings and early experiences. Sometimes, indeed, long-forgotten scenes of early youth, with all their attendant pleasures and pains, are suddenly recalled by a flower or like object, in the most mysterious though delightful manner. Everybody is familiar with the curious fact that sometimes on opening a book such a crowd of thoughts will arise in the mind that it is impossible to fix the attention on its pages. In

many cases this may be due to various other causes, but I have no doubt that often it arises from the suggestive powers of the odor of the book.

The third or intellectual factor now remains to be considered. The question here is simply this: Can odors, like sounds and colors, be made to serve as the basis of an art? A sort of smell piano, or instrument for producing harmonies and contrasts of odors, has been more than once suggested in a humorous vein.

To such an instrument there are, however, various objections, two of which appear to be fatal. The first is that odors cannot be reduced to scales, like sounds, nor to a fundamental triad, like colors; and the second is that for such an instrument artificial perfumes would be required, and artificial perfumes are too inferior to those prepared in nature's workshop to be available for such a purpose. The prevalent opinion which condemns artificial perfumes as vulgar is not far from the truth, in spite of the fact that the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, and even the æsthetic Greeks made such extensive use of them. A perfume in a room merely conceals the noxious vapors present in it, without making them less dangerous to health.

It is well, however, not to be too dogmatic in asserting the impossibility of an odor art. It took many centuries of experimenting before the youngest of the arts, music, became what it is now, and it might therefore be said that by the time as many great minds shall have devoted their lives to the building up of an odor art as have done so in the case of music, greater results might be obtained than are dreamt of in our present philosophy of art. If it were true that there is no ideal persistence of odors in

the memory, as is usually imagined, this would of course prevent them from ever becoming material for the mental laboratory of genius. But it is not true. Shelley was right when he sang that

"Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

The power of recalling odors is of course not innate, and must be cultivated. After many trials it will be found that the fragrance of flowers can be recalled almost as vividly as their forms and colors, and that a corresponding amount of pure æsthetic enjoyment can be derived from such ideal odors.

Flower perfumes also derive a certain intellectual value from the fact that there are certain harmonies and discords among them, as is well known to those who have studied the art of bouquet-making. Nor is it at all improbable that future generations will discover some satisfactory classification of odors on an æsthetic basis. Take a dozen flowers at random, and it is not at all difficult to class them according to certain peculiarities, which are as marked as those which, for instance, distinguish the various shades of blue from those of red, or a violin from a viola. Thus, the lily, tuberose, hyacinth, and yellow evening primrose have a very heavy, sweetish odor, which is apt to become sickening if inhaled too long. The common red rose, violet, and phlox *drummondii* represent another class, which is known by an exquisite delicacy and ethereal (not heavy) sweetness. A third class is represented by the verbena, sweet-pea, and pink, being characterized by a peculiar richness, which never palls on the sense, and is in delicacy intermediate between the first and the second class. This list could be easily extended, but I merely wish to indicate the proper mode of procedure.

Henry T. Finck.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

IX.

THE POLK ADMINISTRATION, 1845-1849.

JAMES KNOX POLK was inaugurated as the eleventh president of the United States on the 4th of March, 1845, a rainy, unpleasant day. Had any method of contesting a presidential election been provided by the constitution or the laws, the fraudulent means by which his election was secured would have been brought forward to prevent his taking his seat. But the constitution had made no such provision, and Congress had not been disposed to interfere; so Mr. Polk was duly inaugurated, with great pomp, under the direction of the dominant party. A prominent place was assigned in the inaugural procession for the democratic associations of Washington and other cities, including the pugilistic Empire Club from New York, led by Captain Isaiah Rynders.

The chief marshal of the procession having issued an order that no carriages should enter the Capitol grounds, the diplomats were forced to alight at a side gate in the rain, and to walk through the mud to the senate entrance, damaging their feathered chapeaux and their embroidered uniforms, to their great displeasure. Conspicuous in the group around the president when Chief-Justice Taney administered the oath of office was Vice-President Dallas, tall, erect, and dignified, with long snow-white hair falling over his shoulders.

President Polk was nearly fifty years of age when he was inaugurated, and was no novice in public life, having served for fourteen consecutive years in Congress, and for two years as governor of the State of Tennessee. He was a spare man, of unpretending appearance and middle stature, with a rather small

head, a full, angular brow, penetrating dark gray eyes, and a firm mouth. His hair, which he wore long and brushed back behind his ears, was touched with silver when he entered the White House, and gray when he left it. He was a worthy and well-qualified member of the fraternity of free-masons and a believer in the creed of the Methodists, although, out of deference to the religious opinions of his wife, he attended worship with her at the Rev. Mr. Sprole's Presbyterian Church. Calm, cold, and intrepid in his moral character, he was ignorant of the beauty of moral uprightness in the conduct of public affairs, — ambitious of power, and successful in the pursuit of it. He was very methodical and remarkably industrious, always finding time to listen patiently to the stories of those who came to him as petitioners of patronage and place. But his arduous labors impaired his health and shortened his life. Before his term of office had half expired, his friends were pained to witness his shortened and enfeebled step, and the air of languor and exhaustion which sat upon him.

Mrs. Polk was a strict Presbyterian, and she shunned what she regarded as "the vanities of the world" whenever it was possible for her to do so. She did not possess the queenly grace of Mrs. Madison, or the warm-hearted hospitality of Mrs. Tyler, but she presided over the White House with great dignity. She was of medium height and size, with very black hair, dark eyes and complexion, and formal yet graceful deportment. At the inauguration of her husband she wore a black silk dress, a long black velvet cloak with a deep cape, trimmed with fringe and tassels, and a purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon. She would not permit dancing at the White House, but she did all in her

power to render the administration of Mr. Polk popular. One morning a lady found her reading. "I have many books presented to me by the writers," said she, "and I try to read them all; at present this is not possible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the president, and I could not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift." At one of her evening receptions a gentleman remarked, "Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night." "Sir," replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good humor, but very significantly, "I never have seen it otherwise."

John C. Calhoun had expected to remain in the cabinet as secretary of state, and he did not hesitate to say that he was sacrificed to appease the wrath of Mr. Van Buren. Accordingly James Buchanan became Mr. Polk's secretary of state, and Mr. Calhoun soon returned to the Capitol as a senator from South Carolina, to engineer the extension of slavery, free-trade, and state sovereignty. His appearance indicated that he was over threescore years of age. Bushy eyebrows overshadowed deep blue eyes, which gleamed like stars; his furrowed forehead and gaunt cheeks showed great mental activity and care, and his thin lips had the melancholy look seen in the portraits of Dante. His long, coarse hair had become gray, and he wore it brushed back in masses from his high forehead. One morning, as he was sitting for his portrait in the studio of Mr. Kellogg, he said to the writer of these reminiscences, "I have always endeavored to dress with a simplicity that would not attract notice, and I have succeeded, with the exception of my hair. When I wore it short the letter-writers used always to have something to say about it, and now that it is long I fear that it attracts equal attention." Speaking of autographs, he remarked that his original handwriting was round and clear, but that when he was at the Litchfield law

school his haste in taking notes changed it. It was then as erratic and bold as were his movements in the days of nullification.

Mr. Buchanan was then in the prime of life, and his stalwart frame, fair complexion, light blue eyes, courtly manners, and scrupulously neat attire prompted an English visitor — Mrs. Maury — to say that he resembled a British nobleman of the past generation, when the grave and dignified bearing of men in power was regarded as an essential attribute of their office. Although a bachelor, he kept house on F Street, next to the abode of John Quincy Adams, where his accomplished niece presided at his hospitable board. He faithfully carried out the foreign policy of President Polk, but never let pass an opportunity for advancing his claims to the succession, with refreshing humility. In a heretofore unpublished letter, written to a friend, he alluded to a prediction that he would be the next president, and went on to say, "I or any other man may disappear from the political arena without producing a ripple upon the surface of the deep and strong current which is sweeping the country to its destiny. Nothing has prevented me from removing myself from the list of future candidates for the presidency, except the injury this might do to the democratic cause in Pennsylvania. On this subject I am resolved, and whenever it may be proper I shall make known my resolution. Nothing on earth could induce me again to accept a cabinet appointment." Yet never did a wily politician more industriously plot and plan to secure a nomination than Mr. Buchanan did, in his still-hunt for the presidency.

President Polk, anxious to placate his defeated rival, Mr. Van Buren, tendered the appointment of secretary of the treasury to Silas Wright, who declined it, having recently been elected governor of the State of New York, but recommended for the position Mr. A. C. Flagg.

Governor Marcy, who represented the anti-Van Buren faction of the New York democracy, objected to the appointment of Mr. Flagg, and then to the appointment of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian. Finally, Robert J. Walker, who had been a senator from Mississippi, and who was a believer in the British doctrine of free-trade, was made secretary of the treasury. Governor Marcy, a known friend of the South and a man of determined character, was appointed secretary of war. Mr. Bancroft was appointed secretary of the navy, and Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, postmaster-general. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, who had been the secretary of the navy in Tyler's cabinet, was retained by Polk as his attorney-general, having made earnest appeals that he might not be disturbed. He wrote to an influential friend at Washington that he desired to remain in office on account of his financial wants. "Imprudence amounting to infatuation," he went on to say, "while in Congress, embarrassed me, and I am barely recovering from it. The place is congenial to my feelings, and the salary will assist Virginia land and negroes in educating six daughters. Although I still own a large estate, and am perfectly temperate in my habits, I have felt that the folly of my conduct in another respect may have led to the report that I was a sot,—an unfounded rumor, which originated in a Richmond paper."

While President Polk endeavored to gratify each of the component factions of the democratic party in the composition of his cabinet, he ruthlessly deposed the veteran Francis P. Blair from the editorship of the *Globe*, to gratify the chivalry of South Carolina, who made it the only condition upon which he could receive the electoral vote of their State, then in the hands of the General Assembly, and controlled by the politicians. The *Globe* ceased to be the editorial organ of the administration, and

"Father" Ritchie, who had for many years edited the *Richmond Inquirer*, was invited to Washington, where he established the *Union*, which became the mouth-piece of President Polk. "The *Globe*," says Colonel Benton, "was sold and was paid for: it was paid for out of public money,—the same fifty thousand dollars which were removed to the village bank at Middletown, in the interior of Pennsylvania." "Three annual installments made the payment, and the treasury did not reclaim the money for three years." Colonel Benton may certainly be regarded as excellent authority.

In the contest among the democrats for the federal offices, woman made her first appearance in the struggle for the spoils. The widow of Senator Linn, of Missouri, became an applicant for the St. Louis post-office, and she secured a large collection of autographic recommendations from democratic magnates. But Colonel Benton, whose home residence was at St. Louis, claimed that in accordance with the recognized usage he was entitled to name the postmaster there, and he preferred to have one of his political followers appointed. The voice of "Old Hickory," however, was more potential than that of "Old Bullion," and the personal intercession of General Jackson made "Young Hickory" appoint Mrs. Linn postmistress at St. Louis. Elated with her success, Mrs. Linn was thenceforth active in advancing the political interests of her friends, and among those for whom her persistent efforts secured places was the Rev. Mr. Milburn, who, nearly blind and very poor, was elected chaplain to the house of representatives.

Another gifted woman, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, secured the passage of an appropriation for the publication and purchase of her illustrious husband's papers, which she had carefully preserved in fifty-seven folio volumes. She was a daughter of General Schuyler, of

New York, whose gallant services during the war of the Revolution have become a part of our national honor. With a slight figure and apparently a feeble organization, she approached fourscore and ten years with an almost total exemption from disease, notwithstanding the severe misfortunes which had overcast her life in its prime. Her eldest son, Philip, and then her distinguished husband fell martyrs to the so-called code of honor, but her unshaken piety, her gentle courage, and her cheerfulness upheld by the forces of the mind the natural weakness of the body. She guarded her husband's memory with jealous care, and was always ready to purchase, at an exorbitant price, stray copies of his celebrated pamphlet, in which he avowed his infidelity to her rather than expose himself to a charge of official misconduct.

The Oregon question had been bequeathed to President Polk by his predecessor. He had been elected on the platform of "the whole of Oregon or none!" and "54.40 or fight" was the euphonious alliteration, the war-cry, of the democratic party in the contest which it had gained. Mr. Polk recommended an application of the Monroe doctrine to Oregon in his inaugural message, yet it is well known that he did not intend to act upon his own recommendation. He sent Mr. Louis McLane, of Maryland, to London to negotiate a treaty for the final settlement of the Oregon question; and that minister plenipotentiary stated on his return, at a public dinner at New York city, that the adoption of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude had always appeared to him to be a practicable basis for an honorable adjustment of existing difficulties. In negotiating a treaty on this basis, Mr. McLane went on to say, he felt that he was but representing the policy of his government, and faithfully promoting the intentions and the wishes of the president. The treaty thus ne-

gotiated was in due time ratified, and "54.40" was abandoned without the promised "fight."

It was a difficult task, however, to reconcile some of the democratic leaders from the Western States,—a vigorous section of the republic that felt the daring of battle and the confidence of victory over an ancient foe more than the commercial States on the Atlantic coast, which always fear the disastrous effect of war. In the debate in the senate, after it had been diplomatically intimated by the courteous Senator Haywood, of North Carolina, that the United States would fall back on the forty-ninth parallel, the most discontented speakers were Senators Benton, Allen, and Hannegan. Colonel Benton, whose egotism had grown with his years, imperiously denounced the partial abandonment of what he styled "the country of the Columbia." Mr. Allen, having vociferously undertaken to show that the Southern senators had acted in bad faith on the annexation of Texas, and were disposed to do so again on the Oregon question, was sharply answered by Calhoun and McDuffie. Mr. Hannegan, in a highly excited harangue, declared that "if the president should surrender the banner which was put into his hands by the Baltimore convention, he would prove himself recreant to his professions, recreant to the party, and recreant to the country. If it were true, the president would be doomed to an infamy so profound, a damnation so deep, that the trumpet call of the resurrection could never reach him."

The excitement produced by the threatened war with Great Britain on the Oregon question prepared the public mind for the hostilities with Mexico, another troublesome legacy inherited from John Tyler by the Polk administration. The first step was to send an "army of occupation" to the frontier, commanded by Brevet Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor. He was a Southerner

by birth and by education, — a planter who worked his own slaves, and a soldier who had never any fault to find with his profession except that promotion came slowly in times of peace. He refused to march into the enemy's country until positively ordered to do so, and was finally told that he "need not wait for directions from Washington to carry out what he might deem proper to be done." He obeyed orders, and soon demonstrated what he thought should be done on the bloody fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Had the government supported the gallant hero who thus fought two pitched battles and terminated a campaign, he would have continued his victorious march, and soon reached the halls of the Montezumas in triumph. But the people began to talk of General Taylor as worthy of the highest office in their gift, and President Polk began to cripple him; not successfully, however, until after he had forced the garrison of Monterey to capitulate, and had won his crowning victory at Buena Vista.

President Polk, who had meanwhile given "aid and comfort" to the enemy by permitting the return of General Santa Anna, withdrew the best troops from General Taylor's army, and placed them, with reinforcements, under the command of Major-General Scott, whose march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico won for him the applause of his countrymen and of the great generals of Europe. But Mr. Polk endeavored to degrade the men whose military skill and daring had almost miraculously saved the arms of their country from disgrace by persuading Congress to create the office of lieutenant-general. Had this been done, he would have commissioned Thomas Hart Benton, who would have outranked Major-Generals Scott and Taylor, who had been assailed in Congress by the president's right-hand supporters — Orlando B. Ficklin, of Illinois, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi

— as unfit to conduct the war with advantage to the democratic party.

To the more intelligent portion of the United States the war with Mexico was repulsive, and the manner in which it was used for the advancement of democratic politicians was revolting; but very few forgot their allegiance to their country in the face of the enemy. Congress, repeatedly appealed to by the president, voted men and money without stint, to secure the national success and to maintain the national honor. Whig States which — like Massachusetts — had no sympathy for the war, contributed the bravest of their sons, but it was noticeable that the contracts for military supplies and the charter of vessels for transportation were almost invariably made with democrats. Indeed, some of them must have regretted the declaration of peace; nor was it many years before they again came to the front, as contractors, charterers of vessels, discounters of officers' pay-orders, quartermasters, commissaries, sutlers, and camp-followers. Many of those, at the North and at the South, who made small sums from their connection with the Mexican war amassed fortunes during the subsequent war of the rebellion.

The third important measure identified with the Polk administration was the repeal of the tariff act of 1842, and the enactment of another more decidedly in the interest of the British manufacturers. Although a majority of both houses were opposed to the bill, as was declared again and again in the prolonged debate which it occasioned, it was forced through Congress by the persistent efforts of President Polk, seconded by Mr. Robert J. Walker, his secretary of the treasury. They were aided by Mr. George Dwight, a Massachusetts whig, who was a bitter enemy of protection to home industry, and the reputed agent of the manufacturers and the exporters of Great Britain. He occupied a large parlor in one of the

leading hotels at Washington during the sessions of Congress under the Polk administration, where he dispensed a generous although by no means indiscriminate hospitality, and his position as the agent of the British manufacturing and mercantile interests was well understood.

There were great changes in the membership of the United States senate at the commencement of the Polk administration. Webster and Calhoun and Clayton returned to the chairs which they had previously occupied; Crittenden took the place of Clay; and Bright, Butler, Cass, Corwin, Douglas, Dix, Hale, Reverdy Johnson, Jefferson Davis, Houston, Hunter, Hamlin, and Mason were among the new senators. But Rufus Choate had returned to the practice of his profession, Silas Wright had been elected governor of the State of New York, Levi Woodbury had been placed upon the bench of the supreme court, James Buchanan and Robert J. Walker had been appointed members of the cabinet, and William R. King was minister to France. Archer, Berrien, Linn, Mangum, McDuffie, Rives, and Tallmadge had been retired to private life, and the walls of the senate chamber no longer echoed to their voices.

Mr. — or, as he was universally called, Tom — Corwin displayed great oratorical power in discussing the Mexican war. Calhoun, Hunter, Jefferson Davis, and Mason endeavored to silence him, but he good-naturedly turned the flank of one after the other. Taking up one of the quotations cited by Calhoun, — "The child follows the condition of the mother," — as a reason why slavery should be introduced into the territory acquired from Texas, he said, "I think not one man of our complexion, of the Caucasian race, could be found quite willing to appreciate this admirable, philosophical, rational, Christian maxim. In Europe the crown follows the father, but under our law the chain follows

the mother." Mr. Corwin was at that time quite stout, and his clean-shaven swarthy cheeks hung flabbily in folds when his features were in repose. But when he spoke, every portion of his wonderful face was in expressive motion, from his forehead to his chin, inclusive. He possessed a rollicking, jovial voice, indicative of a large volume of vitality, and he never, for an instant, lost his temper in debate. The secret of his power consisted in the persistency with which he forced his convictions upon the senate. To his own mind those convictions were very clear, and to make others believe them he resorted to every fair and sometimes to unfair means. His humorous anecdotes were so many arguments, and the laugh they raised became a force in the direction he was leading the senate.

In the house of representatives were a number of able men, prominent among whom was the accomplished Robert C. Winthrop, who was elected speaker, and who was described as "the rising glory of the whigs." Massachusetts also had in her delegation John Quincy Adams, George Ashmun, Charles Hudson, Daniel P. King, and Horace Mann. Virginia had Thomas S. Boock and William L. Goggin. Alabama had Henry W. Hilliard and George S. Houston. Connecticut had Truman Smith and James Dixon. New York had Horace Greeley, Washington Hunt, and William Duer. Pennsylvania had David Wilmot and the two Philadelphia Ingersolls. Ohio had Joshua R. Giddings, Robert C. Schenck, and Samuel F. Vinton. Mississippi had Jacob Thompson. Georgia had A. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, and Thomas Butler King. Indiana had Richard W. Thompson and Caleb B. Smith. Kentucky had Linn Boyd. Tennessee had Andrew Johnson and George W. Jones. Vermont had Jacob Collamer and George P. Marsh.

Among the Illinois delegation was

"long John" Wentworth, proud of his New Hampshire ancestry, and Abraham Lincoln, who made no mark as a legislator, but who established his reputation as a story-teller, and who was to be found every morning in the post-office of the house, charming a small audience with his quaint anecdotes. Among other incidents of his own life which he used to narrate was his military service in the Black Hawk war, when he was a captain of volunteers. He was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant of dragoons, stationed at Fort Dixon, which was near the present town of Dixon, Illinois, and was under the command of Colonel Zachary Taylor. Mr. Lincoln served only one term, and before its expiration he began to take steps for appointment as commissioner of the general land-office two years afterwards, should the whigs then come into power. A number of prominent whig senators and representatives indorsed his application, but he was not successful.

Jefferson Davis was a representative from Mississippi until he resigned to accept the command of a regiment of riflemen, with which he rendered gallant service at Buena Vista, under his father-in-law, General Taylor, with whom he was not at that time on speaking terms. In appearance, his erect bearing recalled his service as an officer of dragoons, while his square shoulders and muscular frame gave proof of a training at West Point. His high forehead was shaded by masses of dark hair, in which the silvery threads began to show; his eyes were a bluish-gray, his cheek-bones were prominent, his nose was aquiline, and he had a large, expressive mouth. He was an ardent supporter of state sovereignty and of Southern rights, and he was very severe on those congressmen from the slave-holding States who were advocates of the Union, especially Mr. A. H. Stephens, whom he denounced as "the little pale star from Georgia."

It was customary for the members of Congress to give what was called a Birth-Night Ball on the 22d of February, and each subscriber had the privilege of inviting two ladies to accompany him. The first one of these Birth-Night Balls attended by President Polk was graced by the presence of General Felix Grundy McConnell, who represented the Talladega district of Alabama, and who was arrayed in a blue swallow-tailed coat, light cassimere pantaloons, and a scarlet waistcoat. His female acquaintances at Washington not being very numerous, he had invited two good-looking French milliner girls, from a shop in the lower story of the house in which he boarded, to accompany him. The young women were dressed as near to the Parisian style of ball dress as their means would permit, and the trio attracted much attention as they promenaded the hall. When the president arrived, the general marched directly to him, and exclaimed, in his stentorian voice, "Mr. Polk, allow me the honor of introducing to you my beautiful young friend — Mamselle — Mamselle — Mamselle — parley vous Français — whose name I have forgotten!" Then turning to the other lady, he asked, "Will you introduce your friend?" The president, seeing General Mac's embarrassment, relieved him by shaking hands cordially with each of the young ladies, but he firmly declined joining them in a glass of champagne.

The reading of speeches in Congress, a custom which had been gradually introduced, became more general after Mr. Rives secured their publication, at the public expense, in the Congressional Globe. Almost every senator, representative, and delegate has since then felt himself called upon to rise, when any important question comes up, with the air of a Demosthenes, to take from his desk a pile of manuscript, which he had written or purchased, and to read it with great emphasis and with

an occasional gesture. Few listen to these speech-readers, as they flounder on through page after page, but though their words sink unheeded in the Capitol, they rise the next day in typographical glory.

Mr. Buchanan, in a letter written about this time, which has never appeared in print, said, "Congressional speeches have for some years past been gradually losing the character of debates, and assuming that of essays,—a most unfortunate change. They are losing all the freshness and power which the collision of able minds on important political questions never fails to produce, and degenerate into previously prepared lectures. Whoever will take up the reports of debates in the British Parliament, printed in the *Times* almost before the houses have adjourned, and compare them with our didactic essays, must be painfully struck with the contrast; and yet I firmly believe that we have better speaking talent in this country than they have in England. The public taste is becoming vitiated, and the senator or representative who carefully writes out a political harangue in his closet, and delivers it in debate, and has it circulated in pamphlet form, acquires very unjustly a great reputation as a debater."

The house exercised its "privilege" early in the Polk administration, and expelled Mr. William E. Robinson from the reporters' seats on the floor, because he had humorously described the mid-day lunch of Mr. Sawyer, a member from Ohio, upon a chunk of bread and a sausage, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Robinson, who was some years afterwards elected a representative from the Brooklyn district, retreated to the ladies' gallery, to which members had the privilege of introducing gentlemen, and the venerable John Quincy Adams repeatedly ascended the stone staircase to pass the obnoxious correspondent into the gallery. He

continued to criticise the members from his exalted station until the close of the session, when he reviewed his contest with "Sausage" Sawyer and its consequences, and expressed his regret that "the last link" was "broken" that bound him to the house.

The "war correspondent," who has since performed important duties in every continent, was first found in the United States forces which conquered Mexico. It had previously been thought that war was the business of soldiers and of statesmen, and that the people had nothing to do with it except to shed their blood and to pay their taxes. But the United States army which invaded Mexico was accompanied by a corps of plucky and persevering correspondents, who kept those at home correctly posted about all that transpired. General Scott, jealous, irascible, and domineering, issued his celebrated "Order No. 349," but without avail. The correspondents not only continued to chronicle gallant acts, dashing off picturesque accounts of battles while the fighting was going on, but they criticised the conduct of manœuvring politicians at home and the petty tyrannies of officers in the field.

Mr. Robert Weir's picture representing the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Holland was completed and placed in the rotunda of the Capitol during the administration of President Polk. Originally driven from their English homes by religious persecution, they have embarked for the *New World*, seeking "freedom to worship God." The three most prominent figures on the deck of the *Speedwell*, waiting on a dark autumnal day for the turn of the tide to put out to sea, are Governor Carver, Elder Brewster, and Pastor Robinson; each one dressed in a Geneva suit of black, and each one having a bald head, a gray beard, and a pale face, as if the three were painted from the same model. Then there is Miles Standish, who

was, history informs us, a small man, but who is represented in the picture as a stalwart warrior, with tawny hair and scarlet hose, wearing his cuirass and carrying his sword, although there were no foes in that vicinity. A woman equally gigantic in size wears a fanciful green dress, while Dame White has a gown of striped satin, and Mistress Winslow stands on the verge of the ocean dressed like one of Rubens's portraits of his mistresses. In the background are other men and women gayly attired, like the supernumeraries in a melodrama, and the picture fails to give an idea of the sincere yet bigoted exiles for conscience' sake. The artist sacrificed historical truth that he might produce a picture full of strong effects. He received \$10,000 for his work.

Mr. John Vanderlyn, who was commissioned to fill another of the then vacant panels of the rotunda, went immediately to Paris, where he spent several installments of his remuneration before he commenced his *Landing of Columbus*. He then employed a French artist, and hired the costumes worn in the opera of *Ernani*, so that the picture was finished "by the job." Indeed, it might be called "raising the wind," as any one will say who sees it, or the engraving of it which ornaments the reverse of the five-dollar notes now issued; for the three flags borne by three of the original group of filibusters are blown outward in three different directions. Those familiar with the real ability which characterized Vanderlyn's earlier works were sadly disappointed with his *Landing of Columbus*.

A third panel was filled with a picture — so called — of the *Baptism of Pocahontas*, by Mr. John G. Chapman. In catering to the pride of those who claimed to be descended from the first families of Virginia, Mr. Chapman had difficulties to contend with, probably more depressing than even the failing of inspiration which must attend the por-

trayal of an apocryphal ceremonial. The *Baptism of Pocahontas* is not only a libel on our respect, as a people, for historical truth, but its sole effect upon lovers of art is to excite ridicule.

Mr. Henry Inman, an artist of some reputation, received the commission to fill the fourth vacant panel, and went to Europe, where he was said to have made studies for his picture, and he had received three annual installments of \$2000 each when he died. Mr. S. F. B. Morse, an impecunious artist, who afterwards became enriched by his connection with electric telegraphs, offered either to complete the work of Mr. Inman, or to paint a new picture, for the remaining \$4000; but the offer was not accepted. In 1847, Congress, on the urgent solicitation of General Schenck, authorized the payment of this \$4000, with \$6000 more, to Mr. W. H. Powell, for a picture of *De Soto discovering the Mississippi*; and when the work was completed he received a further appropriation of \$2000. *De Soto*, who had been for months journeying through the wilderness from Florida, appears in gorgeous attire, and recalls the well-known figure of Henry IV. entering Paris. In the foreground a group urging forward a cannon reminds one of a similar artillery movement in the *Siege of Saragossa*, while some voluptuously formed maidens (surely not Indians) are very like the damsels who figure in *Horace Vernet's Capture of the Smala, at Versailles*. The whole picture, in short, is a plagiarized patchwork of generalities, absurd and incongruous, — badly drawn, gaudily colored, and as destitute of historic value as an act of Congress is of poetic feeling.

A group of statuary, by Luigi Persico (a protégé of Mr. Buchanan), placed on one of the two blockings on the sides of the steps leading up to the eastern portico of the Capitol, excited much attention. The original commission gave \$12,000 for the group, but as much

more was subsequently voted. The subject chosen by the artist was Columbus explaining the mysteries of the globe to a naked and crouching Indian woman. A very clever letter was written by Colonel Seaton, and published in his *National Intelligencer*, purporting to have come from this nude savage maiden, who thus protested against her forced appearance before the public in an immodest attitude and without apparel. The commission for the companion group of statues was given to Horatio Greenough, who called his work *The Rescue*. It has been described as a gigantic Scotchman endeavoring to break the back of a big Indian, while a woman holds a child, and a large dog looks peacefully on.

A notable social event, towards the close of President Polk's administration, was the marriage of Colonel Benton's daughter Sarah to Mr. Jacob, of Louisville, Kentucky. The bridegroom's family was related to the Taylors and the Clays, so Henry Clay, who had been reelected to the senate, was present, and escorted the bride to the supper-table. There was a large attendance of congressmen, diplomats, and officials, but the absence of officers of the army and navy, generally so prominent at a Washington entertainment, was noticeable. They were in Mexico.

Another interesting entertainment was given by Colonel Seaton, to the whig members of Congress, at his mansion on E Street. The first homage of nearly all, as they entered, was paid to John Quincy Adams, who sat upon a sofa, his form slightly bowed by time, his eyes weeping, and a calm seriousness in his expression. Daniel Webster was not present, having that day received intelligence of the death of his son Edward, major of the Massachusetts regiment, in Mexico, of camp fever, but Henry Clay was there, with kind words and pleasant smiles for all his friends. Crittenden, Corwin, and other whig senatorial pal-

adins were present, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop — that perfect gentleman and able presiding officer — headed a host of talented representatives. Commodore Stockton and General Jones represented the army and navy, Erastus Brooks and Charles Lanman the press, Anson Burlingame the young political orators, Chester Harding and Healy the artists; and there, too, was Mr. Donahue, the "Tim Linkinwater" of Gales and Seaton, who for thirty years had kept their accounts. There was of course a sumptuous collation, with much drinking of healths and many pledges to the success of the whig cause.

This reunion at Colonel Seaton's was on Friday night, February 18, 1848. The following Sunday John Quincy Adams attended public worship at the Capitol, and on Monday, the 21st, he was, as usual, in his seat when the house was called to order. During the preliminary business he was engaged in copying a poetical invocation to the muse of history for one of the officials, and he appeared to be in ordinarily good health. A resolve of thanks to the generals of the Mexican war came up, and the clerk had read, "Resolved by the house that" — when he was arrested by the cry of "Look to Mr. Adams!" Mr. David Fisher, of Ohio, who occupied the desk on Mr. Adams's right, saw him rise, as if he intended to speak; then clutch his desk with a convulsive effort, and sink back into his chair. Mr. Fisher caught him in his arms, and in an instant Dr. Fries and Dr. Nes, both members, were at his side.

It was a solemn moment, for a cry went from more than one, "Mr. Adams is dying!" It was thought that, like Pitt, he would give up the ghost, "with harness on," on the spot which his eloquence had hallowed. "Stand back!" "Give him air!" "Remove him!" Every one seemed panic-struck except Mr. Speaker Winthrop, who quietly adjourned the house, and had his insensi-

ble colleague removed on a sofa, — first into the rotunda, and then into the speaker's room. Cupping, mustard poultices, and friction were resorted to, and about an hour after his attack Mr. Adams said, "This is the last of earth, but I am composed." He then fell into a slumber, from which he never awoke. Mrs. Adams and other relatives were with him, and among the visitors was Henry Clay, who stood for some time with the old patriarch's hand clasped in his, and gazed intently on the calm but vacant countenance, his eyes filled with tears. Mr. Adams lingered until the evening of the 23d of February, when he breathed his last. The funeral services were very imposing, and a committee of one from each State accompanied the remains to Boston, where they lay in state at Faneuil Hall, and were then taken to Quincy for interment. The committee returned to Washington enthusiastic over the hospitalities extended to them while they were in Massachusetts.

Meanwhile the war with Mexico had disappointed President Polk and his administration. "Instead of getting a peace through the restoration of Santa Anna," says Colonel Benton, "that formidable chieftain had to be vanquished and expelled before negotiations could be commenced. Taylor and Scott, whig generals, were making great military reputations, and when Messrs. Clifford and Sevier went to Mexico to negotiate a treaty, they found that one had been prepared and signed by Mr. N. P. Trist, a clerk in the department of state, who had been sent to ascertain how the land lay. Mr. Calhoun, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the acquisition of new territory, undertook to establish the "peculiar institution" where it had never existed, and to make slavery national, not sectional.

When the national democratic convention met at Baltimore, in May, 1848, those delegates who did not indorse the

doctrine advanced by Calhoun were not admitted. The result of this was the assembly of another convention at Buffalo, which nominated Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president, and adopted as a motto, "Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free Men."

Mr. Webster had magnanimously supported Mr. Clay in 1844, but as the presidential contest of 1848 approached he gave his friends to understand that he expected their support and that he expected to receive the nomination. When asked whether Mr. Clay would again be in the field, Mr. Webster replied that John Quincy Adams had remarked to him some years before that "Mr. Clay would be a candidate so long as he should receive a nomination from a majority of the people in the town of Lexington, Kentucky," — and he believed it would prove true. The mere pleasure of being talked of as a candidate, Mr. Webster went on to say, was a positive gratification, which became necessary to many men, and grew stronger with their age. "After all," said he, "what will Mr. Clay leave for future ages? His speeches contain nothing of permanent value, all relating to temporary topics, and never discussing fundamental principles. He is not an instructed statesman, and he has always kept the whig party subservient to his personal ambition."

Mr. Clay was equally severe in his remarks concerning Mr. Webster, and the respective friends of these great men became embittered as the time for the nominating convention approached; but they were all doomed to disappointment. The Northern delegates to the whig national convention might have nominated either Webster, Clay, Scott, or Corwin, as they had a majority of fifty-six over the delegates from the Southern States, and cast twenty-nine votes more than was necessary to choose a candidate. But they refused to unite on any one, and

on the fourth ballot sixty-nine of them voted with the Southern whigs, and secured the nomination of Zachary Taylor. He was elected by the "freesoilers" in the State of New York, who attracted enough votes from the democratic ticket to secure the triumph of the whigs, and Martin Van Buren, who had been defeated by the Southern democrats, had the satisfaction of effecting their defeat.

Mr. Calhoun, soured by his successive failures, but not instructed by them, sought revenge. "The last days of Mr. Polk's administration," says Colonel Benton, "were witness to an ominous movement, — nothing less than nightly meetings of large numbers of members from the slave States, to consider the state of things between the North and the South; to show the aggressions and encroachments (as they were called) of the former upon the latter; to show the incompatibility of their union; and to devise measures for the defense and protection of the South."

Mr. Webster did not share in the general apprehension produced by these plottings. He was not, he said to Mr. Raymond, of New York, disposed to sit down in perfect despair, as Mr.

Calhoun had done, and say that he could see no future for his country. Even if the annexation of all Mexico should take place, and a dissolution of the Union should be the result, still, said he, "we of the North are on the safe side. We have the wealth, the numbers, the commerce, the enterprise. All the best elements of national power are on our side; we are the strongest portion, and in the event of dissolution we must still constitute the great nation of the continent."

General Taylor's progress to Washington, after his election, was that of a conqueror, greeted as he passed along with enthusiasm and with affection. The people flocked to gaze upon his service-bronzed features, with many manifestations of respect, and the politicians found that he could not be made a tool for intrigue and for sectional strife. He was courteously welcomed to the White House by President Polk, who left the city of Washington soon after the expiration of his official term, "an unhappy man, broken down in health" by incessant labors, cares, anxieties, and failures. He returned to his home at Nashville, where he died on the 15th of June, 1849.

GRAY, COLLINS, AND BEATTIE.¹

It is not a purely arbitrary selection that puts together the names that stand at the head of this article, for it may be said of them that they were the three poets, outside of those belonging to the great literary revival at the end of the last century, who were most clearly possessed by what we feel to be the true

poetic spirit. They groped toward, but never reached, a position of independence; they never fairly headed a reaction against the rigid rules of literary propriety which Pope illustrated and enforced, yet the forms of composition that they chose show their dissatisfaction with the influence that had pre-

¹ *The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Poetical Works of William Collins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Poetical Works of James Beattie. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

vailed so long. They have, too, another claim upon our sympathy from the incompleteness of their life and work. Gray's poetic flame soon died out in an uncongenial air, and he devoted himself almost wholly to study; Collins went mad, and died young; while Beattie's one fine poem was left a fragment. Yet the work of all three has survived; that of Gray and Collins has taken a place in the classics of English literature; and two of them, Gray and Beattie, were at once greeted with enthusiasm by their contemporaries. Collins attained fame only at a later day.

Each of them chose a form of expression very different from that which Pope managed with so great skill, and it is interesting to observe the way in which English writers broke loose from the rigid fetters of heroic verse. The first great step was taken by Thomson in his *Seasons* (1726-30). In 1742, two years before Pope's death, Shenstone's *Schoolmistress* and Young's *Night Thoughts* appeared; the first written in the Spenserian stanza, and the other in more or less Miltonic blank verse. In 1744 appeared Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*, but this, like Young's poem, was novel only in form. The latter, like Blair's *Grave* (1743), was but a collection of old-fashioned saws concerning the mortality of man, and Akenside's *Imagination* was but the cool and chastened imagination which Addison had written about in the *Spectator*; yet this poem was received with incomparably more applause than were Collins's *Odes* that appeared in 1747.

It was doubtless Addison's papers in the *Spectator* that gave this prominence to Milton's influence; and, more than this, temperate and remote from interest as these papers seem to us, they may be fairly said to have been of the greatest service in destroying the value of French models in the eyes of the Germans. The blank song, as Dr. Johnson called

it, became one of the most admired forms of expression in the last century. The inversions of the *Paradise Lost* were easily imitated, but the transposition of the words in a sentence is not enough to make a writer's style Miltonic. The exquisite rhythm was never caught by the men who poured forth blank verse even in their comic poems: they could copy the form, but they could not render the charm of his lines; for, just as every great organ has a *vox humana* stop, that bears more or less resemblance to the human voice, Milton alone had in his majestic lines something that sounded like a great organ.

We see more successful imitations of Milton's musical lines and wonderful choice of language in the numerous odes of the last century. They were a sufficiently familiar species of composition. Dryden and Pope had each written these somewhat formal invocations, and it was as natural for Gray and Collins to adopt this method as it is for a young bard nowadays to write a handful of sonnets. But Gray's best work was his famous *Elegy*, and it may be safe to say that we read his odes more to satisfy a certain curiosity about the poet who wrote one piece of such beauty than from any warm feeling of admiration for his comparatively artificial verses. The *Elegy* is one of those immortal poems that is not seriously injured by constant repetition. It contains the material of as many poems as there are stanzas, and its simplicity and polished expression keep it a favorite with young and old alike. Its melancholy is of a sort that was not uncommon in the literature of the time when it was composed. Many of Gray's contemporaries resorted to grave-yards for the indulgence of their fancies. What with Blair's *Grave* and Young's *Night Thoughts*, there was but little joyousness in much of the current reading of the time. That this is a favorable condition for literature may well be doubted. An age that is full of life

and energy does not waste time in gazing into graves, or in writing poems about the certainty of death, and a general disposition to seek these mortuary subjects is a peculiarity of what may be called a dull season in literature. In Pope's day there had been sufficient satisfaction with life, and if there was a time that was free from morbidness it was when that writer was polishing his epigrams; but as the eighteenth century grew older people became more serious, and in this literature of the tombstone we may perhaps see how the public mind was preparing itself for the later outbreak of romanticism. Abundance of imagination we do not feel to have been one of the distinguishing marks of the last century, and in its absence the fact of the omnipresence of death assumed undue importance.

Extreme elegance and careful composition are more conspicuous in the Elegy than in most other English poems of equal length. The art is not forced upon the reader's attention, but it has doubtless preserved a poem in which it is commonly said that there is no other quality of exceptional greatness. Yet there is a sort of ungraciousness in that remark, inasmuch as it resembles the well-known criticism of the man who, when he first saw Hamlet acted, commented on the large number of familiar quotations that it contained; for the Elegy is so well known that it seems thereby somewhat trite and valueless. It seems so, that is to say, until we read it over again, when we cannot fail to enjoy its beauty. It was at once successful, and the imitations that it called forth were numberless. As a general thing, however, they bear as faint a likeness to the original as it does itself to Gay's Elegiac Epistle to a Friend, "written," as we are told, and can readily believe, "under a dejection of spirits." Gay's poem has been saved from total obscurity only by the assertion that it inspired Gray to write his Elegy.

A few stanzas will show the likelihood of this supposition:—

"Full well I know in life's uncertain road
The thorns of misery are profusely sown;
Full well I know in this low, vile abode
Beneath the chastening rod what numbers groan.

"Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath th' oppressor's power, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart."

The imitations of the Elegy are more like this poem of Gay's. Some of the more important are Falconer's lines, written as a conclusion to his Shipwreck. James Græme tried his hand at similar elegies, and William Whitehead followed the beaten path, and wrote in his Elegy on the Mausoleum of Augustus,—

"What though no cypress shades in funeral rows,
No sculptured urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

"Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
The scene, though changed, nor negligently
tread;

These variegated walks, however gay,
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

"In every shrub, in every floweret's bloom
That paints with different hues yon smiling
plain,

Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
And live a vegetative life again.

"For matter dies not, as the sages say," etc.

John Scott wrote five elegies after the same model:—

"The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers
gay,

The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display."

And the list could easily be lengthened.

In fact, the popularity of Gray's poem is one of the things that make it so hard, when, were it not for these distracting circumstances, it would be so easy, to define exactly any past generation. One might be disposed to say that the last century did not care for the qualities we see in his Elegy, whereas the popularity of this poem proves the contrary. A great deal of nonsense of this kind has been talked, and perhaps as much

about the eighteenth century as about any other. There is current, for instance, a good deal of jealousy about the admiration that was felt for Shakespeare at that time. It is generally said that it is only within the last hundred years that Shakespeare has been at all properly appreciated, yet this seems to be a statement that needs to be examined before it is repeated. Examination tends to disprove it. Besides what Steele said in the *Tatler* and Addison in the *Spectator*, we have Pope's lines in the *Imitations of Horace*, Lib. II., Ep. I. :—

"Not that I'd . . .
 . . . damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
 At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
 If I but ask if any weed can grow,
 One tragic sentence if I dare deride,

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
 And swear all shame is lost in George's age!"

There are continual references to Shakespeare in later writers, and almost without exception these are full of praise. Voltaire sneered at him, but Voltaire was not an Englishman, and it was not long before Ducis was adapting him for the French stage. To be sure, there is very little of Shakespeare in his plays except the names of the characters, but he sincerely admired the English poet. Dr. Johnson's Preface to his edition of Shakespeare is full of intelligent remarks. His severest blame is for Shakespeare's "quibbling." "A quibble is to Shakespeare what luminous vapors are to a traveler; he follows it at all adventures. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. . . . A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

Although Dr. Johnson illustrated in this last sentence the very fault he was condemning, many who read Shake-

speare feel that he had grounds for what he says. And if we refuse to see any fault in Shakespeare it is hard to see how we are better off in our willful blindness than those who exercised their judgment and praised or blamed him according to their greater or less intelligence.

When Gray spoke of Shakespeare in his ode, he uttered no novel opinion; he but expressed what all agreed in thinking. One of the arguments against this view is the small number sold of Pope's edition, but the price, £6 12s., which is certainly equal to £13 nowadays, sufficiently explains this. It is to be remembered, on the other hand, that there were twenty-five editions in the last century. As well might some future writer sneer at the admiration now felt for Shakespeare, because the first Shakespeare society died of inanition, and the present one lives but from hand to mouth, with only a few subscribers.

Again, it is unjust to overlook the amount of attention that was given to Spenser in the last century. In No. 540 of the *Spectator*, Steele spoke of him most warmly, mentioning especially his freedom from "forced antitheses, or any of that low tribe," and many of the poets, Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence*, Shenstone in his *Schoolmistress*, Gilbert West, Lloyd, Mickle, and others, paid him the tribute of imitation, while Gray never wrote verse without preparing himself by first reading Spenser. Johnson, in No. 121 of the *Rambler*, bearing the date of May 14, 1751, denounced this disposition to admire and imitate Spenser, "which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age." He sums up by saying that "life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten."

Thus we catch a glimpse of Milton behind the bad blank verse of the time, and of Spenser behind some of the

rhymed lines. Pope's influence in great part died with him. Under these circumstances, to sneer at our grandfathers for their indifference to what was best in English poetry savors of inaccuracy. To be sure, the imitations were in the main lifeless, but does the heaviness of Tennyson's historical plays prove that we do not enjoy the English dramatic literature?

The time was, taken broadly, an unpoetical one, and there was but little verse produced that had the magic fire; yet that real poetry was enjoyed cannot be doubted, and Gray's success simply shows that there were people ready to applaud the singers if they had only sung. The absence of poets proves nothing; the lack of later Homers and Shakespeares does not show that the world has been indifferent to those great men. The explanation of these sterile periods is hard to find. We can only record that at one time or another they exist, without understanding the cause. Any reason that we may assign is pretty sure to be disproved by some awkward facts. Indeed, who can distinguish effects from causes in these matters? The most inspiring thing seems to be a new form of expression, but it would be rash to affirm positively that this inspires writers, and to deny that it is the writers who make the new form. That this sterility can exist together with the enjoyment of what is good is sufficiently plain. Spenser and Milton were admired at a time when there was little poetry produced that has lived a hundred years, and Akenside, Thomson, Young, Blair, Cowper, and even Wordsworth wrote more or less Miltonic lines. Gray, small as was his offering, had a loftier flight than any other earlier poets. This is of course to be said only of his odes, which have a grandeur that is to be found elsewhere in Collins alone among his contemporaries, and in some few lines of the Seasons.

Gray's friends were pained that his

odes were less liked than his Elegy, but time has only confirmed the first choice of the public. The odes naturally have not the elements of popularity, on account of their formal construction. Then, too, they are made somewhat obscure by compression; the matter is packed close; yet they are sufficiently clear to any one who reads them with attention, and it is strange that they were spoken of in the last century as nearly unintelligible. What we especially notice in Gray's odes is the frequent use of personification, yet this is required by the very construction of the ode. Thus Gray speaks of

"Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground."

Collins writes:—

"With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;"

and Keats, who even in this most formal of all methods of composition, avoids coldness:—

"She dwells with Beauty,—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine."

In the Hymn to Adversity, in less than fifty lines, we find "Virtue, Jove's darling child;" "self-pleasing Folly's idle brood;" "wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;" "vain Prosperity;" "Wisdom;" "Melancholy, silent maid;" "warm Charity, the general friend;" "Justice, to herself severe, and Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear;" "screaming Horror;" "Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty," while Adversity is addressed as "Daughter of Jove." These frigid bits of classicism, which depended for all their vitality on the adjective that should be applied to them, were but shadowy creations at the best. Too often they were but platitudes personified by a trick which any dabbler at poetry could

learn without difficulty, and many did learn. Odes were then a conventional form of poetry, and Gray's wide reading and careful use of language fitted him well for their composition. He helped himself freely from the work of others, and many people have amused themselves by tracing his numerous adaptations to their original dwelling-place.

Without making odious comparisons, it may be fair to say that Collins's odes are more liked than Gray's. They have less the air of artificiality, and they have less the form of a mosaic, which is naturally suggested to us by Gray's borrowing from his predecessors. Where there are traces of labored elegance in Gray, we have often in Collins the apparently swift choice of the right epithet, for he certainly conceals his art. Gray has many good lines in his formal writings, but, with the exception of the ode on the distant prospect of Eton College, and of course that on the Death of a Favorite Cat, there is a chilly academic stateliness about them as a whole. What has to be read with one eye on the text and another on the notes is not likely to fascinate us, and it is only a fine-sounding line that will carry the reader over knotty passages. One reads Lycidas, for instance, with but little attention to its difficulties. Who pauses to consider what is meant by

"the great two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more?"

Is it not a morbid conscientiousness that compels one to turn down the leaf, to take the heavy dictionary from the shelf, to look up *engine* in order to see exactly what it is that stands ready to smite? The imagination refuses to puzzle over every obscurity, just as one reads a delightful book without pausing to correct every slip in the grammar. In Gray's odes, we admire the ingenuity of the separate bits, rather than the impressiveness of the whole. They appear overwrought. Gray seems mastered by his learning, while Collins has a long breath

and majestic language that faintly remind us at times of Keats's richness.

Collins's Ode to Evening is one of the few examples in English of unrhymed melody, and it would be remarkable as a *tour de force* even if its poetical merit did not make us forget the cleverness of its mechanical construction:—

"If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs, —
Thy springs and dying gales."

It would be hard to find in the magnificent abundance of English literature lines with just the charm that he has put into the whole poem. For once, a poet of the last century attained that classic severity and refinement which many sought for in vain. The number of Pindaric odes produced at that time is something wonderful; strophe and antistrophe were worked over with as much pains as the most advanced poets nowadays bestow on their rondelets, and with very much the same results upon the reader. Collins, however, mastered his instrument, and his odes survive to show that, even in a dreary period of literary history, the man may arise who proves that the poetical tradition, though obscured, is not wholly lost. Yet his fate shows that a poet who lives in an uncongenial time has a sad lot. His contemporaries were, for the most part, insensible to the beauty of his poems, which have since found so many admirers. His "How sleep the brave that sink to rest" is familiar to every one, his Ode to the Passions is torn to tatters by school-children; but Goldsmith, in speaking of him, calls him the author of the Persian Eclogues, which are most wooden productions, and says nothing of his odes. Dr. Johnson, who went out of his way to be severe with Gray, had known Collins personally, and spoke of him with chastened disgust. "His diction," he said, "was often harsh, unskillfully labored, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when

it was not worthy of revival, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure." But certain of Dr. Johnson's criticisms of poetry make the reader regret that he and some of our contemporary bards could not be locked up together in a padded room for twenty-four hours.

For us, Gray and Collins have a special value as men who sought to replace exactness of form by beauty of form; and in a way they were successful. The very moderate quantity of their work diminished their influence, and mediocrity was too firmly established to be overwhelmed by such feeble antagonists; for, with the exception of the many pallid copies of the *Elegy*, they inspired but little work in others. When the great change came, readers went back to Collins, who had been long neglected. Dr. Johnson's condemnation of both him and Gray doubtless aroused opposition to them, and how great that critic's influence was may be seen by the discredit he succeeded in casting upon Milton. Collins described nature with real feeling, and no one can fail to look upon him as one who, if he had been born half a century later, would have accomplished more under the favorable circumstances of that time. As it is, his work is hardly more than a beautiful fragment. Neither he nor Gray was one of the greatest English poets, though the *Elegy* is one of the most popular of English poems; but both hold an honorable place.

Beattie also wrote odes, but any interference with the dust that has settled upon them would be officious and unnecessary; it is by his *Minstrel* that he lives, so far as he can be said to live at all, for there is no great delight to be got from his other poems. The *Minstrel*,

however, has real merit. It was due in good part to the influence of Spenser, whom he greatly admired, but even in beautiful passages we find such conventional phrases as "glittering waves and skies in gold arrayed." Yet in the first book we find very genuine love of nature expressed with real poetical skill. It is easy to guess, what his biography confirms, that in Edwin he described himself, and that the pleasure the young minstrel found in wandering through the valleys and gazing at the sea and the mountains was only what he had himself felt. More than this, — and it should be carefully borne in mind, for the description of landscapes is but one of the secondary accomplishments of a poet, — the romantic character of Edwin, in the first book at least, is something that no other writer of the last century undertook to draw. Without some such element, the most beautiful landscape that poet could describe is but cold and lifeless, like the drop-curtain of a theatre in the daytime. It is the human interest that endears the aspect of nature to us, and will ever make the arid hills about Athens more eloquent than the most beautiful scenery in any untrodden country. But Edwin, who "roamed at large the lonely mountain's head," and

"traced the uplands, to survey,

When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;"

and who

"would dream of graves, and corpses pale,
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,"
and hie "to haunted stream, remote from man," — this same Edwin, in the second book, began to discuss the perfidy of "a courtly life" with a "hoary sage," and to take an interest in "the Muse of history," and in Philosophy, for, when she appears,

"The gloomy race

By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the vital soul her kindling beams are shed."

In short, the brief poetic vision is over, and we are back in the eighteenth century, listening to a description of the advantages of a good education and to a confutation of Hume's insidious theories, all told in the incongruous Spenserian stanza.

In respect of the incompleteness of their work, the three men are alike. Each one was well fitted to render good service to literature in a more poetic period, but no one of them had the force necessary for the overthrow of current forms.

Gray, who was one of the first of Englishmen to express a real love of scenery, and who almost began the Gothic revival, which had so great influence upon Scott, and, through him, on the whole of this century, became a really learned dilettante; Collins's life was shortened by his errors; and Beattie,

who began so well, soon succumbed to what we may call the prosaic general intelligence of his time. A man who was a friend of Dr. Johnson must have found it hard to continue writing poetry; and, moreover, his domestic life was darkened by grief. But all three were forerunners of what has since been so brilliant as almost to throw them into the general darkness of those days, or, at least, what seems darkness to those who look only at the poetry. Yet, even then, Blake was composing his lyrics, and soon Burns's songs, Percy's *Reliques*, Cowper's simple lines, and more than anything else the turmoil preceding the French Revolution prepared the world for a new order of things. In our enjoyment of what later poets have done, we should not overlook the honorable names of their less fortunate predecessors.

T. S. Perry.

THE TRANSITIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN.

WHAT is this curious product of to-day, the American girl or woman? Does the heroine of any American novel fitly stand as a type of what she is? and, furthermore, is it possible for any novel, within the next fifty years, truly to depict her as a finality, when she is still emerging from new conditions in a comparatively old civilization, when she does not yet understand herself, and when her actions are often the awkward results of motives, complex in their character, unconsciously to herself? Pessimists speak of woman's foibles as constitutional, and displayed alike in all ages and countries. Optimists, accepting this statement, add to it the factor of evolution, and believe that just as the race has been modified physically by climate and conditions of life, so will the former type of woman, by elimina-

tion of the weaker elements and survival of the fittest, be essentially modified into something larger and better than has yet been. But as in all modifications something valuable is often lost, there is danger that many of the present tendencies amongst women will be developed into undue and harmful prominence.

The expression in the faces of the past and present woman indicates a change. A certain noted physician, on receiving a new case, always calls for earlier and later photographs of his patient, that he may compare the changes wrought in the course of years, which may have contributed to the present condition. Such a gallery of portraits might help in a diagnosis of our modern woman. The peace and equipoise, the hauteur, united with unconsciousness of

self, are all gone. The face of to-day is stamped with restlessness, wandering purpose, and self-consciousness. The religious aspect has vanished from conversation. A modern "lunch" affords opportunity for testing ordinary feminine talk, which is never bad or vulgar, on the whole not even frivolous, but is marked by superficiality in its discussion of novels and subjects, though showing great familiarity with all known and to be known publications. Each woman could talk far better than she does, if she were not hampered by self-consciousness. An Englishwoman said, "At home politics and party measures are discussed at our ladies' lunches, but in America one must first go to a circulating library before accepting a noonday invitation." Latterly, suffrage has become a feature of conversation with us, but in a humorous or questioning vein rather than in an argumentative or serious manner, except with the one-ideaed, earnest souls who can feel no charm in the "touch-and-go" style of refined society. Gossip—not scandal—and allusions to conventional modes of philanthropy take the place of discussion of yesterday's sermon or the last congressional debate. If one wishes a foreigner to form a favorable opinion of women, apart from any special vocation they may have, he should be invited to a ladies' lunch, pure and simple, and he will be compelled to admit that our American women are easy, brilliant, kindly, cultivated, and altogether charming. But he will read restlessness in many a face, will notice an *empressement* of manner, a little hurry in the gait, quick tones of voice, a business air, suggestive of the surmise that all these women are "in" or "at something." The leisurely, graceful element is wanting.

Society has grown so complex in both town and country that it is difficult to assert any universal predicates of either, without fear of contradiction. The New England woman should be taken as the

largest representative of the whole country, because the Southern woman is minus her driving qualities, plus an added grace and piquant deportment; and the Western woman is minus the Southern charm and the New England self-consciousness and morbid conscientiousness, plus an active self-assertion that has already resulted in successful individual and concerted measures. In all these women, however, "progressive desire," the one characteristic that separates the human from the animal race, has made havoc, till now we have a few marked features, constituting the battleground on which will be fought out the results of this emancipation from old lines of conduct.

As justification of this new departure, it must be remembered that we are no longer living in an age marked by a dominant cause. Work, government, society, knowledge, philanthropy, yearly grow more specialized, whilst our foremothers had above them their faith in the special providences of God, and around and below them a daily struggle for material needs. Life was grave and tender in these women, who felt that they were the founders of a new race. And just as they were beginning to realize that less praying and less manual labor would obtain their daily bread and make them heroic mothers of men, whose motto was yet to be Renunciation, came the Revolution, to give them another unified impulse towards simplicity of life, dignity of thought, and trust in God. All women in these two periods thought and fought alike for the same reason. Subdivision in feminine interests was just creeping into slight notice, when our last war again united women in a single cause; but the country had grown larger, and faith in public prayer, church-going, special providences, less. The material comforts of the last fifty years had disintegrated simplicity of life, and rendered possible a speedy arrival at modern complexity;

and there was rarely an ineffaceable stamp of dignity left on those who nobly had borne their part in hospital and field and sanitary work, North and South. Now thousands make temperance their holy cause, a few thousands consider female suffrage as such, and then the female hosts break up into companies of one or more hundreds each, all clamoring for their special hobby, cause, work.

Such diversity of interests has some advantages, but it also prevents that directness and universality of aim which made our great-grandmothers such devoted, honoring wives and such mothers filled with the spirit of the Lord, and has reacted unfavorably, to a large extent, upon the *home*. Not only are the four orthodox kinds of Thanksgiving pies in groaning larders gone, not only has the skeptical feeling arisen that turkeys may be roasted and pumpkin pies eaten before the canonical November day, but the mother-spirit that stuffed the turkey and strained the pumpkin is going, and a new theory arising, that husbands and children ought not to like pies, and that if perchance such taste is inherited, it must be supplanted by the notion that the wife and mother is made for something beyond catering to appetites uncontent with plain apples and cheese for dessert.

Men naturally care less for the home when the wife does not first render service unto it; for, being married, it has become her duty, voluntarily assumed, but sanctioned by the state and sealed with marriage vows. Not long ago, a man and woman, swinging each other's fingers, were wending their way to the altar, when a dispute arose as to which one should purchase the cooking-stove. "You," quoth the man, "for you will do the cooking." "Not so," said the woman. "I am not going to do all the cooking." The dispute waxed hot, and separation ensued.

Not only are pies in the home decreasing, but affection for it is also on

the wane, as the need of individuality within it becomes more definite. But few sons and daughters have yet learned to sweeten the necessary transit from their early submission to their parents to later equality with the father and mother, or to a still later guardianship of them, with reverence for the parental relation in itself. Women do not care for their home as they did; it is no longer the focus of *all* their endeavors; nor is the mother the involuntary nucleus of the adult children. Daughters must have art studios outside of their home; authoresses must have a study near by; and aspirants to culture must attend classes or readings in some semi-public place. Professional women have found that, however dear the home is, they can exist without it. Many still remain at home, but ask, in their midnight musings, why it should be right for a man to accept that position which the woman, on account of her home, must refuse. The query itself could not have arisen half a century since. Many men refrain from marriage, fearing that the homes offered by them will not be the chief delight of the wife, who will be capable of finding pleasure and occupation in other avenues of interest. It may be a selfish and man-like feeling, yet it exists; and after women have adjusted their position men *may* readjust themselves to it. The simple fact is that women have found that they can have occupation, respectability, and even dignity disconnected from the home. The tendency is that in the discovery of this possibility they are losing somewhat of filial tenderness, of the loyalty of kinship, and of close, concentrated affection, and acquiring more of self-assertion and universal expansiveness.

The day of religious diaries and confessions is past, but a moral and intellectual *self*-consciousness remains, fostered by our system of education and public examination, which is much to be deplored. Very few are free from

it, for it is an indigenous product, and only by education can be altered into the educated unconsciousness of middle life, or stamped out by rare buoyancy of health and spirits. What was woman made *for*? was the former question; and the quick answer came, For the glory of God and the solace of man. Now the question reads, as put by the teacher and society, What is she made *of*? The school-girl answers, So much per cent.; the belle says, So much beauty of head and shoulders poised at such an angle, plus certain inflections of voice and grades of manner to friends and the populace; and the earnest "committee woman" answers, Of executive force, insight, and sensible views. They all know their professions and their wants: some stifle the smile, lest it be unconventionally broad; others repress their enthusiasm, lest it argue a lack of *savoir faire*; and those who apparently are natural know they are natural. It is all a knowing. They are not, perhaps, unhappy by result of unfavorable comparisons, because dignity compels acceptance of the inevitable; but there is little of happy humility and a great deal of indignant dignity in thought and manner. Our public schools, our seminaries or colleges, train the pupils to meet an audience! No wonder that the managers of the Children's Pinafore found no timidity in its infantile performers. They were of the public schools.

With this growth of modern internal interviewing has come a loss of grace. Stiffness and hardness of manner was a Puritan characteristic, after a time softening into grace of posture, slowness of gait. But now one quarter of the feminine world walks forth on high heels, balancing its shoulders like scales; another quarter steps squarely on broad soles, and lo, the world knoweth thereof; and one half rush as if making 2.40 time: grace is wanting in all. Go from the streets to the drawing-rooms; how few move, look, or speak gracefully!

The slow dignity and the careless ease are alike mannered. Every one knows that every one else is looking. Self-consciousness, frivolity, and also earnestness are banishing graceful badinage, easy postures, lingering tones. A brilliant woman becomes satirical, with relapses into humor; the humor collapses into extravagant statements. Timidity or decision in a woman speaker or presider recalls the fact that it is a woman who is before one; her decision often appearing like a heavy borrowed article. The charm of being, of simply being one's self, apart from having a "mission" or "views," is lost in the intensity with which women are seizing upon the new fields of usefulness thrown open to them.

Every one must be or want a definite something. Two instances may serve as illustrations. The wife of a literary man, herself a writer, came to this country, and was dined and lunched. "What does she want?" asked the earnest women. "Nothing!" was the indignant reply of her society friend. Again, a sculptor went back to Rome and told how he had called to see a certain lady because he liked her, when, on his third visit, she asked, welcoming him, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "As if," he said, "a *man* could not see a Boston woman without her wishing to aid him. Can't they just be themselves, and let us like them, and not eternally have objects, views?"

The value of existence is becoming the outward *bête noir* that is stamping itself on the face, voice, and gait of woman. Do something, be of worth in yourself, form opinions, is the imperative mood in which the times address modern women, whose likenesses will be recognized at a future day by this dignity of "woman's-mission" look, — a gallery of photographed "causes."

Instead of grace, there has come in many women an affectation of mannishness, as is shown in hats, jackets, long

strides, and a healthful swinging of the arms in walking. Somehow, ready-made clothing for women seems to have finished their emancipation from the rôle of women of the past; for with a much lessened need of sewing has increased a readiness to show a so-called superiority to attractiveness, which as independence has certainly succeeded.

More pronounced than any mannerisms is the difference in the goal of past and present ambition. Formerly, to be a good housekeeper, an anxious mother, an obedient wife, was the *ne plus ultra* of female endeavor, — to be all this *for others' sakes*. Now, it is to be more than one is, for *one's own sake*. Knowledge is valued as an end rather than as a means. Of course there is much attainment of knowledge among women that is purely philanthropic; but also there is a vast amount of culture that is purely selfish. Such societies as the one for the Encouragement of Studies at Home, and many others, and also the growing number of women scientists, disprove the first statement. But add to these those who must study in order to teach for a livelihood, there still remains a large class with whom culture is merely a shibboleth, the fancied creature of their needs. This class have a provoking knack at using all their knowledge; the politeness of others forbidding inquiry as to its date of acquirement. They willingly seem more learned than they are. They "do" books as some travelers "do" Europe.

From knowing enough to leave home and try their fortune elsewhere, from the desire and ability for a profession, arises a dogmatism in speaking and thinking, a certainty of conviction where others disagree, that is amusing and aggravating. I accept your premises, but doubt your conclusion, is a simple statement; but it suggests memories of authoritativeness and slight philosophical acumen. Then, women quote, quote, quote, and say, "Don't you remember?"

At a literary dinner this quotation had grown overpowering to a thoughtful friend of only moderate memory, and when repeatedly addressed with "Don't you know?" said apologetically, "Oh, I can only think." There was silence.

Because culture can make life nobler, it is supposed that it can do it alone. A modern middle-aged girl's division of time embraces many classes, and with most girls the work is true and honest, and they do know more than their parents; but yet other people know more than they, whom they have not had the discipline of meeting. This dogmatism is not so apt to show itself on special points as in the general way of regarding the universe, for the fact of being a product of this age confers the supposed intellectual power which hovers in the atmosphere. "To him that hath shall be given" is literally believed. "I can," instead of "I'll try," expresses much of modern feeling. The ability to make much out of little is not confined, however, to American women, and is in itself power. It is always more striking to make a point than to see the whole of an idea, and answers better for the short demands of society, not of life. Our grandmothers would stand aghast at the aphorisms, quaintnesses, points, of the lady conversationalist of to-day, and would miss the old-time calmness, fervor, and acceptance of life's duties.

There is also an increasing tendency, in spite of fashionable and benevolent cookery schools, to disparage housework and sewing. Women hint to each other that they can use their time to greater advantage; that they were born for something better (being of the educated classes); and that manual labor is for the unintelligent. Then, when intelligence directs this mass of unintelligence, it thinks it is doing a great deal, and often sighs pityingly over itself. Often from want of manual knowledge these educated housekeepers are compelled constantly to "change help" and

have garments altered. It is doubtful whether there is the same patient endurance of the hard conditions of life now as even fifty years ago, whilst there is a growing aristocracy of the intellect which belittles the word.

Advertisements, the higher intelligence offices, and bureaux of labor testify to the presumed value of brain over hand education, although the country is suffering for good handiwork of all kinds. Women who apply for situations want places as teachers, traveling companions, translators, copyists, journalists, lecturers, and orators. One woman wanted some work of "remunerative beneficence, as the Almighty would be wroth with her if her powers remained unemployed; and yet she must gain her daily bread whilst awaiting the results of her pen." Another, clad in dowdy trimmings and frowsy feathers, brought an article "written in a few moments' leisure on the stairs, just thrown off" (she was tending table till something better turned up), as proof of what she could do. A lover of her kind, but no thinker, wishes for paying parlor audiences. Still another craves some large hall, where she can discourse on "the — is n't sure what word to use; something which shows that religion and science don't exactly contradict each other." Others have lectures on Sanskrit, and Persian mythology as known through encyclopedias, on the Visions to Be, on the Centripetal Force of all Systems of Philosophies, on Woman's Duties, Needs, and Missions. All have something to say, and all think they ought to be helped. A friend tells us that within the last two years, of a hundred applications made to her personally, not one has been for work which did not require more or less exercise of brain power; and not in a single case was there evidence that the applicant possessed more than the desire to be cultured, rather than culture itself.

Eloquence is such a noble gift that it

is sad to see so many women who have studied oratory, anatomically and physiologically, philosophically and psychologically, desire to make their living by readings and lectures; and if they do "orate" well it is often art, not feeling; they lack the impulse, for truth's sake, to tell the truth, which alone constitutes eloquence. As some women can speak nobly and well and with no thought of self, and as elocution is a most useful study, it is hard that others must speak and read merely because it is a tendency of the age.

Women are also in a transitional religious condition, as common a state with men as with them, but which does not call forth such careful statements of positions or such deep thinking on their part: partly because it is hard for them to unlearn the lessons of dependence, and partly from social fear, self-distrust, and religious reverence. As some doubt and agnosticism are "evolved" in both sexes, they do not belong here as special feminine developments. Women, however, need beware lest the man, author or preacher, become their guide, rather than the truths he enunciates: a leader clogs as well as clears the road in thinking out a subject.

A serious evil, arising from the greater knowledge about everything of women in general (not of *graduated* women physicians, who are specialists, and thus excluded from the present remark), is a vast amount of superficial physiological knowledge, based on feelings rather than on facts. Women often harm themselves thereby in body, soul, and mind. No woman not a specialist can generalize on "feelings," for want of self-control over passions and moods thus arises, and is attributed to physiological causes which either do not exist, or are so slight that they can easily be overbalanced by a calm, steady will. Many occasions for scandal arise from the so-called necessity for yielding to these physiological causes.

As the result of this capacity of woman to exist for herself alone, and to be happy and worthy in such existence, comes a reluctance to look upon marriage as alone producing the highest development of woman. There is a pantheism of the affections as well as of the intellect, and women are feeling that "causes" and knowledge are better fitted to ennoble them than the ill adjustments of a marriage which is anything less than perfect love, entire trust, and mutual honor, — motherhood and discipline no longer being considered equivalents for the crosses that may arise.

Finally, woman's past condition has not been satisfactory to herself, nor is it wholly a matter of pleasant history for men. Because a few women already have proved that housekeeping and culture, energy and grace, executive force and affection, a profession and a home, can coincide, it does not yet follow that the fulfillment of these tendencies with many more women is not imminent; but just as fast as they become more pronounced must there be a reaction against them, which will eventually establish the balance between the women of the past and the present.

Kate Gannett Wells.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE:

ASTRONOMER, MATHEMATICIAN.

1809-1880.

FOR him the Architect of all
Unroofed our planet's starlit hall;
Through voids unknown to worlds unseen
His clearer vision rose serene.

With us on earth he walked by day,
His midnight path how far away!
We knew him not so well who knew
The patient eyes his soul looked through;

For who his untrod realm could share
Of us that breathe this mortal air,
Or camp in that celestial tent
Whose fringes gild our firmament?

How vast the workroom where he brought
The viewless implements of thought!
The wit how subtle, how profound,
That Nature's tangled webs unwound;

That through the clouded matrix saw
The crystal planes of shaping law,
Through these the sovereign skill that planned, —
The Father's care, the Master's hand!

To him the wandering stars revealed
 The secrets in their cradle sealed :
 The far-off, frozen sphere that swings
 Through ether, zoned with lucid rings ;

The orb that rolls in dim eclipse
 Wide wheeling round its long ellipse, —
 His name Urania writes with these
 And stamps it on her Pleiades.

We knew him not? Ah, well we knew
 The manly soul, so brave, so true,
 The cheerful heart that conquered age,
 The child-like, silver-bearded sage.

No more his tireless thought explores
 The azure sea with golden shores ;
 Rest, wearied frame ! the stars shall keep
 A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell ! the spirit needs must rise,
 So long a tenant of the skies, —
 Rise to that home all worlds above
 Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

AN ingenious theory was once suggested that the entire process of dreaming was confined to the single moment before waking, and various illustrations were given — of very logical dreams, to be sure — where the *dénoûment* was coincident with some external disturbance. A man, for instance, dreamed of being charged with some capital offense, and proceeded with various details of having his photograph taken for an illustrated paper, and of being visited by friends who assured him that he need have no apprehension, for, though he was to be hanged, he would be cut down before life was extinct. Accordingly his dream carried him through the almost fatal scene, and he revived after he was cut down, to find that the cords of his hammock,

which had previously been partially severed by some mischievous comrade, had suddenly given way. The philosopher either invented the dream to support his thesis, or arranged his theory after the fortuitous circumstance. It matters little either way, but the nonsense recurs to us after reading Mr. Bellamy's uncommonly clever story of *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*.¹ The dream here which closes the book accounts for the origin of the previous facts. The writer has worked backward in his mind until he has produced a chain of events which, to speak paradoxically, hangs from a staple at the lower end of its

¹ *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*. By EDWARD BELLAMY. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1880. [Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. No. 54.]

length. There is thus a certain displeasure to an artistic mind, and a general sense that a really profound conception has been vaporized. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to place it first in our list of recent fiction as indicating unusual power.

The story opens with a realistic sketch of a village prayer-meeting, at which a young man who was known as a penitent thief and a sincerely reformed sinner, but who had apparently never forgiven himself, rises at the last moment to relate a phase of his experience. He speaks plaintively of the impossibility of forgetfulness. "‘Just think,’ he says, ‘how blessed a thing for men it would be . . . if their memories could be cleansed and disinfected at the same time their hearts were purified! Then the most disgraced and ashamed might live good and happy lives again. Men would be redeemed from their sins in fact, and not merely in name. The figurative promises of the Gospel would become literally true. But this is idle dreaming. I will not keep you,’ and, checking himself abruptly, he sat down.” The whole confession of which this is the end makes the little congregation uncomfortable, but they pass out into the air, and among them go a young man named Henry Burr and a young woman, the village coquette, Madeline Brand. They are under the influence of George Bayley’s words, but gradually pass to a lighter mood. The explanation of the confession appears the next day, when it is found that Bayley was really making his adieu to his friends, for in the night he had put an end to himself. The village tragedy changes for a time the course of youthful life, but soon that is resumed in its customary form, and in the frolic of the summer Henry and Madeline are brought to the verge of betrothal. Just at this point, however, a disturbing element appears in the arrival from the city of a young clerk, who brings a supposed higher degree of civility, and the

coquette begins her arts upon him. Henry is driven to despair, and leaves the village for the city, where he tries to take up a fresh life. He is drawn back by his sincere love only to find that the clerk has achieved a base victory over the coquette, has deserted her, and that she has fled to the city in her shame. He returns at once, and after a long search finds her, and then begins his heroic effort to reinstate her. He gives her his love still, but she in her dullness has nothing but a miserable gratitude to offer him. She allows him to remain her friend, and she has no love left for her betrayer. His calm persistence makes Henry a pure and unattainable saint in her eyes, and at length her indifference and her dull languor give place to a sense of her own unworthiness, and because she loves him she resolves to destroy herself.

It is at this point that Dr. Heidenhoff appears. Henry obtains from Madeline, as he thinks, a promise to be his wife, which is sealed by a kiss. “Her lips were soft and yielding, clinging, dewy wet. He had never thought a kiss could be so sweet, and yet he could have wept, he knew not why.” He goes home to his lodgings, and, too excited to sleep naturally, takes a sleeping-powder and goes to bed. There follows then the dream to which, as we have said, the story leads, but it is introduced so skillfully that the reader has no suspicion of it upon his first reading. He “finally went to bed,” we are told, and the next paragraph begins: “It seemed to him that he went all the next day in a dazed, dreaming state, until the moment when he presented himself, after tea, at Madeline’s lodgings, and she opened the door to him.” A change had come over the girl. She had been reading an article in a scientific magazine giving the experiments of a certain Dr. Heidenhoff, who professed to have discovered the means of extirpating thought, — a discovery resting on the physical basis of the in-

telleet, and consisting in the destruction, by means of a galvanic battery, of the corpuscles which recorded in the brain certain classes of sensations and ideas. Madeline demands to have the experiment tried upon her, and together they visit the doctor, who operates successfully. The recollection of her sin and disaster is blotted out, and she becomes again a happy, laughing girl; perplexed, indeed, by some mystery about herself, but light-hearted and looking forward with delight to their wedding. Then the wedding dress arrives, and she leaves him to don it, and appears again.

"At length there was a rustling on the stairway, and she reëntered the room all sheeny white in lustrous satin. Behind the gauzy veil that fell from the coronal of dark-brown hair adown the shoulders, her face shone with a look he had never seen in it. It was no longer the mirthful, self-reliant girl who stood before him, but the shrinking, trustful bride. The flashing, imperious expression that so well became her bold beauty at other times had given place to a shy and blushing softness, inexpressibly charming to her lover. In her shining eyes a host of virginal alarms were mingled with the tender, solemn trust of love. As he gazed, his eyes began to swim with tenderness, and her face grew dim and misty to his vision. Then her white dress lost its sheen and form, and he found himself staring at the white window-shade of his bedroom, through which the morning light was peering. Startled, bewildered, he raised himself on his elbow in bed. Yes, he was in bed."

The unsuspecting reader, brought to this rude awaking, is startled and shocked with Henry. So skillfully has the author managed the dream, suppressing the grotesqueness in the conception of Dr. Heidenhoff, that, in spite of the somewhat uncanny nature of the subject, one has only to be thoroughly interested in Madeline to go along with the story in

simple credulity. Scarcely, however, has his mind become adjusted to the situation, before it is again rudely pained by the brief conclusion. A letter is at this moment brought to Henry. It is Madeline's real good-by, before, like George Bayley, she seeks to plunge into the river of Lethe.

The painfulness of the story is genuine. There remains in the reader's mind a tenderness for the girl, a profound sadness. The figure of Madeline throughout the narrative is admirably sketched, and the change in her life is firmly and not sentimentally presented. Praise belongs also to the truthfulness of the picture which Mr. Bellamy draws of commonplace village life. There is no caricature and no sentimentalizing, but the rude love-making and limited intellectual life are given with a true touch. It often happens that a citizen writing from recollection or observation of country life almost unconsciously offers some comparison between the two modes; there is nothing of that here. Mr. Bellamy writes like one of the villagers, yet with an intellectual power of selection which one only so bred would not have. We do not observe a false note in the realism of the story, and there is an abundance of felicitous touches.

To read Mr. Blackmore's novels is to find again the historic Englishman, a personage that has pretty much disappeared from current English fiction. In the present transition from an insular England to a British Empire, the character of the native Englishman is unquestionably undergoing change also, and transition periods rarely offer the best types. Mr. Blackmore, in most of his novels, we believe, goes back of men's recollections and keeps away from London. He has a passion for persons and scenes which offer positive traits and broad effects, and his books are refreshingly and heartily English. Indeed, his belief in the England of song once in a while carries him close to the

melodramatic, but his masculine temper and his vigor of thought save him from sentimentality. In his latest story, *Mary Anerley*,¹ the time taken is the beginning of this century, and the incidents are grouped mainly about the person of one Robin Lyth, a free-hearted young smuggler on the coast of Yorkshire. The figures in the story are squires, lawyers, sailors, farmers, and country clergymen, with but small sprinkling of the gentry, and the author delights in individualizing his crowd of characters. He cares so much for this that he is not always at pains to keep a true distance between his chief and his subordinate persons, and the reader follows carefully a minute succession of petty incidents which are not, after all, essential to the story. But there is a story, and the treatment is so far removed from the introspective mode of modern fiction that the book does, what few novels nowadays do, really give a tired man an honest relaxation. It may be that some, used to another mode, will find Blackmore at first rugged and apparently artificial, but he is not a careless writer; he is close and indeed scholarly, with a keen love of adventure and a broad range of sympathy. *Mary Anerley* is one of the few novels which would be equally entertaining to man and boy; the love-making is so frank and generous, and bears so right a proportion to the story, that a man will respect it, and a boy take it for what it is,—a necessary part of the tale.

Blackmore's novels offer a refreshing escape from the subtlety and introspection of current fictitious literature. They are robust and nervous in strength, and their mannerisms seem rather the excess of these qualities; but they do not secure a reaction against the prevailing mode by a return to antiquated fashions. For this one may look to the easy-going

stories of Mr. John Esten Cooke, and find examples of a story-telling art curiously faithful to traditions undisturbed by recent literary development. In reading, for instance, *The Virginia Bohemians*,² although the scenes are *post bellum*, one faintly recalls the once popular tales of Kennedy, and is affected by forms of art very much as when, in real life, he finds himself once more in a stage-coach,—not the tally-ho of a fantastic revival, but the actual vehicle which has rumbled over country roads from necessity. Mr. Cooke takes us into a valley lying between ranges of the Blue Ridge, and, gently removing us from the roar of cities and too close reminder of the restless life of the day, spins a pleasant web about the fortunes of a few characters who are equally removed with us from actual experience. There are members of a circus troupe who are not what they seem, and moonshiners who enjoy a mild glory of freebooting; there is a young New Yorker who is placidly untypical of that cosmopolitan city, and a designing young woman whom the author would fain have us believe to be wicked and beautiful; there are other women, generously Southern, but temperate and not exuberant, who diffuse a gentle warmth over the pages, and there are mountaineers who present themselves to our imagination as winking under calcium lights upon pasteboard steepes. Mysteries are created and solved, relationships are constructed out of apparently unpromising material, the right heroes rescue the right heroines, and no doubt is left as to the final disposition of each character. There is something agreeable in the thin veil of romance which covers the whole story. We have stepped into the story-teller's world as it used to be, and out of that realistic inclosure which modern fiction would

¹ *Mary Anerley*. A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *The Virginia Bohemians*. A Novel. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

fain have us accept as a clever substitute for the world we live in. Mr. Cooke gives us county and town names, and paints his scenery with an air of candor and affection; we only smile, and assure him that it is all the same; the Virginian Bohemia answers every purpose, whether he has described it or imagined it. The country and the characters, even including the civilly treated United States marshal, are all pleasantly unreal, and that is what we ask for in his book. There is a consistency of unreality about it. It is the real country of the novel as distinguished from the hard city to which we have become accustomed.

Mr. Cooke writes of Southern life as a native, but representations of Southern characteristics by Northern writers are pretty sure to emphasize the distinctions of life in the two sections. In literature, even more than in politics, the South is still a foreign land to the North, and travelers are likely to bring back from it only what does not grow at the North. Mr. Bache's modest little venture¹ can scarcely be called a novel; it is hardly even a tale, but it illustrates tolerably well the impression made upon a young Northern gentleman of the more refined side of Southern life just before the war, and then briefly of the havoc which war made in the neighborhood which he revisited as a Union officer. The contrast will one day be effectively used in fiction, when "t is sixty years since;" and such memoranda as Mr. Bache gives will be of service. He has so little of the novelist about him that he is contented to give sketches only of what under a trained hand would have given opportunity for powerful situations; but the sketches are perhaps the more to be trusted from the absence of sensational strokes in them.

¹ *Under the Palmetto in Peace and War.* By RICHARD MEADE BACHE. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger. 1880.

² *Myrtle Lawn.* A Novel. By ROBERT E.

Since we are upon novels of Southern life, we will just mention two further contributions to a literature portentously large in volume, which yet awaits an adequate analysis. *Myrtle Lawn*,² by a writer who adds to his name on the title-page "of North Carolina," and *The Mystery of Allanwold*,³ by one of the authors so lavishly and comprehensively praised by the Messrs. Peterson, belong to a class where feebleness of construction and a swollen diction, which pertain exclusively to no latitude, have been aggravated by a peculiar literary disease of the South, which causes a distention of all objects upon Southern soil, so that planters' houses are seen to dilate into gorgeous palaces, and Southern virtue, beauty, and manliness to be beyond verbal bounds. The old merchant who lives "in a stately-looking brown stone mansion, not many miles distant from Maryland's great business and commercial city," is a princely old merchant, and all the appointments of life in *Myrtle Lawn* and at the Melton Mansion are of the rosiest kind. "In a spacious room, near an open window which overlooked this scene of loveliness, sat Mr. Evarts in an easy rocking-chair." By such little touches these writers prepare their readers for refined society. It would be idle to chase through these books as literature, but we cannot help wondering if a good deal of political wrong thinking is not due to a foolish class of books which, failing to convey a just idea of Southern life, create false notions of Southern magnificence. These rankly imaginative writers really seem to have deceived themselves into fancying that their fiction is a flower of Southern soil; their readers, whether at the South or the North, so far as they take in these preposterous representations, are unfitted

BALLARD, of North Carolina. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1880.

³ *The Mystery of Allanwold.* By MRS. ELIZABETH VAN LOON. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1880.

to deal with the urgent problems which affect our common life, and the day is farther postponed when a genuine understanding shall prevail between the two sections.

We can hardly expect the readers of these last-named books to take up *The Grandissimes*,¹ but if they would and could give heed to it they would find a novel wholly Southern in *locale*, yet entirely serious in workmanship and historically truthful. We say this with no more special knowledge of New Orleans and creoles than such as the book gives, but the internal evidence of conscientious labor is unmistakable. Mr. Cable has chosen for his story a place and time hitherto quite untouched by other novelists than himself. The scene is laid in New Orleans at the beginning of the present century, just at the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States by France, and the change of sovereignty is made the background upon which the picture of life is drawn. Governor Claiborne scarcely appears on the scene, and the few "Yankees" about him are known only by their shadows; the entire story is wrought by creoles, quadroons, and blacks, with the important addition of a young solitary German immigrant, and as regards history one is given rather the culmination of an old order of things than the beginning of a new. The antiquarian details seem carefully studied, and the author certainly succeeds in presenting the New Orleans of 1803 without requiring the reader to make frequent comparisons with the city which he may happen to know to-day. Nevertheless, he is not unmindful of the posterior relation which he holds to the story, and thus the narrator establishes a sympathy with the reader. These things were, he plainly says, but let us draw near enough to them in imagination to see them dis-

tingly and minutely. As a historical composition, therefore, *The Grandissimes* has a frank and natural treatment.

There is, however, something more than this. The author has taken not merely a picturesque theme and treated it with freshness and veracity; he has had a profound sense of the larger laws of history underlying the change in which his scenes are laid. He has read to admirable advantage the occult pathology of slavery, and has perceived the nature of the problem which confronted Governor Claiborne and all sagacious statesmen, when a province so foreign from the customary traditions of the United States passed under the control of the government at Washington. A surprise awaits the novel-reader in this book. He is drawn into a strong interest in the characters displayed and their personal fortunes, but discovers that the novelist has offered also a parable. The questions, in a word, which agitated so much of the new nation as regarded Louisiana are, with only slight variations, such as have perplexed the entire body of thoughtful men in the nation ever since the downfall of the Confederacy. Mr. Cable is too sincere an artist to push this parallel, but the reader will make it for himself out of the excellent materials offered. There can be no mistaking the undercurrent of thought in the short interview which is given between Honoré Grandissime and Claiborne. It is introduced very cleverly by the spectacle of the two men riding together through the *Place d'Armes*. In the interview recorded afterward, Honoré says to the governor:—

"Your principal danger—at least, I mean difficulty—is this: that the Louisianais themselves, some in pure lawlessness, some through loss of office, some in a vague hope of preserving the old condition of things, will not only hold off from all participation in your government, but will make all sympathy with it, all advocacy of its principles,

¹ *The Grandissimes. A Story of Creole Life.* By GEORGE W. CABLE, Author of *Old Creole Days*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

and especially all office-holding under it odious, disreputable, infamous. You may find yourself constrained to fill your offices with men who can face down the contumely of a whole people. You know what such men generally are. One out of a hundred may be a moral hero, the ninety-nine will be scamps; and the moral hero will most likely get his brains blown out early in the day. Count O'Reilly, when he established the Spanish power here thirty-five years ago, cut a similar knot with the executioner's sword; but, my dear sir, you are here to establish a *free* government, and how can you make it freer than the people wish it? There is your riddle! They hold off, and say, 'Make your government as free as you can, but do not ask us to help you;' and before you know it you have no retainers, but a gang of shameless mercenaries, who will desert you whenever the indignation of this people overbalances their indolence; and you will fall the victim of what you may call our mutinous patriotism. . . . How many, many communities have *committed suicide*! And this one? Why, it is *just* the kind to do it!"

We have taken the liberty to give the creole's words in intelligible English, not to confuse the reader unaccustomed to the singular *cacoepey* of the English-speaking French of the book. A more tragic interest attaches to Mr. Cable's presentation of African slavery. He has, with excellent judgment, made the conscience regarding slavery to reside chiefly in the person of Joseph Frowenfeld, a young German immigrant, who is stripped of his entire family by yellow fever shortly after coming to New Orleans, and, setting himself up as apothecary, becomes in many ways the central figure of the story. To speak more exactly, he is the chorus; for though his action occasionally affects the story, his chief function is to ask the questions and bring out the prior conditions, and especially, as we have hinted, to be the

external conscience. His presence in the community is historically more likely than that, for example, of an upright, over-sensitive New Englander, and his relation to the people about him is more natural, because he is a foreigner, than it would have been in the case of a Northern man. Still, we suspect Mr. Cable has not made Joseph Frowenfeld as good a character as he is a useful part of the machinery of the novel, and his importance in the development of the ideas of the story is out of proportion to his value as one of the *dramatis personæ*. His chorus function has somewhat interfered with his personal existence. It is not always Frowenfeld, however, who lays bare the tragedy of slavery. The author himself does this with some very trenchant words, and the various characters in their several ways lift the covering now and then from that hideous evil. But the story itself is more effective than any denunciation of the evil could be: the incident of Bras-Coupé is not an episode, but an integral part of the structure of the novel; it is magnificently told, for the author's fault of edifying about his point has been forgotten in this instance, and he has marched straight forward in a dramatic recital. Bras-Coupé, Palmyre, Clemence, and the other Honoré, — these in their separate ways are marks by which to measure the power of slavery to effect wrong, and the strength of the book is in the masterly tracing of the several threads by which their lives and the lives of their social superiors are interwoven.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the book is simply a clever historical novel, or that it is a philosophical exposition of society in New Orleans under the influence of a dread cause, — the "shadow of the Ethiopian," as Frowenfeld well names it. Mr. Cable, with all his insight into history and society, is an artist and a man of large imagination. Indeed, the defects of the book may be traced generally to the

struggle after adequate expression of commanding conceptions. It is built upon a large pattern. The author has conceived, with a classic sense, the immense reach of a proud family; he has constructed a House of Grandissimes, and never loses hold of the idea of this dominating clan. The very names given to the members of the family remind one of the Greek drama, and the turn of the story upon the opportunity of the head of the family to make or mar the fortunes of all is finely intended. Finely intended, we say, for we cannot help feeling that the author has missed a fundamental law of the novel, and has omitted to make Honoré's decision, admirably as it is described, the significant climax of the story. In the great number of details and half-followed clews, he fails to lead his reader straight on to the moral turning-point with breathless interest. Why, for instance, should we be asked to take so much interest in Dr. Keene? His actual part in the drama is unimportant, and the figure which he cuts as disappointed lover is not very noble; yet the author seems to have a consideration for him, based, as it were, upon what he has done or might do outside of the story. The chronology, too, of the tale is confusing, and it is not easy to say how long an interval elapses between the opening and the close, while the reminiscences and the retrocessions in the story add to the reader's confusion. One hardly succeeds in mastering the ramification of the Grandissime family until he has closed the book; but that is rather the fault of the family, and the details seem necessary to fill out the conception of the *gens*.

The patois and the creole English are evidently given with care. One can amuse himself a little with them if he does not read the book aloud. We do not know why we should not accept this local burr in literature with as much complacency as we do Scotticism. We own to a reluctance to read books where

"Hoot, mon!" catches our eye on the printed page, and it certainly would take a novel of the power of the Grandissimes to reconcile us to Honoré's "my-de-seh" and his reckless use of *h* in impossible combinations. The broken English of the De Grapion ladies, however, is often delicious. If we had not already said so much we should be tempted now to present more carefully to the reader these charming creatures. Mr. Cable has shown himself possessed of a strong imagination and a power to do serious work in fiction. If now he will consider that his public is sufficiently instructed in the superstitions of the creoles, and will order his narrative more perfectly, he may be assured of an increasing attention. His story is not to be read by a languid reader, but it will repay study, even though we think the author has sometimes set unnecessary tasks.

The Grandissimes shows how fine a field there is for the American novelist who will give us a local story with national relations. A Famous Victory¹ points another sort of moral. It is apparently intended to show how great political triumphs turned into ashes in the hand of a man who sacrificed all that was dear to him, wittingly or unwittingly, to secure a public prize. The typical political characters appear in it, and the author wishes to paint the ignoble side of our politics. But the nobility with which he contrasts it is not that of a character in public life, but of a young and charming girl, the daughter of the aspirant for the presidency, and his moral lesson falls to the ground for lack of a proper antithesis. Certain well-known characteristics of notable public men are freely sketched, to give life-likeness to the scenes; but the author makes no real contribution to our political knowledge, and the cheap sarcasm of the book is not effective. The material in which he works is mean, and

¹ *A Famous Victory*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

his better characters have no real life. There is a briskness about the book which gives it an air of great liveliness, and takes the place of the wit which was intended, but the story is a warning to any one who fancies that the "go" of politics offers an opportunity for a good story. To make a consistent character of his hero, the author has been obliged to deny him any higher power than that which belongs to a manipulator of elections. Such men do not secure the office of president.

Three recent volumes of the Leisure Hour Series remind us to how much greater perfection the English have carried the art of manufacturing novels than ourselves. The technique of these stories is excellent,—only a practiced hand could make all the parts join so cleverly,—and the stories are interesting, yet how rarely one comes upon anything like inspiration! Each succeeding novel is measured by a more careful and exacting judgment in the public mind, and the novelist who has studied his business well—it is quite as often *her* business—can know pretty surely what kind of a public and how large may be found for the wares which have been put together with so much painstaking. Week after week, year after year, the critical journals and the circulating libraries have been at work adjusting the bounds of the conventional novel, and the writers who supply the novel gauge popular taste as accurately as do the painters who exhibit their pictures each year. Cleverness is the sign manual of them all. We read, we are amused, we are shocked by nothing, unless it be an occasional English idiom; but one reading is enough. Indeed, the novelists themselves understand the weakness of their reader, and give him as easy a task as they can, skipping as they write, instead of requiring him to skip. And

what pains they take with their work to make it substantial! Here, for instance, is *Christy Carew*,¹ a book dealing with society in Dublin and neighborhood, written with immense closeness of detail, and having for its background the political and religious discussions of the day. This fineness of work has its drawback, since some of the characters become confused by the pains taken to set them, but one can scarcely open the book without coming upon such firm and precise drawing as this: "Miss Christina knew that one of these days she would have to sit in the drawing-room and listen to Mr. Dawson declaring his sentiments for her. She could almost see him, with one lavender kid glove on his left hand, his right hand bare, and the glove belonging to it lying in his hat, which, doubtless in order that his declamation might be unimpeded, he would have deposited in a place of safety at a little distance." The author might have read Tourgénéff, so closely does she aim at the power to declare her story through significant scenes and words. One scene only seems to us grossly impertinent, and that is the murder by the author of an unoffending child, whose fall into a pond was utterly unnecessary and followed by no consequences that were of value in the story. *Christy Carew* is a miniature of Dublin life, and its reality is unimpeachable, yet the reader has to take almost as much pains as the author, and the net result is not very large. The absence of any commanding passion and the presence of a hopeless, consumptive attachment leave the book, with all its brightness of detail, arid and unsatisfactory. One feels that there has been a vast expenditure without adequate return, and that the fault is partly in the minuteness of the threads which make up the web of the society portrayed in it.

Troublesome Daughters,² in the same

¹ *Christy Carew*. A Novel. By MARY LAFAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 112.]

² *Troublesome Daughters*. By L. B. WALFORD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 113.]

series, promises more entertainment to the reader than it fairly fulfills. It opens like light comedy, and a capital situation at the beginning makes one pursue the hero and heroine with the expectation of finding a new Taming of the Shrew; but a change comes over the book, and a more serious cast is given to the story. Captain Evelyn has a silly mother, who marries a widower with four daughters. Her son has never seen her new establishment, and is loitering on the way thither when he is caught in a storm at night-fall, loses his way, and is taken under the protection of a girl who conducts him to the shelter of a comfortable farm-house. He can get very little sight of the maiden, and still less hearing, for she maintains a puzzling silence, and the farmer and his wife are equally non-committal. Evelyn is amused and piqued by the romantic adventure, and carries it very much in his mind as he goes to a friend's in the neighborhood, and afterwards to his step-father's place at Carnochan. There he makes the acquaintance of three of his new sisters, but the second in age is not there. Lady Olivia, the mother, has her hands full with these young mistresses, but especially is tormented by Kate, who has lately exiled herself, in a passionate rebellion, and has taken refuge with her discarded governess, a farmer's daughter.

The reader guesses, a little in advance of Captain Evelyn, that naughty Kate is the unknown lady at Farmer Comline's, and is prepared for an amusing *éclaircissement*. Evelyn, finding that there is an unsettled quarrel between his mother and Kate, resolves to act as a mediator, and without disclosing his purpose at Carnochan returns to Farmer Comline's. He begins by getting acquainted with Kate, and ends by falling in love with her. He goes back and forth between the two places, but being a man afflicted with excessive love of ease and peace does not actually grapple

with the difficulty. He proposes a course to Kate which involves deception, and she bursts into an indignant refusal, which brings about a hæmorrhage. The reader, to his surprise, finds that he has come to the end of the comedy, and the rest of the book is taken up with the fortunes of the other troublesome daughters and the final "as you were" of Evelyn and Kate, just before they separated. It seems to us that a very entertaining short story has been spoiled to meet the exigencies of a regulation novel, and that the rest of the book, while cleverly done, is less successful than the opening. The confidences between the governess and Captain Evelyn, upon which his final happiness depends, are not very much to the captain's credit, and the title of the story is more ingenious than it is appropriate.

The author of Probation shows a like carefulness in her new story, *The Wellfields*,¹ which has an excellent plot well filled in, and containing one or two situations which, if not actually novel, are managed to appear so. The book is a fine illustration of that skill in workmanship which renders the best second-rate English novels so satisfactory to the conscientious and appreciative reader. One feels that he has been treated with respect by the author. A preliminary chapter shows us a fine English country place, Wellfield, which lies contiguous to a Jesuit seminary; but in former days both estates were under Roman Catholic ownership. In Henry VIII.'s time, the abbey was granted to a country gentleman, and had ever since remained in Protestant hands; but there were many old Roman Catholic families in the neighborhood, and the seminary was a stronghold of the Jesuits. The story, which shows for a moment in this prelude the young son of the latest Wellfield, has for its epic content the reunion

¹ *The Wellfields*. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 115.]

of the two estates, but the reader's interest is engaged throughout the book upon the human loves which work toward this end, with only an occasional unmasking of the Jesuit priest who is working the wires to effect his purpose.

Jerome Wellfield, who has led a pleasant, blameless life as a young man, learns at his father's death-bed that he is left a poor man, with a young sister dependent on him. But at the same time he has come to a crisis in his love with Sara Ford, an English artist living in Germany, and leaving his sister Avice with his betrothed he goes to England to obtain a settlement of his affairs. Wellfield has been bought by a Mr. Bolton, a rich manufacturer with an only daughter. Jerome is courteously invited to stay there, and the daughter loses her heart to him. He is handsome, selfish, weak, and possessed of one absorbing desire, — to get back Wellfield. Here is a way to do it. He is tempted, falls, throws over Sara Ford, and allows himself to become engaged to Anita Bolton, who is ignorant of Sara Ford's claim.

Jerome's fall is one from which he never recovers. Thenceforth he leads a cowardly life, and the reader is not required to expend much thought upon him. His attention is rather directed to his wronged *fiancée*, and the strength of the story is in the picture of the mental experience of this woman, who is rescued from her perilous position by a strong man who has loved her from the beginning and now grasps the situation, marries her almost by the compulsion of his will, and then, placing her in his secluded country house, sets out on his travels until his wife shall have lived down her old love, cast it off entirely, and learned to rely implicitly on him. The development of the plot is admirable, and the reader feels a great respect for the author, who finally lifts the veil

at the close and shows Jerome's wife dying of a broken heart after giving birth to a child, Jerome received into the Roman Catholic church, and the Wellfield property on its way into the hands of the Jesuit fathers.

*Beauty's Daughters*¹ is intended, apparently, by the author to take its place in the same general class of clever second-rate novels of which the three just noticed were such good examples; but while it misses, as they do, any very strong imagination, it misses also their good sense and trustworthiness. It is silly where they are sprightly, and its heroics, built upon the love scenes of a crippled man and his betrothed, are in falsetto. The use of beauty in the book is to distract everybody to the verge of wickedness or folly, but one cannot help feeling that it is only a conventional use; that much of the complication of the characters would be impossible in real life, unless the characters had either a good deal more or a good deal less individuality than they have in the book.

Mr. Black has been amusing himself with a yachting romance,² in which in a half-indolent fashion he recites the adventures of a little party sailing along the west coast of Scotland. The charm of that coast is not easily lost when once a visitor has caught it, and Mr. Black may be pardoned for expecting his readers once more to humor him as he tells of the names of loch and cape and island: —

"Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgowder, and Ardnannurchan,

Here I see him and here."

The story is so slight that it does not seem the occasion of the book, but only a concession to a public which will follow Mr. Black to Skye, if he will beguile them with a little romance on the

¹ *Beauty's Daughters*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

² *White Wings: A Yachting Romance*. By WILLIAM BLACK. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

way. It is a mere excuse for a vacation on the part of the writer, and its lazy movement made it an exceptionally good *magazine* serial. Its thinness is more apparent within book covers.

Mr. Trollope is on good enough terms with his readers to be sure of a hearty consent when he refers, in the first sentence of *The Duke's Children*,¹ to "our old friend the Duke of Omnium." Those who have not read the chronicles which record the fortunes of this graven image and other characters in the story will have no difficulty in catching all of the past that is necessary to an understanding of *The Duke's Children*. It is curious to see how Mr. Trollope warms himself by his own fire. The story opens and continues flat and uneventful, when, as the reader doubts if his interest will hold out to the end, the author begins to have a livelier concern in his creation; his characters quicken under his touch, and the whole book rises steadily in power and in dramatic action. Not only so, but the characters themselves are redeemed. Lord Silverbridge, especially, changes from a Dundreary-like mortal into a man of resolution and acuteness. Shall we say that he owes his new life to his passion for the beautiful American? But no one in the book seems to notice any change, and we do not think Mr. Trollope intended that he should be any more at the end than he was at the beginning. In the former half of the book, one is tempted to take a somewhat sardonic view of the British aristocracy, under Mr. Trollope's lead. Can it be, we ask, that the men and women alike are so utterly vapid and prosaic? The beautiful American girl, though she has scarcely a particle of Americanism about her that we can discover, becomes differentiated from the equally lovely English girls of the book by a certain positiveness of in-

dividuality. She does not lapse into the dissolute English of her contemporaries, and really has a mind of her own. It appears to us that Mr. Trollope, in devising a fair American who shall be equal to the part of a future Duchess of Omnium, has not so much attempted to draw from American sources as he has produced an agreeable variation of the English gentlewoman. He needed to make her more beautiful, wittier, more engaging every way, than his English countrywomen, in order that she might play her proper part in the book, and she needed also to be American in name for the same reason; therefore she is simply a more carefully drawn character, and pleases the reader chiefly by her contrast to the more slipshod ladies of Mr. Trollope's company. But even in the best parts of the book how sorry a set of figures is presented! They may be photographically true, and the word is not ill adapted to express the realism of the book, for it is the cheaper, more ignoble side of cultivated life which is shown, but they are not imaginatively true. If this were to be taken for a picture of English society, then one would be tempted to say that the temple had become a den of thieves. The whole atmosphere of the book is that of the market-place. Men and women and place and honor are bought and sold almost unblushingly, and high purposes are made to have an uncomfortable look of being secretly laughed at. Yet, for all that, this story, like other of Trollope's, has something of the sure fate of a Greek drama, and we are convinced that it is this which preserves his work and makes it have a certain enduring quality. Lady Mabel Grex, in some respects the central character of the book, illustrates this point, and one cannot help feeling that the close of this chapter of the chronicles only hides from immediate view some disaster to Lord Silverbridge and Frank Tregear. They have escaped Nemesis for a time; the wedding-bells

¹ *The Duke's Children*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880. [Franklin Square Library, No. 126.]

ring and everything is merry; only the dark shadow of Mabel Grex crosses the path, and we wonder if the curtain, when lifted again, will not disclose a heavier cloud over these two men's lives.

To come back to American stories, there are three or four remaining on our list which must mainly be classed under novels of good intention. The formlessness of many native ventures in fiction is a little too well illustrated by such a book as *The Octagon Club*.¹ On one of the opening pages a hint is given of some blot upon the reputation of an absent member of the club. His name is mentioned sadly, and before the meeting, which starts the book, is broken up it is resolved to meet on the next anniversary in Frankfort, with special reference to this black sheep, and the chapter ends: "Slowly Ware and More strolled off, arm in arm, discussing a matter about which, for once, they were of one mind. This was Talfourd, and how this once sadly erring member of their club could be induced to come back and take up once more the thread of his life among those whose friendship he so keenly felt he had dishonored." This first chapter appears as a prelude, introducing the male characters, and the reader, though he thinks their conversation rather callow, and more like the imaginary speculations of young sophomores than the usual discussion of mature men, settles himself to the book with the expectation that this unfortunate Talfourd is to be cleared, and that the club is to have the satisfaction of wiping out its little spots. This is all he gets when he has patiently read the book through:—

"When Talfourd entered the library he found himself face to face with all the remaining members of the club, — the only men now living who held the secret of his past. Carbonne grasped

one hand, Ware the other; and, looking in the faces of these old comrades, all of whom knew his blight and deemed it not irrevocable, Talfourd felt the burthen of long years lift from his soul and flee away, leaving him on the threshold, as it were, of a new life."

Absolutely that is all. Now the story of Talfourd may not have amounted to anything, but the book holds it before the reader as if it were its one theme, and all that came between were merely episodic. What comes between is chiefly crude speculation on woman and marriage, with one or two love passages, which are incidents in the book rather than part of its plan. The writer, like many others, mistakes fluency and a certain sprightliness of talk for reason and wit. There is no appearance of any consecutive purpose. It will not do to call it a character study; one might as well call a tumbled pile of decorative stuff a study in color. A study implies at least preparation for a picture or a novel, and even conceding this book to be a study of character, we complain that no writer is justified in calling us in to see, not her failure in attempting a work, but her failure when she has not attempted a work. The book is scarcely worth dissecting, but it represents a growing class of American productions which are wholly inexcusable. Their writers affect humility by such terms as "a character study." A real humility would lead them to see that their "studies" should be for their own benefit, not for their neighbors' attention.

Tit for Tat² belongs to the same class of novels. It has a plan, indeed, which is obvious from the beginning to the most guileless reader, but it is equally idle, and equally offensive for its assumption of knowingness. The young men of the story are represented as society young men, and the author has

¹ *The Octagon Club. A Character Study.* By E. M. H. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

² *Tit for Tat. A Teutonic Adventure.* By the MARCHIONESS CLARA LANZA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

therefore given them a *negligée* manner, and endeavored to palm them off on her readers as real people. Their jauntiness is insufferable, and again we are reminded how easy it is to be lively and airy in a story without being either light or graceful, and how entirely insufficient such airs as this book takes on are to cover the emptiness and cheapness of the story.

This is a wicked world, but no one can know how wicked it is till he has read *George Bailey*.¹ This novel happens to be put by the publishers into the same dress as that which becomes *Mary Anerley*. Can it be that there was a sly intimation of the equality of all books before the law of the publisher? Certainly, the natural inequality of the two books is patent to the most careless reader. *Mary Anerley*, as we have tried to show, is a book worth studying, even. *George Bailey* is not worth reading. The reader, to be sure, would extract some fun from it. In one of the darkest moments of this dark book, where the villain of the story strikes his wife, we have this touch of nature: "With a dignity which Finch had never before witnessed, Grace simply said, 'Hands off, coward!' and seized a pair of large scissors which lay near her, and holding the point out before his face said, 'If ever you touch me again I shall kill you on the spot!'" No one will be surprised that a few lines after that scene, "Myron Finch retired, with the expression of a baffled fiend marked on every line of his pale, flabby face."

There is little hope for E. M. H., or the Marchioness Clara Lanza, and none for Oliver Oldboy, but one may confidently expect better things of the author of *Salvage*.² The scheme of the book is good, the action is rapid, and beneath the surface of the story runs a strong and righteous purpose. Colonel Lance-

lot Wolcott, of the Confederate service, was a Southerner, who had married for her money a half-educated, unsophisticated New York girl. The war brought a division not long after their marriage, for the wife, in a spirited and somewhat unexpected encounter with him, showed so stout a Northern spirit that he left her in her father's home, and joined the Southern army. After the war he went abroad, and in his restlessness sought occupation and distraction in perilous travel. He explored the interior of Asia, and penetrated, with a single English comrade, fastnesses hitherto unentered. He wrote his *Travels*, and the book preceding him to England created a great sensation. He found himself suddenly famous. His picture was in *The Illustration*, though by a trifling inaccuracy the draughtsman had copied the portrait of another Southerner, in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, and he was flooded with invitations. It is at the hour of his arrival in London that the reader is introduced to him, and finds a man eager to enter on this new life, and somewhat impatiently waiting the issue of measures which he had set on foot for a divorce from his wife. His lawyer's letter, awaiting him, informs him of the progress of affairs, and mentions casually the existence of his boy of seven. Colonel Wolcott had never heard of the birth of his child, having had absolutely no intelligence of his wife since he had left her. This fact changes the entire current of his mind. A son! He instantly determines to go back to America, for now he has a new interest, and he must secure the custody of his child. On his way to Liverpool he is shut up in the railway carriage with an English gentleman having under his charge a lady and her son. It is his own wife and child, who have crossed the Atlantic; the mother to hide

¹ *George Bailey*. A Tale of New York Mercantile Life. By OLIVER OLDBOY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *Salvage*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880. [No Name Series.]

the child from the father. We are to believe that Colonel Wolcott has so altered in appearance, and his wife is so near-sighted, that they make their journey without his being discovered, while yet he engages the attention and affection of the boy. He talks with his wife (as if his voice too had changed, or she were hard of hearing as well as near-sighted!), and to his amazement finds that she has developed into an educated, brilliant, and admirable woman. An accident throws them still nearer together, and the wife recognizes her husband, but conceals her knowledge from dread of the consequences to the son. It turns out that they are both going to America on the *Crimea*, a steamer belonging to Mrs. Wolcott's father. Colonel Wolcott takes the place of a drummer who at the last moment gave up his passage, and not choosing to divulge his name helps himself to the drummer's name for the time. Lancelot is left in England, and Mrs. Wolcott, torn with anxiety, finds herself on the steamer with her husband. They carry on for some little time an acquaintance which is a thin dissimulation, and Wolcott not only becomes powerfully drawn to his wife, but learns how abhorrent to her is the idea of a divorce, and that she has secretly preserved her passion and respect for him. The situation is complicated by the presence on the steamer of a widow with whom Wolcott was in love before he married his wife, and

who turns up now a vulgar woman, with a still more unendurable child, a negro steward who had been one of Wolcott's plantation hands, and a dog which had once been his also, and must now have been rather too aged, one must think, for the feats which it afterward performed.

The restoration of the old union is effected in connection with a shipwreck of the *Crimea* and a rescue on the coast of Ireland, chiefly through the aid of Wolcott's remarkable dog, and the story ends with the triumph of the wife's principles and steadfastness, the justification of marriage vows, and the satisfaction of the minor characters. Some of the artistic crudities and improbabilities of the story have been hinted at, and others might be pointed out, but it is pleasanter as well as juster to call attention to the manliness of the book, its frequent sharpness of outline, its uninterrupted interest, and the honorable tone which marks its ulterior purpose. If it be a first book, as many signs intimate, it is one of which its author need never hereafter be ashamed, however much he may improve upon it. We hope it is not the sudden impulse of a cultivated man who had a momentary desire to point a moral, for we should be sorry to think that it was not the first fruits of a more admirable harvest. The hand that has wrought so firmly in *Salvage* is one that inspires confidence in capacity and conscience.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

No one, I think, can read many memoirs without being impressed principally by the lavishness of nature in creating fine ability, and by the richness of life in attractive and honorable character; nor without becoming convinced that

none of the inevitable ravages of time is more deplorable than its wresting the recollection of these from the memory of the living world. It is therefore at all times a pleasant task to recall to mind those who have wrought out, more

perfectly than others, the worthiness of which all human life is capable; and the task is peculiarly grateful when it may serve to set in a fairer light the acts and words of a beautiful woman, to whom the world has ungenerously refused her due of gratitude. Mary Wollstonecraft was such a woman. The story of her life is the story of the earliest vindicator of the right of her sex to larger freedom and to the opportunity for higher mental and moral accomplishment than had been its lot; it is the story, too, of the first Englishwoman who cast herself solely upon literature to win her bread; and, besides these extrinsic sources of interest, it is in itself a story of such trial, fortitude, affection, and pathos that I shall venture to tell it in some detail, with the hope of awakening the compassion of those to whom the exercise of sympathy is not an unwelcome pain.

"Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste — I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection — escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind." In these words Mary Wollstonecraft summed up justly her early life. It was led, indeed, in such vulgar surroundings that her enemies, exaggerating its wretchedness, used it to palliate her faults as if it had been almost an initiation into vice. She was born at Hoxton on the 27th of April, 1759, into a drunkard's home; her maiden years were spent in the daily presence of domestic misery wrought by men's faults or vices. Soon after she was twenty-one years old her father's family, never united by very loving ties, was broken up. She was received into the home of her friend, Fanny Blood, which was made wretched, like her own, by a father's drunkenness and was disgraced by a sister's frailty. There she became dear

and serviceable, but she was withdrawn from this temporary refuge by the troubles of a sister, whose husband's violence was driving her insane and at last forced her to desert him. The sisters opened a school, for Mary had had considerable experience in teaching, but after a brief success they got into financial difficulty, in the midst of which Mary was summoned to Lisbon to attend her old friend Fanny. After a hard winter voyage, she arrived only in season to comfort her friend's last days. Oppressed with her loss, she immediately set sail for England. Ill health and low spirits not unnaturally filled her mind with morbid anticipations of an early death, but the letters in which she records these are softened by patient piety, and lighted up by helpful affection for those with whom kinship or acquaintance bound her. The school came to a lingering end in debt, and she was forced to go to Ireland and take on herself the unwelcome task of teaching Lord Kingsborough's children, "literally speaking wild Irish, unformed, and not very pleasing." Fatigued by the domestic bickerings, unmeaning laughter, and boisterous spirits of a set of silly females, — so she describes her life, — she won the affection of her charges, and thereby lost her situation through the mother's jealousy.

In the fall of 1788, therefore, by the advice of Mr. Johnson, the book-seller, who had published her first unsuccessful pamphlet two years before, she gave herself to the undivided pursuit of literature in London, but with much hesitation and secrecy for fear of ridicule. She was thus, I believe, the first woman of distinguished ability to follow the example set by Dr. Johnson, thirty years before, in relying for support solely on services to the reading public. Her work, of course, was hack work; but in the intervals of drudgery she wrote two books that are still remembered: one only because it was illustrated by Blake; the other was the *Vindication of*

the Rights of Woman, published in 1792, at the time a notorious volume, which was the fruit of Rousseau, the French Revolution, Tom Paine, and her own bitter experience, and which earned for her such evil report that nearly forty years after her death the Gentleman's Magazine spoke of her as "grossly irreligious, indelicate, and dissolute," — with what degree of justice will be seen.

During these years her relatives burdened her time and drained her purse; nearly all of her numerous family partook in large measure of her hard-earned bounty. The glimpses we get of the members of this family, most of whom were sordid and ungrateful, are not pleasant; but if we wish to see what masks life wore to this fine-natured woman, we must look at things which we would gladly avoid. Let this picture of her father, however, given in a letter from her sister in 1791, be enough: his red face convulsed with ill-humor and every unamiable feeling, his hair gray and dirty, his beard long, his body worn to a skeleton, and clad in clothes not worth sixpence, coughing, panting, continually falling. It is no wonder that with such letters in her hand, with the irremediable misery of life thus brought home to her, Mary Wollstonecraft was often in low spirits; no wonder that melancholy views of life were impressed upon her mind. What had life given her but a difficult, precarious subsistence, hard won by continual effort, amid scenes of misery, frivolity, and disgust? But at length her day of trial seemed to brighten: she became well known in London literary circles; cultivated and agreeable men and women became her friends, and in the fall of 1792 she determined to join Mr. Johnson and the Fuselis in a six weeks' journey to Paris, and to avail herself of the opportunity of entering society there, which the recent translation of her *Vindication* assured her; but, her less adventurous

companions being frightened (perhaps, at the September massacres), she embarked alone in December.

France then exercised over her the same fascination which set the heart of the youthful Wordsworth in a flame. France was the home of her principles, the spring whence she had drawn no small part of her literary culture, and to France she looked as the source of intellectual light and the hope of political liberty. She arrived in Paris at a great moment in the Revolution. The preceding month the convention had issued that incendiary decree declaring any nation which might rise against despots thereby the sister of France. Soon she saw the king pass under her windows on his way to trial, sitting with more dignity than she would have expected from his character, in a hackney coach clustered about by National Guards, who seemed to deserve the name. That night, as she sat alone in her chamber writing, on lifting her eyes from the paper, she saw eyes gleam through a glass door opposite her chair and bloody hands shaken at her; in so many frightful shapes, she says, had death taken hold of her fancy. And on going to bed, she adds, "for the first time in my life, I cannot put out the candle," — one of myriad women's tremors amid those events, that are left unrecorded. The king's head was quickly off; the shadow of the oncoming terror fell upon France, and underneath it — ordinary human life continuing undisturbed by the throes of the republic — her own tragedy drew nigh. Her position as an Englishwoman was full of danger; retreat to her own country was cut off, and she found protection among the Americans. On the fall of the Gironde, in which party she counted her French friends, she lost her heart to one of these Americans, Gilbert Imlay, formerly a Revolutionary soldier, a land agent in the back settlements, and a sensible writer upon the Western Territories, but now a fortune-seeker in Paris.

It was a strange love-mating: this woman of extraordinary beauty and eyes the most meaning that Southey ever saw, of conversation that delighted Coleridge, of mental vigor rare if not first among women of her day, of a full and refined sensuous endowment, sensitive, responsive, compact of fancy, imagination, sentiment, and passion,—a woman, too, acquainted with the world, and indulging no illusions concerning manly heroism,—and this gold-greedy adventurer, sensual of life, yet with a better nature dying under the blight of what he deemed the exigencies of the world. In whatever way it came about, Mary Wollstonecraft accepted him as her lover in the spring of 1793, governed only by affection, as she afterwards wrote, and in the rectitude of her own heart “careless of vulgar precautions,” or, in more intelligible words, of a marriage ceremony.

There is no need to seek a possible excuse for her in the danger which would have attended the necessary declaration of her being an Englishwoman, had she been married in due form, in illustration of which the case of Lord Nelvil and Madame D'Arbigny in *Corinne* has been fitly cited; so far as I can perceive, there is no reason to believe she would have desired formal marriage had she been within the shadow of St. Paul's. With that rash extinction of all forms in their animating spirit characteristic of radical reformers in that age, she believed that affection and choice constituted marriage. Having seen in the only home she had known from childhood the misery of legally compelled unions after the husband had been false to all his duties, it was as easy for her to fall into error in her time as for women to avoid error in our time. She must stand by her mistake; she looked for permanent association; Imlay in a legal document called her his wife; and there the matter rests.

The story of their life together is told
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in the most touching private correspondence of which the sanctity was ever broken. In reading it one cannot avoid a feeling of intrusion. It sprang from the long separation of the lovers, due to Imlay's business, which first took him to Havre and then to London. In it may be read, in words alive with love or grief or scorn,—words fiery, impulsive, direct, sincere, unchecked,—how peace and fragrance and freshness filled the morning of their new life, and gave place to anxiety, distrust, contempt, and despair; how she quickly found out that she had “more mind than he, because she could find food for love in the same object for a longer time,” and that (with her unsexed plainness of speech), while the way to her senses was through her heart, “there was sometimes a shorter cut to his;” how the hope that she could revivify that better nature, which she saw sometimes striving to master his “commercial face,” so that at the last she and virtue might conquer, faded out; how the birth of her child—that Fanny whose fate is familiar to all who know Shelley's life—brought the warmth of hope, to be followed by a keener chill; how she upbraided that greed for money which kept him from her; and how, at last, her essential nature, lost in affectionate ecstasy for a time, reasserted itself, and let loose her scorn upon his sensuality and threw off his protection for herself and her child.

In marriage, when love fails, duty steps in; but she had no place for such duty in her system. “The little girl and I will take care of ourselves; we will not accept any of your cold kindness, your distant civilities,—no, not we. . . . Do not suppose that, neglected by you, I will lie under obligation of a pecuniary kind to you! No; I would sooner submit to menial service. I wanted the support of your affection; that gone, all is over!” She had been now two years in France, and this was the result of it,—love, motherhood, de-

section; she had looked forward to "as much felicity as the world affords."

Meanwhile, the dark eclipse of the Terror was waning; and, human hearts being unable to endure a constant rack of emotion, Mary Wollstonecraft, in the pauses of her grief, had written an account of the Revolution, valuable now as being the work of an eyewitness, and remarkable for its sober judgment. She had not yet broken irretrievably with Imlay, and in the spring of 1795 she returned to London, to reconciliation and a distrustful pleasure; she even submitted to take part in his despised business, and, with a maid and her child, set sail for Norway to attend to his embarrassed affairs. From this time the old correspondence begins anew, with scanty hope from the first, and sadder and more bitter at every writing. In spite of mental distress, the sea and the mountains brought back her health, braced her muscles, she says, and covered her ribs; but neither health nor her delight in the novel grandeur of nature about her could make her forget her wound. The facts remained, and when, on her return, she met them she could not face their blank stare. "Let my wrongs sleep with me," she wrote to Imlay; "soon, very soon, I shall be at peace." One night in November, having first drenched her clothes by standing in the water, she leaped from Putney Bridge into the Thames. She called this "one of the calmest acts of reason," although by it she deserted her friendless child. What would she have said, I wonder, could she have forecast the years, and seen the body of that child, influenced how much by her mother's example none will ever know, floating lifeless in the waters of that same river? Some passing boatmen rescued her, and recalled her to a hated life, to new farewells to her old lover, and to her former struggle for an independent living in London, the city for which she now felt a repugnance amounting to horror.

Her life resumed its accustomed ways; time and labor poured out healing, and, having done her duty toward Imlay, she was at last enabled to be just to herself, and to cast out of her life the remembrance of unworthiness. Meanwhile her descriptive letters from Norway and Sweden were published, and she reentered London literary society, where honor was still in store for her. There she met William Godwin, the almost forgotten philosopher, who once earned fame in more than one stroke for English liberty. At first Godwin was not pleased with Mary Wollstonecraft; he had heard that she spoke slightly of him, and he thought she took too large a share in the conversation, because he wished to hear Tom Paine talk. Repeated meetings modified his impressions, and gradually friendship, rooted in mutual regard, passed unobserved into the affection that binds man and woman indissolubly. Which was before or which was after, which was the toil-spreader and which the prey, said Godwin, it was impossible to know; and he who believed marriage should be abolished, and had published his opinion and the grounds of it where all might read, married her. Perhaps Mary Wollstonecraft had herself gleaned some experience from the social disrepute into which in a slight degree she had formerly fallen. Certainly this was in Godwin's mind, for he wrote to a friend that he submitted to the ceremony only in order to secure the social position of the individual; and having done that, he held himself no otherwise bound than before. They were married in March, 1797, and led a peculiar wedded life; for Godwin had some bachelor-bred notions among which one was that members of a family should not live together continually, for fear of becoming tired of each other's society; and consequently he took lodgings apart from his wife, where he spent a considerable portion of his time. Sometimes they walked together in the morning,

but frequently did not meet until dinner, after which it was not unusual for them to separate for different social assemblies. Their life was happy; but this late-found content was not to last. On the 30th of August their daughter Mary was born, and, after a painful illness, the mother died on the 10th of September, leaving Godwin in intense grief and loneliness to the melancholy task of writing her memoir and editing her unfinished works. Afterward, in the novel of *St. Leon*, he drew her character as it was revealed to him in their private life.

Her life, which I have described by its simplest human elements, gathered dignity and lustre from the character of her thought. She was an enthusiast in a cause which she served with all her powers, — with novel, tract, and dissertation; in nearly everything she wrote, she had the elevation of her sex most at heart. Should any look into her volumes for radical views, however, they would find little to reward them; the rights of woman which she vindicated were few and primitive, and words which, coming from her, were novel and vigorous have become commonplaces upon our lips. Women, as she observed them, — and there is only too much in the memoirs and romances of that age to bear out her description, — were feeble and foolish creatures, moving in a mean and narrow sphere, without an aim except to get married, without a motive except to better themselves, with no conception of conquest except what voluptuous promise might win over men's eyes; in her eighteenth-century rhetoric, "Taught from their infancy that beauty is woman's sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the body, and roaming round its gilt cage only seeks to adorn its prison." Under this ideal of women's life, decreed alike by Rousseau and the English clergy, the bent of the education of women was, in her own words, to make them alluring mistresses, and

the result of it was empty-headed or faithless wives, unfit to bear or rear children, and unable to retain their husband's attentions.

Against this system Mary Wollstonecraft protested; but the reform she proposed went no farther than that her sex should add to the person of a woman the character of a rational being by the acquisition of virtue and knowledge, through the exercise of that reason of which the perfectibility was her surest ground for looking forward to an immortal life; and the utmost privilege she asked was an equal opportunity with men to develop those mental and moral capacities which are the immortal part of humanity. To become the companions, rather than the toys, of man; to win the honor of his respect rather than the homage of his gallantry; to set their minds on making happy, healthy, and chaste homes; to discharge the duties of wives, sisters, and daughters; to be worthy of a life to come, — these were the simple and inoffensive aims which Mary Wollstonecraft set before women. She uttered no radical views upon marriage, which, on the contrary, she professed to respect as the foundation of almost every social virtue.

Perhaps, in her own day, her book, which is essentially an appeal for the education of woman, founded on the social value of such a reform in its effects upon family life, would not have been so censured, had she not urged her opinions with a plainness of speech which would be offensive, were it not that such freedom was usual in books of the kind, and necessary, as she thought, for her cause. I fear, however, that while she possessed that delicacy which shows itself actively in perception and thoughtfulness, she lacked that other delicacy of reserve which shows itself in reticence. She bares her thoughts, and they are sometimes such as women seldom put even into veiled speech. Her novels, which are simply moral essays,

cannot be freed from the blame of opening in too rude and blunt a way the hideousness of some parts of human life; her characters are like persons in a hospital, brought together to illustrate the disease of humanity, not to exhibit its normal nature. I do not doubt that in composing these half-finished works she was filled with the purest philanthropic spirit; but certainly in feminine delicacy as well as in literary art she was at fault.

Two subsidiary points in her *Vindication* ought not to be passed over: one of them is her advocacy of day schools for both sexes, in opposition to the academical system, which she denounced in unmeasured terms as giving rise to institutions where the relaxation of the junior boys was mischief and that of the senior vice; the other, the first deliberate avowal by a woman of the benefits of woman suffrage with which I am acquainted, as follows:—

“Though I consider that women in the common walks of life are called to fulfill the duties of wives and mothers by religion and reason, I cannot help lamenting that women of a superior cast have not a road open by which they can pursue more extensive plans of usefulness and independence. I may excite laughter by dropping a hint which I mean to pursue some future time, for I really think that women ought to have representatives instead of being arbitrarily governed, without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of government. But as the whole system of representation is now in this country only a convenient handle for despotism, they need not complain, for they are as well represented as a numerous class of hard-working mechanics, who pay for the support of royalty when they can hardly stop their children’s mouths with bread.”

From the opinions already spoken of it is clear that Mary Wollstonecraft was not wholly irreligious; but she was not orthodox. She expressly rejected the

doctrines that man introduced evil into the world, and that men will be punished hereafter for purposes of vengeance. She clung only to the being of God and the hope of immortality; submitting all else to the test of reason, she found skepticism or ignorance her portion. In lesser matters, she thought piety sometimes indicative of villainy; she distrusted the value of private and public charities; and she especially reprobated the forced religion of the public schools which made a youth “receive the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper to avoid forfeiting half a guinea, which he probably afterward spent in some sensual manner.” She called the observance of Sunday in the decorous London streets stupid, and thought the gladness she had seen in France of a Sunday was a “sentiment more truly religious;” then she goes on to give us a glimpse of country manners:—

“I recollect in the country parts of England the church-wardens used to go out during the service to see if they could catch any luckless wight playing at bowls or skittles; yet what could be more harmless? It would even, I think, be a great advantage to the English if feats of activity—I do not include boxing matches—were encouraged of a Sunday, as it might stop the progress of Methodism and of that fanatical spirit which appears to be gaining ground. I was surprised when I visited Yorkshire, on my way to Sweden, to find that sullen narrowness of thinking had made such a progress since I was an inhabitant of that country. . . . Besides, many of these deluded persons, with the best meaning, actually lose their reason and become miserable, the dread of damnation throwing them into a state which merits the term; and still more, in running after their preachers to promote their salvation, they neglect the interest and comfort of their families; so that in proportion as they attain a reputation for piety they become idle.”

Apparently, therefore, her own early and trustful piety had been destroyed; or, rather, when its speculative basis had been undermined by her mental growth and her reading of the French philosophers, it was transformed into a humanitarian religion similar to the advanced Unitarianism of our own days.

Leaving on one side that fund of observation which in her important works attracts the student of history and manners, and displays the largeness, justness, and penetration of her mind, these were the opinions she thought out and sought to make prevail. A liberal woman who speaks out her whole mind is nearly certain to give offense; for liberality implies a disposition to tolerate condemned views and to introduce new practices, both of them actions inconsistent with that bearing which the ordinary man admires in woman. For this reason she gave offense in her own day by originating and advocating opinions which are now so familiar that we forget they ever were original, and can hardly believe there was ever any necessity for advocating them. Her work and life, therefore, are a tide-mark of opinion, and are valuable on that account, even if they possess no other virtue for us; they reveal the great ebb of convention and prejudice in our century, the advance our time has made in lines of civilization more important than material progress, — in the ideal of life, and the opportunities granted by legislation and public opinion for the attainment of that ideal. The causes which she served are now living, and many of them are advanced in victory probably beyond her hope; the abuses she denounced are dead or languishing. There is only one act of hers which will meet with universal blame, and that was an error in conduct for which her early experience and the support of contemporary speculation plead forcibly. The race has found the institution of marriage too essential to social safety to

allow any attack upon it to pass unquestioned. She, by her conduct if not by her pen, set herself against this, and was consequently overborne and trampled down, her name slandered, and the virtue that was in her lost sight of; for, in such cases, the ordinary man is incapable of discriminating between acts which result from defective theories and those which result from moral depravity rooted in licentiousness and sensuality. Excepting this error, it would be difficult to find in her life anything more blameworthy than rational and active liberalism.

Posterity has passed her by, for she performed no notable act and produced no great literary work. She exercised only a contemporary influence (I find, however, an unknown authority asserting that she exercised a direct and powerful influence upon Englishwomen, particularly in the provinces, for fifty years); but, like the character of forgotten ancestors shaping in some degree our own acts and thoughts, her work lives in the great body of public opinion, which in respect to the themes she treated is so much more elevated and pure than it was a century ago. She lies among the undistinguished dead; but it is a grateful task to recall the names of those who have contributed to make human life more clean and more beneficent.

The circumstances of her life and the character of her opinions it is easy to tell; but there is comparatively no record of the woman whose feminine charm and beauty are lost to memory, except so far as the applause of her friends and the loveliness of her portraits reveal them. In one of these portraits there is a peculiar charm of expression, at once a dignity and a pathos, that stirs compassion in the heart. Looking upon it, it is easy to believe that she was courageous, enduring, and loving in life, as well as original, liberal, and fearless in thought; that she united

the charities of daily ministry to her friends with the graces of a mind cultivated by literature and acquainted with philosophy; that she was as open to human emotion and sympathy as to the loveliness of nature, her joy in which, before the days of Burns and Wordsworth, was her refuge and comfort; that in her struggle with life she neither lost nor harmed the most admirable qualities of womanhood. I am tempted to link her name with that of George Sand; in many ways she suggests the great Frenchwoman; vast as was the

difference in their genius, they belong to the same order of women. Her name, nevertheless, which seems to me the name of the worthiest Englishwoman in literature up to her time, will remain obscure; and the last memory of her will be, that over her grave in old St. Pancras church-yard Shelley wooed and won the daughter in bearing whom she died.

"For One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee."

George E. Woodberry.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.¹

I.

THIS book is a good example of a large class of books which are coming from the modern press. They assume that civilization, or progress, whichever we choose to call it, is wrong, and that in some way society must be reorganized before the social current can be turned into the right channels, or can be moved in the right direction.

Mr. George starts with the assumption that material progress, the growth of comfort and luxury, so characteristic of modern life, inevitably brings with it more poverty and want; and that this condition of poverty extends to an ever-increasing number of persons. He does not prove this proposition. He argues that because in an agricultural or "new" community the poorer classes are more independent than the same classes are in great cities, and the tendency of population is toward the city, therefore modern life drags down with each step of progress an increasing number of per-

sons into poverty. We think the contrary can be readily shown: that the condition of the poor as a whole has generally, almost constantly, improved through the modern centuries. But we are now concerned only with the statement on which the argument rests,—"the problem," as he terms it. He further assumes that poverty is the impelling cause of vice and crime.

Our author now proceeds to discuss with vigor and the greatest ingenuity the doctrines of political economy. He shows that capital (as the term is generally used by economists) should mean "wealth in the course of exchange;" that labor is not paid out of capital, but out of the product of labor; that consequently there is no wage-fund.² He believes the Malthus law—"that population naturally tends to increase faster than subsistence"—to be no law at all; and it is easy to adopt his view, for common sense would teach us that until the world shall be filled up to running over there can be no facts sufficient to prove

¹ *Progress and Poverty*. An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By

HENRY GEORGE. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

² This has already been clearly established by F. P. Walker in his work on Wages.

that the Author of the human race made so melancholy a mistake.

But when he reaches the law of rent, he comes to firm soundings. He agrees with the masters of political economy that "the rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use;" and this potent axiom, according to Mr. George, causes all the mischief of poverty in modern times. There is no difference between capital and labor; each is necessary to the other, and each would get its "natural" (whatever this may be) reward if it were not for land held individually, or, in other words, the landholder. The land-owner gets all the increase of modern industrial progress, formulates it in rent, and grinds the face of the poor by means of this crushing law. The "remedy" would be to abolish all individual titles in land. Yet when our author fairly states this he recoils from the drastic operation of his medicine. Instead of this heroic treatment, he proposes at present to tax land so heavily that the principle of ownership would be of little value, and the main usufruct would revert to the state. How this would help the proletariat or diminish poverty is not so clear, for we believe that it is universally admitted that an increase of taxation finally bears more heavily on labor than on any other element in society.

Mr. George's argument is diffuse, but always interesting. He earnestly deprecates the ills of modern life, and, vaguely conceiving that if the concentration of wealth in individual hands could be prevented all would be well, he would demolish land-holding, the main foundation of all private property. But, as we have noted, he has not the courage to apply a treatment involving such vast consequences.

As it seems to the present writer, Mr. George starts with a fundamental error, which he shares with many thinkers

and social theorists. From Locke and from Adam Smith onward, many of the best men have said, "Labor produces all things." Mr. George says, "It is not capital which employs labor, but labor which employs capital." He is wrong, they are all wrong, if we are considering civilized life. Try the proposition out of your own experience. Create a single product of civilized life by labor alone. You say, reader, that you will go into the wilderness, and from virgin soil bring back a bushel of corn untainted by progress or the conditions of this jangling modern time. We will leave out of the question the seed you plant, and consider only the spade you must have, or you would perish before your fingers could subdue the reluctant earth. The spade does not belong to labor, nor to capital *qua* capital; it belongs to society, though it exists in the form of capital. You say that you will win your product from old nature in another form. You will go to the untracked forest, hew out a deal plank, bring it to market on your own shoulders, and prevail over organized industry and commerce by the labor of your own hands. The axe you use is not yours through the essence of labor, though you may have made it with your own hands instead of buying it in the market. The idea of the axe, its potentiality which enables it to prevail over nature, does not belong to you. This is the result of long generations of development, from the rudest stone tool to the elegant steel blade which rings through the pine woods of Maine. This belongs to society; neither the laborer nor the capitalist owns this principle, though either may for the moment hold the thing which represents it.

You and I, everybody, all acting together, beget a want, a social motive, which, issuing forth, sends the axeman to the tree, the log to the mill, the plank to the joiner, and finally *produces* this table, the complex result of the

whole movement. Mr. George and all the economists cannot arrest this progression at any one point, and say, This is labor alone, that is capital alone, that is land — he includes all the forces of nature in the element land — alone. Therefore, we say, neither capital nor labor employs the other; society employs them both. How it employs them is not so apparent as the ordinary social-ist imagines. Just here is the difficult step in setting forth the principles of social order, the enigma of simple everyday life.

Notwithstanding all the fine distinctions of the economists dividing things into capital fixed and circulating, wealth, commodities, land, etc., the common use of language is gradually throwing all these things into one term, — capital. Capital and labor represent to the popular mind substance and property on the one side, individual effort with brain or hands on the other. This popular use of the term capital — for it is quite modern — signifies some positive progress in our comprehension of the facts of our common life. It is often remarked that capital is labor saved; "stored up" is one author's expression. This expression does not wholly explain the relation of labor and capital which we have sketched in our social movement. Some simple principles have been long in reaching our comprehension, and we believe this principle is such a one. To illustrate: grass is a product of nature; hay preserved and stored up is a product of civilization. Grass, while being cut and cured, is a joint product of capital and labor, and often perishes while passing into hay, which is a definite thing, and can be handled like any other form of capital. This process of grass cultivation and hay-making typifies every possible movement of labor and capital. The economists formulate labor, capital, rent, wages of superintendence, as the whole rule of social movement and of the science of

wealth. No one of these terms expresses the delicate process of transmutation which capital and labor undergo from the instant they together start to produce anything, whether it be a bushel of wheat or a chronometer watch. It has been asserted that the farmer is the greatest gambler we know. He who plants a seed — a something of value, a necessary article of subsistence — and trusts it to all the uncertainties of nature and of labor, even though the labor be his own, commits his property and possibly himself to a most uncertain fate. But every operation of producer or exchanger is of exactly the same nature. The grease and the alkali must be sacrificed, but the soap may not follow the effort. Flour, yeast, and fire are solid forces, which are passing away, but the bread may never appear, or it may be only a worthless cinder. This process which is constantly going forward in our modern life the present writer terms *capitalizing*; that is, the converting of capital and labor into more capital. Whatever be the word of definition, the principle must be held steadily in mind, or we shall fail to reach some of the main springs of modern society. It is not a force like capital itself, either active or passive; but it is a function. This function must be embodied in a person or persons, just as teaching the mind is embodied in a teacher, or administering a steam-engine is embodied in an engineer. The administrator of capital and labor is not a mere middleman; he is a capitalizer. Capital, labor, and capitalizing cover all the necessary forms of wealth and individual activity in so far as we can define social life in material terms.

It looks easy, but the lack of this simple definition, taken from every-day life, has caused many blunders in social science. We believe this to be the cause of Mr. George's curious error respecting land. He says, "Land is the source of all wealth. It is the mine

from which must be drawn the ore that labor fashions. It is the substance to which labor gives the form. And hence, when labor cannot satisfy its wants, may we not with certainty infer that it can be from no other cause than that labor is denied access to land?" This is an example of the reasoning which our author, with great acumen, applies in many parts of his argument. It is a specimen of much of the present socialistic philosophy. It is true in a sense, but not true as he means it. The source of wealth is not in land, but in society, as we proved with the axe, the lumber, and the table. The land is no more the source of the civilized crop growing on it than the water is the source of the steamship which it bears upon its bosom. Let us make a fanciful but none the less true illustration. Suppose the great Atlantic water-way should become so crowded that the civilized governments should find it necessary to track it from Europe to America, to divide it into courses for swift and slow vessels, as they do for wagons on Leaden Bridge, and finally to employ a great corporation to police this arrangement and collect tolls for the service. We should then have all the difficulties on water which socialists make on land. But society would say, Civilization needs this water for the better movement of its daily life. If you wish to sail your vessel "free," go where there is less civilization. This is in principle what old communities have done with land, and what new communities have so far been obliged to do when they have fenced in the common domain.

Mr. George expends much force in trying to establish the principle that property in land essentially differs from all other kinds of property. "Property in a house," he says, "is rightful, because the product of labor; property in the lot on which it stands is wrong, because it is not the result of labor. The sanction which natural justice gives to

one species of property is denied to the other; the rightfulness which attaches to individual property in the produce of labor implies the wrongfulness of individual property in land; whereas the recognition of the one places all men upon equal terms, securing to each the due reward of his labor, the recognition of the other is the denial of the equal rights of men, permitting those who do not labor to take the natural reward of those who do."

This recalls some of the reasoning of Mr. Ruskin, and others of the same school. These writers must consider both the house and lot in their social relations. It is as places of abode or of use for human beings that these particular things interest any of us. Now the house, with its arrangement of doors, windows, and rooms, its fabric of wood, stone, or iron, is a product of labor, is a social entity; all will admit that. But what is the lot, fenced in by an inclosure embodying all the results of order and government, bordered by a street or road which makes residence there endurable, or surrounded by cultivated fields from which subsistence may be drawn? This bit of ground, whether it be subdued in the remote agricultural district, or carefully improved in the most crowded city, is equally a conquest made by man from nature; it is a social entity.

There may be reasons for putting all the accumulations of society which are now tended and husbanded by individuals into the immediate control of the whole people: the state it may be, the mob it may be, according as the issue may turn out. That is the socialistic idea: to try to constitute a better form of capital, a better organism for civilized effort, than that in which we now live, where each individual is encouraged to push his own want, and the social impulse is the mutual expression of all the individual desires. There may be arguments, and there are plenty of

arguments, urged in favor of such a social change. But whatever they may be, they apply to all forms of property equally. Land is not different from a government bond, a chronometer watch, or a woodsman's axe. Each is a social creation, a thing in substance, which represents weighty social ideas; these ideas are far more potent than any material in the watch or any soil in the land. Whether society will ever dare to take this bold plunge into a new system is of course matter of interesting speculation. But society will never take it, unless it be fully comprehended, for it must unsettle every present social institution in the passage to other goods and other ills we know not of. No juggling of the terms will ever convince the great average intelligence that property is not property; or that social earnings embodied in land differ from other social earnings, whatever they may be.

The main question is and must always be, Can we find better trustees for property, capital, land, than those persons who, in their constant use and exchange of it, prove their ability to keep it? Without doubt, the average sober sense of the community answers that the individual holder is the safest trustee of those social accumulations which have been so painfully acquired by the generations gone before. The basis of this common conviction, that which alone can make it common sense, is in the principle I have stated. It is not a mere stupid instinct of conservatism; it is the universal knowledge of experience. It is in that principle of capitalizing before mentioned, the every-day philosopher's stone, the ability to turn capital and labor into new capital. No high aspiration, no scientific knowledge, no power of state or armies, can forward or control this simple and elementary movement of society. The great operations of society are made up of these little movements of capital, labor, and capitalizing, just as certainly as the river or

ocean currents come from drops of water.

Our reformers are mistaken when they imagine that it is the possession of capital which society is anxious about. It is the movement of it, the transmutation of capital and labor, which vexes the mind of man. This constant restless renewal of material substance through individual effort, the uncertainty, the immense chance, of daily life, even in the narrowest lives, while it distresses also fascinates mankind. All capital, all labor, and, more important than all, that fine social organization, the sum of life either for capitalist or laborer, are staked every day on myriads of subtle operations which involve the material substance of capital, the instant effort of labor, and the social coöperation of all. The immense majority of these operations are of small amount, and principally affect individuals and families. But all these operations, small or great, are linked in the vast social movements and impulses which modern trade, commerce, and manufacture embody. It is not the ownership of the capital which interests us so much in essence as how it shall be used and improved. In a large sense great monopolies cannot forward themselves without advancing the larger interests of society.

Can we get trustees on the whole better than these property-holding individuals?—that is the vital social question. For they are trustees of these capitals. The amount the richest monopolist can consume is ridiculously small considered as a social factor. If he distend his stomach with nightingales' tongues, it is a trifle in the meat market; if he cover his body with diamonds, like a barbaric potentate, some one is paid for digging them, and the diamonds remain solid material embodiments of the social desires of mankind.

This organic principle, this social movement, which employs the material substance of capital on the one hand,

the turbulent, restless effort of labor on the other, both at once and altogether, is not a something belonging to either capitalist or laborer. Both these are parts of it, are in it and of it. Many laborers are and all may be capitalists, if they will practice the necessary thrift. The laborer likes to toil in great streets, and to smoke his pipe in the company of crowds of people. It is useless to tell him how happy he would be on a prairie, holding the land either in fee or under state proprietorship. He answers, I like civilization, to enjoy all that I see, to possess what I can; but I must enjoy in the company of kindred spirits. This common desire makes cities, builds great communities, calls for all the resources of modern industrial progress.

The vice of Mr. George's argument, and of those arguing with him, is that they attempt to separate the laborer from this general social tide, and represent him as a caged animal, hating all around him because he cannot possess the fee of the property he sees. It would be just as good philosophy to depict Vanderbilt or Rothschild or Flood cursing and moaning because he cannot hold the ocean in his grasp and control its continental tides. It is but little either of these magnates possesses in person or enjoys to himself alone. He can no more divert his capital from its social functions to his own desires than he can shut up the bay of San Francisco or the harbor of New York. He is a public servant, whom a strict social surveillance hardly allows to wear purple and fine linen, at least outside his own doors. He is well paid so long as he does what the public generally want. Let him deviate from this prescribed course, and society soon rids itself of a useless burden.

It is true that poverty, vice, and crime abound most in large communities. It is simply because everything abounds there. Great cities and thickly popu-

lated districts contain the great objects of human desire, — the desires of all conditions of life, whether rich or poor. Wealth and want lie together; not as cause and effect, but as incidents in the social life of all civilizations the world has known. Where most people congregate, there the most civilization prevails and the greatest chances, both for success and failure, tempt the individual man and woman, capitalist or laborer. Whether poverty has increased in relative quantity is a nice question, and the discussion of it would extend far beyond the limits of this paper. But whether the proportion be more or less, the changing of land titles from individuals to the state will not affect it, except to make it worse. It is not pleasant to make a dogmatic statement, but it rests with the socialistic philosophers not only to prove the ills of progress, but to show a civilization, or the germs of one, which has borne better fruits than the historic civilization which we know. This historic current has passed from common and tribal property to individual property in one form or another. To revert to common property in land would be a backward course, and societies never go backward, unless they are falling into decay.

William B. Weedon.

II.

Like many other writers who have proposed remedies for the poverty of the masses, Mr. George first attempts to overthrow most of the established principles of political economy. The current doctrine "that wages depend on the ratio between the amount of labor seeking employment and the capital devoted to its employment" would cause, Mr. George rightly claims, if true, that high wages should be accompanied by an abundance of capital, and low wages by a lack of capital. But is it not true,

he asks, that in embarrassed times, when wages are lowest, capital is most plenty? But capital which is *employed* is not plenty; it is capital which is *seeking* employment. It is the ratio of the laborers to the *employed* capital which regulates wages, and as in embarrassed times much capital is idle, wages must fall. Mr. George also claims that, "as the efficiency of labor manifestly increases with the number of laborers, the more laborers, other things being equal, the higher wages should be." An increase in the efficiency of labor does not necessarily increase wages. Capital is selfish, and will pay in wages no more than it is forced to pay. This increased efficiency does not come from any improvement in the mental or physical condition of the laborer so much as from the advance in the division of labor and the use of machinery on a scale so grand that the laborer is daily more dependent on the brains and capital of his employer. The want and imprudence of the laborer always work for the capitalist, and force the former continually to compete with his co-laborers in bringing wages down to the mere means of subsistence. If the efficiency of labor should be increased fourfold and the ratio between laborers and capital should remain the same as before, wages would not rise, although private charity might be more profuse. Probably, however, such an increase in the efficiency of labor would create capital so fast that it would cause competition for labor and thus raise wages. But if the increase in production were spent in luxury as fast as created, wages would not rise in the least.

Mr. George claims that the margin of cultivation determines wages: it is true that wages cannot long remain below the standard which a laborer can obtain by his own work on land which he can cultivate without payment of rent, and this is without doubt one cause of the high wages in newly settled coun-

tries. But in settled countries all land except the most worthless is used, and such is the advantage furnished by cultivation on a great scale that large farmers can cultivate advantageously land on which an independent laborer could hardly subsist. The division of labor has therefore taken from the laborer the resort to poorer soils in settled countries, while even in our own West the laborer can do better as the employee of the large farmer than in tilling his own few acres. The great mass of proletarians are also in no condition to resort to abandoned or remote soils, and are consequently at the mercy of their employers.

Leaving, however, broad questions of political economy, we come to the portion of Mr. George's work for which he is better fitted, — the description of our social and industrial state, and the investigation of means for improving the condition of the laborer. The cause, according to Mr. George, that, with the increasing productivity of labor, wages and interest do not proportionately increase is due to the fact that to the land-owner accrue all the advantages consequent upon the increase in population. The settlement of men together in large numbers permits the division of labor; central locations assist production by facilitating communication; and consequently land in thickly populated districts becomes very valuable. Competition will in time cause the land-owner to receive as rent all the advantages accruing from the collection of people together, because producers in thinly populated districts will wish to transport their business into cities, and will eventually offer the city land-owner as rent the excess of profit which their capital can obtain in the city over what it can obtain in the country. Whenever rent rises above that point, capital will leave densely populated districts for those more thinly settled; whenever rent is below that point, capital will compete for the advantageous

positions which thickly settled districts afford, and the rent will rise. The interest which capital receives in manufacture or production on land which furnishes no advantages on account of its population is the interest which must regulate capital which is engaged in the most densely populated districts.

Such in the main is Mr. George's explanation of the effect of civilization in increasing rent. The idea is by no means new, but Mr. George's addition is in his practical method of applying the theory, to whose action is due, as he claims, every period of commercial distress as well as the hard lot of the laborer. For speculation in prosperous times, he thinks, will always carry the price of land so high that the manufacturer is obliged to pay to the land-owner a sum so large that a sufficient surplus cannot remain for profit. Production will then cease, and hard times will continue until the price of land is again brought to that point where the manufacturer can employ his capital to advantage. "This relation is observable throughout the civilized world. Periods of industrial activity always culminate in a speculative advance of land values, followed by symptoms of checked production, generally shown at first by cessation of demand from the newer countries, where the advance in land values has been greatest."

That an excessive rise in the price of land would naturally stop production is true, and Mr. George has well stated it, but it is not the only cause of bringing on commercial embarrassment. Waste of capital in ruinous investments would likewise cause a diminution in demand, which would be transmitted through all the ramifications of industry. It is also possible that all other commodities may rise proportionately with the price of land. In that case speculative values in land would not check production; but it still remains true that whenever the price of land is excessively high, times

of commercial embarrassment are imminent.

The remedy which Mr. George proposes is the taxation of land by the state to such an extent that the holder will retain only a sufficient sum to recompense him for acting as the agent of the state in using or transferring the land. That is, the land is to be taxed for almost its whole rental. By this means Mr. George expects to remove the causes of all commercial crises, and especially to raise the price of labor to its proper rate. The real effect will be to rob the land-owners, and the rent which capital before gave to them will now go to the state. Capital will thus be relieved of all taxation; for the proceeds from the taxation of land will be more than is necessary for the needs of the state. But where will the laborers gain? They are still at the mercy of the capitalist, and their competition will drive their wages down to the lowest point. The gain will then be wholly to the capitalist, unless the excess of the proceeds of taxation over the necessary expenses of the state are spent for the education and amusement of the public; in this way the laborers will gain; they can never fight unprotected against capital and obtain more than a mere subsistence. And here we come to the pith of the problem. Under *laissez faire* the laborers in the long run must be at the mercy of capital; they cannot individually raise their wages. Is it not best, then, to take some such collective and indirect means as Mr. George proposes? If land is taxed only sufficiently to carry on the necessary expenses of government, the laborers are not assisted, and the whole gain falls to the employer of labor. If, however, land is taxed at a high rate, and the excess over the amount required for government be expended in public baths, amusements, education, etc., the laborer will have the advantage of these benefits, while his wages cannot go below the amount required

for the necessities of life. It surely seems unjust that the land-owner should simply by the possession of land draw to himself a large part of the material advantages consequent on the growth of population. It may be called right or wrong thus to tax land-owners who have purchased the land at a high price. The whole question is one of expediency; it is simply a question as to what is the greatest benefit for those who have the power,—for the greatest number. Mr. George claims that land-owners would not be injured by the innovation; they surely would lose their land, at least indirectly, although it is true that land would be no higher than at present, and the laborer who wishes to own his house

and garden could do so as before, by paying a moderate rent to the state. While it is true that in production capital must go hand in hand with labor, it is also true that, in the distribution of what is produced, whatever capital gains labor loses, and *vice versa*. The distribution of wealth is determined by a battle which goes on continually: capital has on its side the power of waiting, which has hitherto been all successful; but labor has on its side brute force, which more and more seems liable to be exercised. We confess we see no other means by which the laborers can ultimately better their condition, and Mr. George's plan is one of the least objectionable means of that character.

Willard Brown.

NORTON'S MEDIEVAL CHURCH-BUILDING.¹

WHATEVER cataclysms may await the present civilization of the world, it is certain that it cannot be blotted out, as was that of ancient Rome, by obstreperous barbarism. It is all-pervasive, such as it is. There are no dark corners for Gog and Magog to lurk in, and burst forth, at the fitting moment of decadence, and sweep all before them. In that time innumerable tribes, almost nameless, pressed upon by one another at home, driven by hunger, or lured by vague rumors, swarmed down upon a wonderfully perfected society, and, having neither appreciation nor pity, left, as it seemed, hardly a vestige of it after their blind fury. But the refinement they overthrew cast its spell upon them in a thousand subtle ways. They succumbed to ideas of religion, morality, civil law, and artistic beauty. They rested from their forays, reflected, originated, prospered in all the arts, and

then had decadences of their own. An investigator last year at Rome, as appears from his letter to a London paper, discovered a circumstance which is really fascinating in its extraordinary novelty and the field it opens to reflection,—that they built foundation walls, in the early days, with lovely statuary. It is an excellent epitome of the situation from the point of view of art. With a seed of lovely statues in the foundation trenches, it could not but be that a superstructure should flower above, in time, in a manner worthy of them.

It would be difficult to find a better statement of this great change (extensive as the bibliography of the subject is)—a statement more compact and uninvolved, while just and complete, of this change, and of the causes combining to produce the extraordinary interest, at its acme, in church-building and the connected arts—than is contained

¹ *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages. Venice, Siena, Florence.* By

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

in Professor Norton's preliminary chapter. He places before us broadly the condition of the world from the fall of the Roman Empire to the rise of the Renaissance period in Christendom; and this background, definite but not obtrusive, palpitating with its peculiar, richly agitated life, forms an integral part of the effect when he approaches closer and presents, with his discriminating and appreciative touch, the three notable monuments he has chosen for examination in detail. To generalize and not to generalize too much, to deal sufficiently with great causes and leading aspects of things without becoming merely anatomical and arid, requires a high order of skill, of which Professor Norton shows himself master. He makes us comprehend easily the moral unity that had been established among the once-heterogeneous tribes by the prevalence of Christianity; by the effort to found civil institutions; the equality in ignorance, where all alike were groping in the collection of scattered materials; and the rise of commerce, — whereas before there had been, with all else diverse, only the bond of a subjection to a common tyranny. It was natural, then, that any principal product, as architecture, should not be confined to a single point, but should be universally prevalent, of the same general essence, and presenting in the different lands only minor and not radical differences. The remains of classic antiquity were the starting-point, but Christian architecture was not the less a new and original creation, just as the offspring of the pulverized speech of the empire was new and independent tongues, and not merely a corrupt Latinity.

It is with philosophic considerations of this kind that the author precedes and accompanies lightly his study of three of the architectural masterpieces of Italy. It need not be feared that he is too philosophic. He sets limits to each of his departments with a self-command

not at all common. His interest in the moral unity of Europe does not interfere with his very genial pleasure in small personal traits, a costume, the spirited aspect of a civic procession or a line of battle, or a proper estimate of the forms and proportions of the monuments which are more particularly his theme. Nor is he in the least technical. Such description of the arrangement of his buildings as is called for is expressed in terms easily intelligible to the layman, and is of a happily lucid character; which, to be sure, as the text is unaccompanied by plans or cuts of any kind, it ought to be, but which it easily might not have been. Professor Norton is a layman moved by pure impulse of culture to subjects — so far as the basis is concerned — usually treated only by technical writers, and at the same time so thoroughly intelligent and at home on his ground as to preclude the possibility of carping at his knowledge by the fastidious. His account of the rise of concentric instead of single arches, and the clustered column, of which Lübke makes something tolerably abstruse in his *History of Art*, is an instance of this kind; and the statement of the Italian system of *incrusted*, as compared with the Northern *constructive*, ornament and building is another. The volume is one to claim attention for its charm of style as well as for its matter, and is not one of those — alas that they should be so numerous, and strange that they should be possible in the delightful domain of the fine arts, where the native sweetness of the subject might be thought to leaven any dreariness! — to be persevered in only from sense of duty and for strict purpose of improvement.

The volume does not aim to exhaust a large field, nor is each part of it again a complete monograph. It is rather three exceedingly entertaining essays on three delightful masterpieces, bound together with an explanatory essay on

the state of Europe. The author has presented a series of historical happenings and pictures of society, on the basis of the great monumental piles which saw so many fermentations of human affairs and have so outlasted them. The action is by preference in the church, — some scene of special note or magnificence which has taken place there, or under its shadow and *apropos* of it. The several incidents, in each case, might be called Episodes in the Life of a Cathedral.

It is in this that the novelty of the work, so far as the plan is concerned, consists. The matter, too, is of a freshness which could hardly have been anticipated in a field so very liberally treated of already. As he has not felt compelled to be wearisomely exhaustive, the author has been at liberty to recall, as a traveler of impressible and independent temper might, some of the less instead of the better known doings witnessed by the pile under whose ægis he strolls in a leisurely reflective mood. His task at Venice must have been more difficult than elsewhere, owing to the extraordinarily full and brilliant expositions of Ruskin, and he has apparently recognized such a preëmption in making his study of St. Mark's much the shortest of the articles. There is no collision with Ruskin. The temperance of the tone, the absolute avoidance of everything like "word-painting," at this part gives even an effect of coldness. On the other hand, his theories are based upon convincing logic, and are not those wild flyings-in-the-face of common sense with which that erratic genius twists all history and existing things to the support of his whim of the moment.

In Venice we enter St. Mark's. We see that it is cruciform in shape, with a dome at the intersection, and a smaller dome over each of the arms. We see at the remote eastern end a mosaic, on a gold ground, of a great figure of the Saviour throned in glory, and over

the entrance door another, with the Virgin and St. Mark, and the inscription, "I am the gate of life; enter through me, ye who are mine!" We have seen that the front without is incrustated with mosaics and hap-hazard ornament brought by Venetian admirals from their conquests, woven into a harmonious whole, and that there is a baptistery, at one side, of severer than the generally pervading lines. Our author regrets the addition of certain elements, in an over-florid taste, at a late date, from which it appears that the Byzantine style had also, like the others, its flamboyant period, and that the great basilica did not always present, as now, to the traveler that appearance of a bristling, gay, and fragile complexity, as if it were the canvas bivouac of a hippodrome, or the booths in which the revels of Vanity Fair were in progress. Then we are put right on the fabrication that the Pope set his foot on the neck of Barbarossa — they did but meet and arrange a treaty, as equal potentates, it seems — on the spot in the vestibule tradition still points out, and we witness the scenes in the church attending the formation of the alliance with the French for the Third Crusade; and that is all. The largeness of the traits, the unwillingness that distinctness of impression should be marred, is a predominating characteristic throughout. It is the way with the injudicious, in a mass of rich material, not to be able to keep their hands off just one more detail, and one more. Professor Norton deserves almost as much credit for what he has not attempted, in the given space, as for what he has.

The paper on Siena will perhaps be considered the most successful of the three. The ground here is less hackneyed, less open to injurious suspicions of repetition, and at the same time of an extent to be more completely handled. The author has given himself a great deal of pleasure, apparently, in

delving in the archives of the decayed hill city, once so arrogant a republic, and has unearthed numbers of curious documents, some of which (as a letter from the Captain of the People, one concerning the mode of election of the board of works, others on the method respecting subsidies and offerings, and the custom of the release of prisoners on certain great festivals) he gives in an appendix,—of wider value, perhaps, had they been translated, or somewhat paraphrased, at least, from the original tongues.

This is a kind of composition which he approaches, when in accord with the scheme, with a definite gusto. There are few passages more entertaining than those in which he has set down a simple rendering of the words of the old chroniclers. The view of the proceedings relating the negotiation for the Third Crusade is through the eyes of the French writer Villehardouin, who was himself the spokesman of the envoys, come to engage galleys and victualing for their force.

"Of the fair and good words that the Doge spake," he says, "I cannot report to you all; but the end of the thing was that they took till the morrow to draw up the papers. . . . And when the papers were drawn up and sealed they were brought to the Doge in the great palace where were the great council and the little. And when the Doge delivered the papers to them he knelt down, and with many tears he swore upon the saints to keep in good faith the agreements that were in the papers; and all his council, which was of forty-six persons, did the like. And the envoys, on their part, swore to hold to their papers, and that the oaths of their lords and their own oaths should be kept in good faith. And know that many a tear of pity was shed there [for that the Holy Land beyond the Sea was in bondage to the Turks, and for the shame of Jesus Christ, as he says elsewhere].

Then the envoys borrowed five thousand marks of silver, and gave them to the Doge to begin the fleet; and then they took leave to return to their own country."

Again, he relishes the quaint phraseology of the drummer who went up to the top of the tower of the Mariscotti, and beat his drum, and sent down comments—it was all the telegraph and telephone of the time—on the progress of the battle of Montaperti, delivered by the men of the town (who had marched out from under the blessing of their cathedral, and would contribute for its completion a liberal portion of their spoils if victorious) to those of Florence, in sight of the walls. "When he saw the Sieneſe hoſt begin to move, he beat his drum and cried aloud to the people who were gathered around the foot of the tower, telling them of the advance, and bidding them pray for victory. When the fight became thick he beat his drum again, and cried, 'Now they are at work! Pray God for victory!' And again, after a while, the drummer shouted, 'Pray God for ours, for they ſeem to give way ſome little! Now I ſee it is the enemy who waver.'"

Towards evening he had the ſatisfaction of beating gayly that the enemy was in flight; and the martial Sieneſe came back, with their picturesque *carroccio*, their banner of white and red, mounted on its maſt, in a wain drawn by white oxen, triumphant, having utterly cut to pieces a hoſt of thirty thouſand men.

One is continually beſet by the wonder—which has never been thoroughly explained, and yet remains as a worthy ſubject for a ſpecial ſtudy—how theſe neighboring cities, twenty miles apart, could rend one another thus in all directions, and with their internal diſſenſions beſides could yet attain to the teeming populations and commercial proſperity there is no doubt they enjoyed. It is eaſy to ſee how large funds for church-building ſhould have accumu-

lated in the hands of ecclesiastics, as the only peaceable portion of the community in a time of wild turmoil, and in the widely extended sentiment of remorse for deeds of blood, but the part played also by the feeling of local pride in these cities has not usually been so lucidly set forth as here. The hasty student of mediæval history who may have overlooked the point will learn from Professor Norton that the cathedral edifice, the sculptured pulpit of Niccola Pisano, the painted altar-piece of Duccio, were not exclusively an offering to God and a pro-

fession of faith, but to a certain extent the walled city's favored form of gasconade and method of tantalizing its rivals.

One would say, in completing these papers, that a trifle more of color here and there might not have come amiss. The enforced abstinence from whatever the ordinary writer would have permitted himself occasionally borders on the ascetic, — with all the taste and sympathy, the accomplished critical faculty, the fine and polished movement, the perfect fairness of temper, that pervades them.

THE MEMORIAL HISTORY OF BOSTON.

THE first volume has appeared of a collection of historical essays and monographs¹ which will, when completed, give a very comprehensive survey of Boston from the time of its settlement in 1630 to the completion of its two hundred and fiftieth year in 1880. The work, indeed, takes a good start back of 1630, going even beyond Prince, who began with the Flood, in his Chronological History of New England; for Professor Shaler, in his chapter on the Outline of the Geology of Boston, begins with the Creation, and intimates the very birth of the peninsula on which Boston was predestined to stand, and Professor Allen follows with an account of the Fauna of Eastern Massachusetts, and presents a view of the earliest inhabitant of Boston, the Great Auk, who does not appear in the passenger list of the ark. The intelligence with which this Bostonian looks forth from the printed page is most gratifying: that eye has speculation in it; those little short wings

can surely flap applause. The whole approach to the historic foundation in 1630 prepares one for the dignity of the subject. Besides the editor's preface and introduction and the chapters just mentioned, Whittier's historical poem of *The King's Missive* stands in front of the contributions as a pleasant reminder that literature, after all, is the amber which incloses the fly; and Professor Gray treats of the Flora of Boston and its Vicinity, Mr. George Dexter of the Early European Voyages in Massachusetts Bay, the editor of the *Earliest Maps of Massachusetts Bay and Boston Harbor*, and Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., of the *Earliest Explorations and Settlement of Boston Harbor*. By such thorough clearing of the way is the reader prepared for the arrival of the *Arabella*. He has assisted at the creation of the peninsula, watched the gambols of the prophetic auk, seen the first blade of grass grow on Beacon Hill, descried from its summit the ships of the early

¹ *The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts. 1630-1880.* Edited by JUSTIN WINSON, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Vol. I. The Early

and Colonial Periods. Issued under the business superintendence of the projector, Clarence F. Jewett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

voyagers, preceded by the shadowy sails of the Flying Norwegian, — which Mr. Dexter, with praiseworthy caution, declines to anchor within the bay, — attended the silent services of the Church of England as administered by Blackstone to the Mavericks and Walfords, and now stands ready to receive the ministers and their congregations. The deliberateness and leisure of the movement of the book augur well for the completeness of the survey.

The Memorial History is in truth more than a survey: it is a summary of what has been diligently accumulated by successive generations of students, presented by some of the most eminent of these special investigators. For ninety years the Massachusetts Historical Society, and for half that time the New England Historic Genealogical Society, having their head-quarters in Boston, and the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, dating from the first years of this century, have been doing a work which isolated scholars could not do; add to this the individual labor of students, the collections formed by Harvard College Library, the Boston Public Library, and the Boston Athenæum, and it is doubtful if another instance can be found of such concentration of independent and organized historical and genealogical investigation upon a single community within the same brief period. Then the libraries containing materials for the local history and the societies themselves are the legatees of local historians from the very first establishment of the city. The labors of Winthrop, Hutchinson, Prince, Belknap, Minot, Holmes, to say nothing of many other less noted men, have suffered scarcely anything from the ravages of fire, or disorder, or hostile occupation; by what earlier generations would have regarded as a miraculous interposition of Providence, precious material, which did suffer an eclipse by the presence of the British army in

Boston, was rediscovered and brought back from exile; the unfading family and civic pride has been conservative of literary and other monuments; the churches have maintained their individual integrity; the town and the State have preserved their records, and traditions have been hoarded. As a result, the city of Boston, less homogeneous than once, but scarcely less proud of its historic movement, has accumulated a mass of material, much of it thoroughly sifted and ordered, for the more perfect display of its record. There have been local antiquaries, and more than one has attempted a history of the town and city, but the work of presenting the result of the life of Boston after two hundred and fifty years of growth and expansion could scarcely find any adequate undertaking except, as in this instance, at the hands of a number of writers, each specially equipped and attacking the subject from independent positions. The reason of this is obvious. The interest which one takes in such a city as Boston is divided among many considerations. There is the interest in the topographical changes; in the landmarks, which are in part matters of memory or tradition, in part still visible and suggestive. There is the interest in the names of men which recur again and again; in the organic life of the town; in its relations to the commonwealth; in the varying phases of social and domestic life. Besides, Boston was for so long a time the spokesman of New England that no history of the town would be complete which did not cover in its range those greater questions of public interest which render the relation of the New to the Old England one of the great subjects of modern history. The interest which one takes in historic Boston is at once so petty and familiar, so large and philosophic, and one's present relation to it so living and continuous, that when he attempts to seize upon some minor characteristics

he finds himself, like Thor, lifting the cat and discovering that he has hold of Jörmungad.

Perhaps it is from some such sense of the gravity of the situation that the writers in the first volume have treated their subjects with a dignity and critical acumen which make the book rather encyclopædic in character, and lacking in narrative animation. Perhaps, too, the same result is due largely to the fact, already intimated, that the writers are in many instances experts, who for years have been engaged upon the subjects now intrusted to them, and have dulled their sense of perspective and picturesqueness in their concentration of interest upon nice points of fact and authority. The vigilance, also, of a large body of local students acts as a cautionary influence upon the work of each. There are several of the writers who could have exchanged topics with little if any detriment to thoroughness of treatment, and each knew thus that his pages would be read by critics competent to catch him if he tripped; but the distribution of chapters strikes one as judicious and fortunate. Mr. Adams had already shown his familiarity with his subject in the papers which appeared recently in *The Atlantic*; Dr. Ellis, aside from his acknowledged general authority, had shown himself a special student in the direction indicated by his two chapters on *The Puritan Commonwealth* and *The Indians in Eastern Massachusetts*; Mr. Haven's learned lecture upon the *History of Grants under the Great Council for New England* justified his choice in preparing the opening chapter under the *Colonial Period of the Massachusetts Company*; Mr. Francis Drake had already published his town history of *Roxbury* before writing the chapter on the same subject in this volume; no one else but Dr. Trumbull could have written *The Indian Tongue and its Literature*, and Mr. Whitmore's chapter on *Boston Families prior to 1700* is his by

right of conquest, while the minute, accurate knowledge and extensive learning of Dr. Charles Deane give special justification to his authorship of what is in some respects the most valuable chapter in the volume, — *The Struggle to maintain the Charter of King Charles the First, and its Final Loss in 1684*. In other instances there are equally apposite appropriations on personal grounds, as in Mr. Barrows's chapter on *Dorchester*; Mr. Edes's on *Charlestown*; Mr. Foote's on *The Rise of Dissenting Faiths*. *Boston Founded* falls with poetic justice to Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

Apart from the excess of the virtue of carefulness, which renders the work, as we have hinted, a little too scholarly for general enjoyment, we do not see that any criticism is called for upon the execution of the task. The editor, besides his own contribution, has added greatly to the value of the several chapters by his abundant foot-notes, and the repetitions are no more frequent than a due regard to the independence of each writer rendered imperative. The illustrations are interesting, and in some instances, as in the case of *King's Chapel*, very helpful. There are two or three views of *Colonial Boston* which seem to us not sufficiently included in this volume, — possibly in one instance the subject may be reserved for a future volume in the series. Thus the interrelation of *England and New England*, so emphasized by Palfrey and defined by the late Mr. Thornton, although not strictly a Boston topic, might properly have been treated by itself. The series of election sermons would have made a good independent topic; possibly the internal economy and growth of the *First Church*; and then the town meeting offers a good theme for a chapter which should reconstruct that potent institution in literary form. Our question is whether the whole treatment is not so far analytical and so wanting in constructive, and we may add imagina-

tive, qualities as to impair a little the vivacity and attractiveness of the work; for after all a literary monument should be read, and not stared at. Might it not be well, also, if the unity of the history failed to be given in brief annals, to append to the entire work a chronological table, which would enable

one to run his eye along the whole two hundred and fifty years, and get something of the sweep of history? Whatever criticisms or suggestions we may make, the work thus begun, if carried out in the same generous, catholic spirit, will be an honorable and imperishable memorial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

FOR a trip to the country or the seaside, in warm weather, I know of no better literary companions than some of the one-volume Plays of Shakespeare, published in the Hudson, Rolfe, Clarendon Press, Rugby, or Collins "series." You have a well-printed, trustworthy text, with all the annotation and furniture necessary for an intelligent enjoyment of the great poet, packed into the most convenient possible form. On a recent excursion of this kind, I put into my satchel the two parts of Henry the Fourth, recently issued by the Harpers, and making the seventeenth and eighteenth of Shakespeare's plays edited by Mr. Rolfe. I enjoyed them exceedingly. There is no abatement in care, taste, or judgment, as this editor progresses with the work;¹ rather, it may be said, "*vires acquirit eundo*." His conservative loyalty to the text of the old copies is, in general, so conspicuous and gratifying that I may be pardoned for noticing one passage in which the temptation to admit what is termed a plausible emendation has been too great for him.

In the glorious lines wherein Sir Richard Vernon extols the appearance of the Prince and his comrades, in 1 Hen-

ry IV., iv. i. 97, the old text reads as follows:—

"All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd."
(Folio, 1623.)

It is notorious that the punctuation of the Folio is no guide whatever to the sense; and here an editor is left to his judgment whether "bayted" attaches to the estridges or the eagles. Rowe decided for the eagles, and altered "with" to *wing*, reading the passage thus:—

"All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Baited like eagles hauing lately bath'd."

This fascinating alteration has been adopted by Mr. Rolfe, and is the text of most modern editors; Mr. Dyce especially advocating it in an elaborate note. I have long been convinced that the Folio reading is not only correct, but is more expressive and forcible than any alteration; and, "under leave of Brutus and the rest," I should like here, as briefly as may be, to set down the reasons why.

It is undoubtedly true that to "wing the wind" is a very picturesque and pleasing image, and also that it has been used by some of our poets with reference to ostriches; and still it may be

¹ *Aliquando dormitat*. I find in my copy that some one has penciled an ugly-looking admiration point anent the note on page 149 of the Second Part: "*Usurpation*. Metrically six syllables;" and a couple of still uglier ones anent that on

page 141 of the First Part: "Rann (followed by Pope and others) gave," etc. Pope had been in his grave nearly half a century when Rann's edition was published.

very inappropriate in this passage of Shakespeare. For one reason, the crested cavaliers aforesaid were not at this time "winging the wind," but simply mustering in force preparatory to a start; and, for another, the streaming of an ostrich's plumage, when struggling against or ruffled by the wind, presents a much more vivid image than when sailing before it in the same direction. Be that as it may, "all plum'd like estridges *that with the wind bated*" plainly means, "that beat their wings, or struggled or contended against the wind." The construction is regular enough, except for a little poetical inversion: "with" for *against* is well known to be legitimate in Shakespeare; and that "to bate," in our poet's day, meant to struggle with the wings, *without onward motion*, is clearly demonstrated by this sentence in a letter of Lord Bacon to Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1600: "For now I am like a hawk that *bates* when I see occasion for service, but cannot fly because I am tied to another's fist." This branch of the simile, then, is perfect in itself; it is an allusion to the egregious pluming of the helmets of those days, as may be seen in many an old illumination; and it has a contingent reference also to the Prince himself, the ostrich feather being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Dyce remarks here that "there are two distinct comparisons: first to ostriches, and second to eagles." This is very true; but both he and all those who adopt Rowe's reading commit the important blunder of making the crested helmets of the Prince and his followers the antitype of both similes; whereas these are absorbed by the simile of the ostriches, that of "eagles having lately bath'd" referring to a very different matter, namely, the *exuberant life, vigor, and freshness* of the young cavaliers.

This forms the second branch of the simile, which, now that it is relieved from "bayted," is also perfect, and has no necessary connection with the first, nor anything to do with ostriches or their plumage. It was unquestionably well known to the poet, as was long ago pointed out,¹ that eagles were supposed to renew their youth and vigor by plunging in certain streams; and when he used the expression, "like eagles having lately bath'd," a much deeper meaning was implied than that the birds merely washed their feathers, and dried them by ruffling them in the wind. In the *Bestiary* of Philippe de Thaurin, edited by Mr. Wright for the Historical Society of London, the story of eagles seeking a certain fountain in the East, and, when plunged therein three times, having their youth and vigor renewed, is declared to be typical of baptism:—

"E le rejuvener de l'egle e del plunger
Baptisme signifie en ceste mortel vie."
(Line 1035.)

And the poet Spenser uses a somewhat different version of the same fable as a simile of the restoration to strength and vigor of the Red Cross Knight:—

"As Eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoarie gray,
And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay,"
(*Faerie Queene*, I. xi. 34.)

It seems to me to be superfluous to say more; the unprejudiced reader must see that the original text of the passage is perfect in every particular. The simile is twofold: first as to the plumage of the helmets, and second as to the exuberant life and vigor of their wearers; each having its separate comparison:—

"All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
Bated, — like eagles having lately bath'd."

Dr. Johnson remarks that "a more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprise perhaps no writer has ever given;" and surely, by adopting

¹ For this interesting elucidation I beg gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to a paper written by my learned friend, Mr. A. E. Brae, of

Guernsey, England, and read before the Royal Society of Literature, London.

this explanation of the old text, the representation is doubled in interest, — the *buoyant spirits, ardor, and freshness* of the troops being comprehended with their *brilliant appearance*. It has been objected that, were this the correct interpretation, we should expect to find the verb in the present tense: "like estridges that *bate* with the wind," instead of "bated." There is some force in this, but not more than may well be answered by poetic license, especially as the rest of the passage is in the past: "plum'd," "bath'd," "bated." Any one, however, who thinks the objection insuperable is at liberty to adopt the ingenious reading, proposed recently by Professor Corson, of the Cornell University, of "*bate it*" instead of "bated," — an indefinite usage of "it" that is common enough in our poet. Nearly a century ago, Mr. Malone suggested a similar alteration — "*vault it*" for "*vaulted*" — in a line a little farther down in the same passage, where the construction, by omission of the nominative pronoun, is slightly irregular: —

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," etc.

His conjecture, however, was not received into the text by any editor, not even into that of Mr. Malone's own editions.

— Perhaps all languages are afflicted with too much of the pronoun "he;" ours certainly is. When two "he's" get to playing hide-and-seek through a sentence, it is perplexing enough; when three get at it, softening of the brain may result, if the sentence be a very long one. Here is a specimen of the double "he," from *Wuthering Heights*:

"Heathcliff, who grew more and more disinclined to society, had almost banished Earnshaw out of his apartment. Owing to an accident at the commencement of March, he became for some

days a fixture in the kitchen. [*Who became a fixture?* Ah, you see, you can't tell, to save your life, if this is the first time you have seen that sentence.] His gun burst while out on the hills by himself [whereas, you know yourself that no gun ought to be allowed to be out on the hills by himself]; a splinter cut his arm, and he lost a good deal of blood before he could reach home. The consequence was that perforce he was condemned to the fireside and tranquillity till he made it up again."

Of course you think, all the time, that it is Heathcliff who was wounded, for there is nothing to suggest that any other member of the family was hurt, except the gun; but the truth is, Heathcliff was not hurt at all. Where the *he-ing* begins in the second sentence it refers to Earnshaw, and keeps on referring to him to the end. The most bewildering thing in our language, perhaps, is our "he." Sometimes it puts you on a wrong track, and keeps you there through half a chapter; sometimes it involves you so elaborately that you cease to feel any confidence as to *which* "he," of three or four, is meant; then your anchor drags, and you drift helplessly ashore.

If only unpracticed writers confused their "he's," it would not be worth while to offer an amendment; but inasmuch as there is not an editor, or reporter, or author, now alive, who does not do it, nor dead, who has not done it, it does really seem desirable to make a suggestion, and watch and see how eagerly and enthusiastically and unanimously the scribbling craft will — not adopt it. This is the idea: When a "he" refers to the *first* person mentioned, let it be put in small capitals, HE; when it refers to the *second* person mentioned, let it be put in italics, *he*; when it refers to the *third* person mentioned, let it be put in the ordinary letters, *he*. Thus: —

"Heathcliff had almost banished Earnshaw out of HIS apartment. Owing

to an accident, *he* became a fixture. *His* gun burst while out on the hills by himself," — putting the "himself" in that way if it means the gun; but if the man is meant, and not the gun, then we must write it, "*His* gun burst while out on the hills by *himself*."

Observe how crystal-clear this method makes that aggravating sentence. You don't have to think, or puzzle, or reason, at all. The small capitals promptly inform you that Heathcliff had almost banished Earnshaw out of Heathcliff's apartment, — not out of Earnshaw's. And observe how instantly the italics inform you that it was Earnshaw, not Heathcliff, that met with the accident and became a fixture; and observe, also, how immediately and unerringly you can tell whether it was the gun that "went out on the hills by himself," or whether it was Earnshaw that "went out on the hills by *himself*," or whether it was Heathcliff that "went out on the hills by *HIMSELF*."

Two months ago I came upon a local item in a newspaper, where *three* "he's" tried to travel through a long sentence, in civilian dress, — yes, and they went through, too, but in such a mixed condition that there was no telling "t' other from which" while they were on the trip. I saved that curiosity, and here it is; it is from a burglar's testimony: —

"Haines took off his mask and gave it to Albert, who said he considered that he deserved well of the gang; and he gave his own to Brooks, because he said it would be best so; and he was satisfied, and made no further comment, so he and I retired, leaving the others to finish the job."

I read this twelve or thirteen times, applying to it the highest powers of my mind; by that time the lower half of my brain was liquid, and remains so to this day, and the upper half was going fast. But I am not a person who relinquishes a purpose lightly; and by analyzing that witness's evidence for half

a column below that confused sentence, I at last succeeded in identifying, separating, and classifying those several "he's." I will now reproduce that sentence, and uniform the "he's" according to my proposed system. You shall then see at a glance which person each "he" refers to: —

"Haines took off *HIS* mask and gave it to Albert, who said *he* considered that *HE* deserved well of the gang; and *he* gave *his* own to Brooks, because *he* said it would be best so; and he was satisfied, and made no further comment, so *he* and I retired, leaving the others to finish the job."

Without my system, you could not imagine it was Brooks who "made no further comment," for there is nothing to show that he has been commenting at all; but that simple "he," in common Roman type, can refer only to the third person mentioned; consequently, we know it *was* Brooks. Yes, and the italicized "*he*" informs us, not that Brooks and I, or Haines and I, retired, but that *Albert* and I retired.

— The somewhat recent marriage of an eminent literary woman of England to a gentleman many years her junior adds another to the notable list of similar marriages between men and women of remarkable character, and which have proved to be unions of exceptional happiness. It is a commonly accepted assertion that a young man's first love is generally awakened for a woman older than himself; a condition that is readily understood, and which belongs to the same category of feelings which inclines the serious-minded youth to the belief that the only really desirable women of his acquaintance are already married. That women of superior natures or superior talent are attracted to men younger than themselves for similar reasons cannot, of course, be true. But the subject, save for its illustrious examples, would hardly be worth talking about. Everybody remembers Dr. John-

son's extravagant fondness for his wife, who was old enough to have been his mother when he married her, and who had neither a dower of beauty, of brains, nor of money. As devoted a husband, and one of altogether different type, was the present Lord Beaconsfield, and his wife was ten years his senior. It will be recalled that the first title offered him by his queen was, at his suggestion, conferred upon his wife, to whom, he declared, he owed all his success in life; and for her death he has never found consolation. Aaron Burr married a widow several years older than himself, a woman to whom he was passionately attached, and who was worthy of his highest admiration. Josephine was six years the senior of Bonaparte, and nothing of Josephine's unhappiness, even according to Madame de Rémusat's intimate observation, was produced by her seniority of years. Guizot, the French historian, if I rightly remember, married a woman a dozen years older than himself, and their marriage was of the happiest description. Madame de Staël when forty-four married a young French officer eighteen or nineteen years her junior. Rahel Varnhagen von Ense was thirteen years the senior of her husband, the illustrious German statesman and author, — both being persons of the highest qualities of mind and heart. Rahel was thirty-six and Varnhagen twenty-three when they first met, but they were not married until several years later, not until the young statesman had mingled in the most brilliant society of European capitals. But no woman ever pleased him as did Rahel; she was first, last, and everything to him so long as she lived. One of the foremost preachers of New York married at a mature age a lady greatly in advance of him in years, and it was a genuine love-match. Miss Thackeray and Mrs. Craik, the English novelists, married men several years their junior, and Margaret Fuller's marriage is well remembered.

There are but a few instances noted, out of a long list of distinguished names, where marital happiness of the highest and most ideal sort has not resulted from unions in which the wife has been the senior in years; and it is a matter of speculation if the seniority of the wife instead of that of the husband, as now usually prevails, would not be an improvement upon the present custom. In Ireland it is as customary for the wife to be older than the husband as the reverse, and in no country does the seniority of the husband so generally prevail as in our own. Women are as young now at forty as they were twenty years ago at thirty, and men younger, perhaps. Eighteen is no longer so fascinating an age as thirty-three, which some French writer has said to be a woman's most captivating age. That women grow old in appearance more rapidly than do men has been so often remarked as to be regarded as true; but experience and observation by no means confirm the statement, and with intelligent care of herself a woman ought, with her nature and position, to cajole youth into being her comrade well on into life, and *never* to part company with beauty. Diane de Poitiers claimed that she kept her child-like freshness of complexion by never bathing her face in anything but the softest of rain-water, while Ninon de L'Enclos, notorious as well as eminent, who was regarded a belle as well as a beauty at threescore and more, attributed the preservation of her youth to a "tranquil spirit."

— Probably the many admirers of Mr. Blackmore will rejoice in the possession of a new novel from his industrious pen. There are readers who, after making their way through Lorna Doone, Cripps the Carrier, and Erema, are still anxious for more entertainment of the same sort, and they are encouraged in their enthusiasm by being told that this author is really a great writer. Hence they may be congratulated on

having offered them so long and so characteristic a novel as *Mary Anerley*.

The time of this story is the beginning of the present century, and the scene, as the title indicates, is Yorkshire. Mr. Blackmore has the habit of choosing remote times to write about; *Lorna Doone*, for instance, is a book that incessantly suggests comparison with *Henry Esmond*, and it is not Thackeray who is injured by the comparison. The present book has this advantage, that it is not written in imitation of a remote style; but even without these fetters the story moves slowly, on account of Mr. Blackmore's inveterate habit of saying everything that can be said. For tediousness he has no equal. He generally invents good plots, and these he unfolds with unwearying patience. To be sure, his mysteries are tolerably transparent: in *Cripps the Carrier*, the heroine's hair is sent to her father in a bag which he supposed to contain potatoes, and he at once feels as sure that his child has been killed as if it was her head, and not her hair, that had been sent him. The reader, however, has no such misgivings; he knows that a couple of hundred pages further on the girl will reappear, with her hair grown out again, and that villainy will meet with poetic justice. In *Mary Anerley*, an heir is missing and a child is cast ashore close by his father's estates, so that his identity is at once made clear.

There are, however, so many more important things than a plot which go to the making of a novel that a certain artless transparency does no real harm. If the story is well told, if the people are life-like, if their words are natural and their actions probable, the plot becomes a secondary matter, and the reader cares more for the way the story is told than for the mere frame-work of incidents. This, of course, is the only thing of vital importance, and it is with regard to Mr. Blackmore's method in this matter that I differ from his admirers. It must be

acknowledged, however, that they are to be envied if they get real pleasure from reading him, for there are not too many novels that give real delight, and no words of mine will affect their opinion of Mr. Blackmore's powers.

That *Mary Anerley* is long is plain enough to friends and foes; that it is unduly long is something about which opinions will differ. At any rate, Mr. Blackmore, so far as I can judge from outward signs, has nowhere made any attempt at compression. He describes everything with liberal fluency, and although it is not easy to give a brief example of long-windedness, here is one that may serve as an example of certain qualities of his style: "From generation to generation, man, and beast, and house, and land, have gone on in succession here, replacing, following, renewing, repairing and being repaired, demanding and getting more support, with such judicious give-and-take, and thoroughly good understanding, that now in the August of this year, when Scargate Hall is full of care and afraid to cart a load of dung, *Anerley* farm is quite at ease, and in the very best of heart, man, and horse, and land, and crops, and the cock that crows the time of day. Nevertheless, no acre yet in Yorkshire, or in the whole wide world, has ever been so farmed or fenced as to exclude the step of change." Certainly, compression is not the most marked quality of this style, and such examples show how the necessity of filling three volumes may sometimes lead a writer to put two adjectives wherever one would naturally come, and never to speak of a farm without enumerating everything grown or reared on it.

There is no need of making any more tedious quotations to prove the wearisomeness of the conversations. They show at times, to be sure, a gently trickling vein of humor, but the supply is so disproportionate to the number of square inches that there are vast sandy stretches,

in which the comedy is no more than a kind of mannerism; and it is a mannerism which marks the writer instead of distinguishing the various characters.

Lorna Doone is commonly mentioned as the best of Blackmore's novels, and the story is not without merit; the character of the heroine is well drawn, but as for the hero, who prosed on forever, it is hard to speak of him with proper respect. He is as tiresome as Polonius would have been if he had undertaken, toward the end of his life, to write a manual of worldly wisdom. John Ridd, the alleged writer of his autobiography, is acknowledged to be not over-bright, and we have him being stupid, or rather long-winded, without a moment's intermission, from the first page to the last.

In Mary Anerley we are said to have Mr. Blackmore at his best. Certainly, one finds all the qualities that have made the fortune of his other novels. Scenery is described on every page; there is the same aversion to brevity—to state it mildly—that always marks this author, and the familiar gentle stream of humor. That a novel like this can by any stretch of language be called a masterpiece seems like the misuse of language. There is no literary sin so unpardonable as tediousness, and it would be hard to find a living writer whose mannerisms are so marked and so abundant as are Mr. Blackmore's. He seems privileged to prose on without calling forth a word of reproof. He is, we are told, an artist. This opinion he apparently shares himself, and so we find, *passim*, bits like this: "The maiden looked well in a place like that, as indeed in almost any place; but now she especially set off the color of things, and was set off by them. For instance, how could the silver of the dew-cloud and golden weft of sunrise, playing through the dapples of a partly wooded glen, do better (in the matter of variety) than frame a pretty moving figure in a pink-checked frock, with a skirt

of russet-murrey and a bright brown hat?" What are the "dapples" of a glen? What is the "weft of sun-rise"?

These, if faults at all, are slight faults. A more serious objection to the book is this: that it seems to be written from the outside. The reader has no appeal made on his sympathy for the men and women thus artistically described; he has, indeed, no powerful conviction of their existence. They come and go, and fight and make love, but they are no more than pawns whom Mr. Blackmore moves about on his decorated board. How definite a notion does one get, for instance, of Mary Anerley or of young Lyth? His characters are too often only perambulating incidents.

To my thinking, Mr. Blackmore is a writer who does not deserve any great amount of attention. His novels are very fair as novels run; it is only when they are picked out of their proper place and held before us for real works of genius that they demand consideration. Those who admire them will only detest those who denounce so amiable a writer, but the reader who finds all the critics throwing their hats in the air for a writer whom he and his friends find nearly unreadable deserves to have his side presented.

—When I noticed in the list of articles on the cover of the November Atlantic that there was something among the Club papers about Bad Rhymes, I turned with lively curiosity to see what your contributor had to say. I have myself suffered acutely from the evil he complains of, and have long wished to see it attacked by some sharp and able pen. So I said, "Here is my man!" and eagerly cut the leaves, like slices of wisdom, for the anticipated feast.

I confess that I was disappointed. An advocate always injures his cause when he tries to prove too much. That is what your correspondent attempts. Rhymes were not invented to teach pre-

cise pronunciation; and when he condemns the coupling of such words as *history* and *mystery*, because one such imperfect rhyme learned and repeated by a child "may make him an incurably 'slovenly speaker,'" he is really charging a windmill. I don't approve of Whittier's rhyming *dumb* with *home* any more than I approve of his rhyming such words as *war* and *saw*; and if your correspondent had given us a sensible sermon upon sins of that sort, of which some even of our best poets are guilty, I for one would have thanked him. He quotes these lines from *The Bridge of Sighs*, —

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,"

and says, "Perhaps it is for such crimes as this that Mr. Emerson excludes Hood from his Parnassus, — a remarkable case of poetical justice." There are worse rhymes than this in *The Bridge of Sighs*; there are really unpardonable rhymes in that beautiful and pathetic poem, — forever beautiful and pathetic in spite of all blemishes: —

"Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged."

Alas! But what is this to Emerson? He has excluded Hood from his Parnassus with much other good company, — with Swinburne, Halleck, the Cary sisters, the Rossettis, even Goldsmith and Poe; but not for "such crimes as this." Look at his own unhappy rhymes. One of the most remarkable of Emerson's poems, *The Problem*, begins —

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a monarch of the soul."

This is bad enough; though I don't suppose any child — except, may be, a son of one of our esteemed adopted citizens — from often repeating those lines would ever get to say *soul* for *soul*.

In *Woodnotes* occurs the very rhyme which your contributor ridicules in *Shelley*: —

"Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker."

In *Each and All* we have —

"The sexton tolling his bell at noon
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse," etc.

That is a favorite poem of mine, and I have read or repeated those lines, I suppose, some hundreds of times, but I don't remember that I was ever yet betrayed into speaking of *Napoleon* in consequence.

"That one thing is success,
Dear to the Eumenides."

"On Eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs."

"Who bides at home, nor walks abroad,
Carries the eagles and masters the sword."

This is Emerson; one of our very greatest men, and certainly one of our finest poets, yet not free from roughness and imperfection in his verse. The idea of his excluding anybody from Parnassus on account of bad rhymes is chimerical.

As for *history* and *mystery*, in my opinion they are not bad rhymes at all. The *o* of the first and the *e* of the second are not simply "unaccented;" they are obscure. I say the same of another pair of rhymes which your correspondent condemns in *Shelley*. *Splendor* and *render* are quite passable rhymes. The vowel sounds in the last syllables of these words are also obscure, and are pronounced so nearly alike by the best speakers that if there are any allowable imperfect rhymes in the language these are allowable. And that we must allow some imperfect rhymes, especially among those of two or more syllables, on account of the poverty of our language in that particular, both poets and critics are pretty generally agreed.

I know a man who does not say "splendor" (making the *o* obscure) like the rest of my acquaintances. He says "splendör," with the *o* as in *nor*. But he also says "picture," "Christmas," and "often." I hate him.

